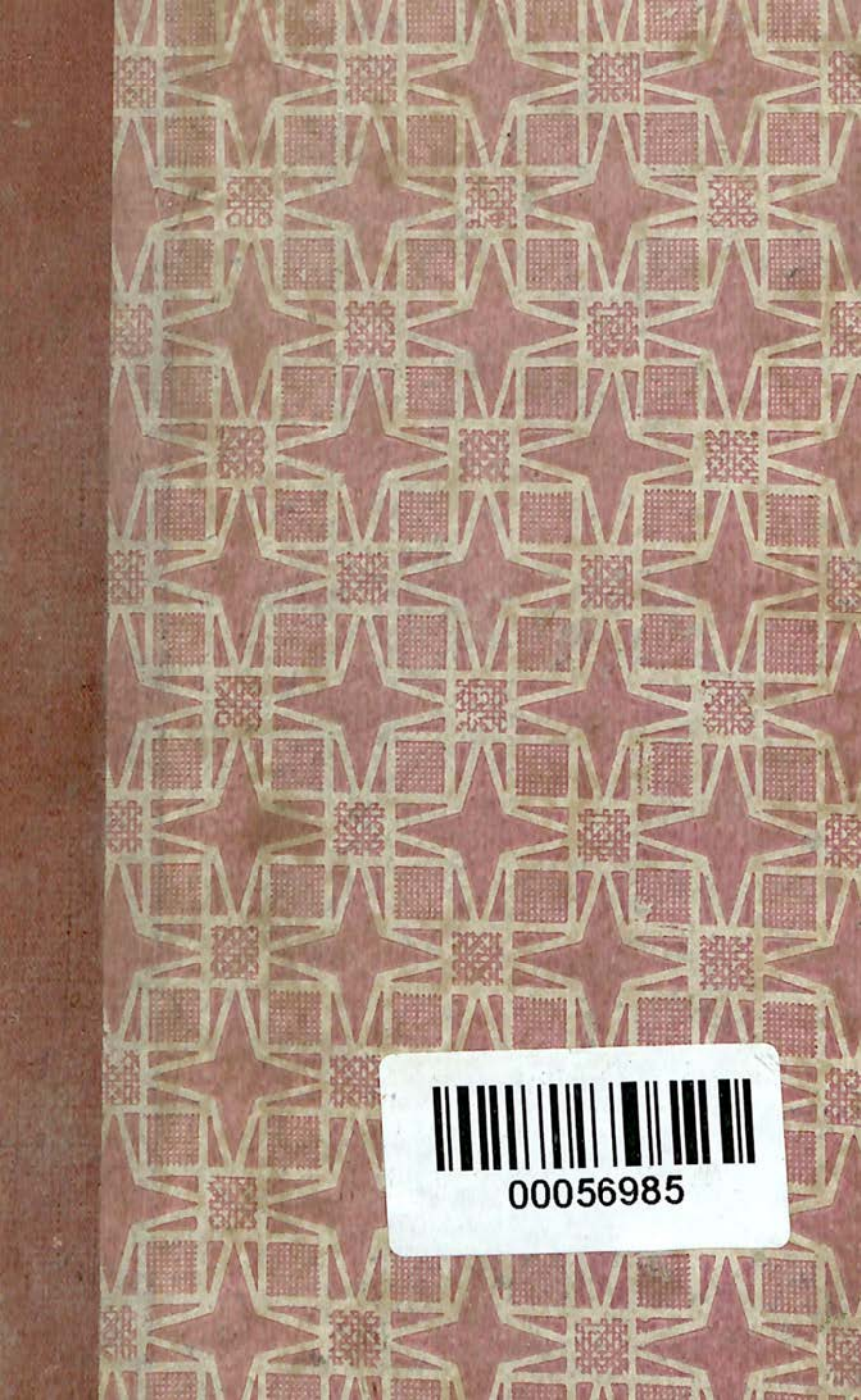
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IN FRANCE

WITH THE GERMANS.

BY

COLONEL OTTO CORVIN.

56985

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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IN FRANCE WITH THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER I.

Conclusion of the Capitulation.—Mr. Hatt's Brewery.—Galgendorf.—Muster of the Garrison.—Appearance of the Troops.—General Uhrich.—The Attack on Strasburg.—A Look-out from the Minster.

IN the night we were disturbed by the return of the Garde Landwehr to their quarters. On arriving at the gate of the fortress, the officer commanding there had told them that he had orders not to fire, but also to refuse entrance to any one. We did not know what to make of it, and some were fearful that the whole thing might be a trick to gain a couple of hours' rest. Our fears were, however, appeased in the morning by the news that the capitulation had been only concluded at two o'clock, a.m., and that the garrison of the fortress would lay down their arms on

the glacis at 11, a.m, for which ceremonial the soldiers received orders to make ready.

I, of course, could not miss such an historical spectacle, though it is a rather sad one, especially if the conquered have defended themselves bravely.

The weather continued to be fine, and accompanied by the railroad architect of the pioneer sergeants, who had not to join his company, I went down the road leading to Strasburg. After having proceeded some little distance, my attention was attracted by something red amongst the green leaves of a field. It was the body of a French soldier, who had been killed at the sortie made on the 2nd of September, more than three weeks ago.

On our road to the left was the very extensive brewery of Mr. Hatt. It was not burned down, but much injured by the shells and balls fired against it, because behind it commenced a communication trench leading to the first parallel, through which the troops from Oberhausbergen always entered the works. The steam-engines in the brewery were not injured. Some of the shots had taken a very odd direction. One, for instance, had ricocheted on the hard clay, pierced a solid wall, passed through a large oaken hogs-

head, then again through another wall, and entered the station of the surgeons established in a building behind the brewery. Some shells forced their entrance into the extensive cellars, and the beer stood two feet deep on the floor. There were, however, still many uninjured barrels, and the soldiers helped themselves. One of them offered me a most welcome drink, for the weather was very warm, and the beer was excellent. Close to the brewery was the ice-house. It was burnt down, but neither the fire nor the spilt beer could destroy the immense quantity of ice which formed compact masses, some ten or twelve feet in thickness.

Immediately behind the brewery was the little village of Galgendorf, a kind of suburb, owing its origin, I suppose, to the brewery. A quantity of its houses were burnt down, others were shattered to pieces, but most of them were riddled with gun-shots in the most wonderful manner. They were chiefly frame houses, and looked now like skeletons. It is a pity that no photographer was at hand, for no fancy of an artist is fertile enough to invent such curious shapes as were here worked by chance.

On the top of these skeleton houses, and looking out of the window-holes, were soldiers, assem-

bled to witness from those high points the memorable scene about to be enacted at some distance before them. Only a part of the 80,000 men who besieged Strasburg were ordered on duty there.

The painful ceremony was to take place on the right wing of the first parallel, on the glacis between the Porte de Laverne and the Porte Nationale, called by the Strasburg people Weinthurmthor (White Tower Gate). Soon we arrived at the counterscarp of the Lunette No. 44, an advanced work built for the protection of the railway station to our left, of which two round locomotive houses was still standing. A great many waggons, partly destroyed, were also there.

The first attack had been directed against this lunette, and it had been heavily shelled, for the works of the assailants could not be commenced properly until it had been evacuated. The folly of not having any strong outworks here manifested itself very forcibly. Sensible people had very frequently urged the necessity of forts on that side, and money had indeed been granted, but was employed for other purposes. The danger was not urgent, for the mere idea that Germans should cross the Rhine and attack Strasburg, as

it were, from behind, was ridiculous. The Chinese would say it was *unfair* and *shabby* to do so, for the Prussians ought to have attacked from Kehl, where were a strong citadel and other works.

A large horseshoe, with its open side towards the fortress, was formed on the glacis by the Prussian troops. I stood on the left end of that shoe, together with a motley crowd of officers and doctors of all German races. There were also some Swiss doctors in uniform, who did not seem at all to enjoy the fall of Strasburg, and many country people waiting for their relatives amongst the prisoners.

We had to wait a good while, for the German pioneers had first to clear the way, and to rebuild a bridge at the White Tower Gate. We amused ourselves meanwhile with admiring the effect of the shells against the lunette, and collected some curious pieces of them. I have, however, given up collecting these ponderous relics, lest I should have to carry them in a separate carriage.

The garrison arrived at last at the right point of the horseshoe formed by the Prussian troops. At their head marched a band, for some military honours were allowed them. Three or four superior officers were on horseback, and all officers retained their swords. The French garrison pre-

sented arms, and the Prussians returned the compliment. Then the arms were laid down, which caused some excitement: Many broke their guns, others shed tears. The excitement was very natural, for firstly they were French, and secondly, the greater number of them were intoxicated.

General Uhrich, the brave governor of Strasburg, was there on foot. He is a short, rather stout, soldier-like looking gentleman. The Prussian general, Von Werder, embraced him. To see the two stout short old generals thus moved must have been ridiculously edifying. I was too far off to enjoy the scene. In the same way Sayers and the Benicia Boy went out, arm-in-arm, after they had thrashed each other.

These sentimentalities being over, the French garrison formed in the open space of the horse-shoe, and German troops, acting as an escort, hemmed them in. They were to march to a neighbouring village, to bivouac there, and then proceed to Rastadt.

The whole French army of Strasburg, 17,111 men and 408 officers, had to pass before their conquerors; and passed me at a distance of one yard. Thus I could see every face, and hear every word they said.

At the head of the troops marched the imperial gendarmes, a particularly roguish-looking set of rascals. Then followed the 10th regiment of chasseurs, then the 16th and 18th, and the 87th regiment of the line, headed by their colonel. Without this regiment Strasburg might have been taken by a *coup de main* after the battle of Wörth. It was, however, not the merit of the regiment; it had been sent down into the country, but owing to their defective geographical knowledge they had lost their way, when they met the runaways from Wörth. The regiment turned tail, and entered the fortress with the rest; where they were warmly welcomed, for Strasburg had scarcely any garrison, it having been taken for granted that the Germans would be whipped across the Rhine.

The soldiers looked respectable, for on the previous night they had all received new clothing. Many of them had three or four new pairs of boots on their knapsacks, and dozens of shirts, and other wearing apparel. Others had laden themselves heavily with miscellaneous things, which had a very thievish smell, and the same was the case with the heavy sacks they carried on their backs. Each of them had one or several loaves, and some lovers of vegetables had, on

crossing the fields, loaded themselves with heads of cabbage. A field with onions caused great excitement; all the men broke from the ranks to pluck up their favourite vegetable.

The sympathy I felt for the misfortune of the soldiers was much modified by the manner in which they bore it. Many were, as mentioned before, intoxicated; and the rest, with some exceptions, behaved with great levity. Some were rather excited, and cried out that they would return and wipe out the shame of that hour; others said they had been sold and not conquered. Some insulted their officers, and even spit in their faces. The officers, who refused to give their word of honour not to serve any more in that war, and preferred captivity, behaved with dignity and proper feeling.

When I heard the report of a shot in the column of prisoners, and looked from whence it came, I saw a struggle, and a Prussian gendarme on horseback dealing a blow with his sword. An artilleryman had concealed a gun under his great coat, with which he aimed at one of the escort. The gun was struck down, and the shot went off harmlessly, and instead of a savage revenge, the fanatic got a cut over his head.

There were also some dozens of Zouaves and

Turcos. They did not look so hideous as I expected, though some looked funny enough. One of them without a turban, had on his head only a stiff tuft of black hair, which waved most fantastically at the jumps the black fellow made; he really behaved like a dervish in a dancing fit. Some of the Turcos looked even pretty, maybe they were women. That they had women with them became apparent, when two Turcos were unexpectedly confined in a hospital at Coblentz.

The Prussians were very lenient towards their prisoners. As there were many amongst the Mobile Guards from Alsace, their relations from the neighbourhood had come to bid them goodbye. The boys left the ranks, and embraced their parents and sisters without any interference from the escort. The soldiers through whose ranks the column passed, especially the artillerymen, gave them cigars by handfuls and let them drink from their flasks.

The artillery corps in the fortress was stronger than was expected, they mustered about 4,000 men.

Some of the French officers with whom I spoke, said that they might have held the fortress at least three weeks longer. They called General Uhrich a rogue, and had much to censure in re-

ference to his defence. I did not give much credit to such talk, which is always to be heard in the ranks of a beaten army, or the garrison of a surrendered fortress.

General Uhrich has acted as a brave governor of a fortress must act. He knew that no relief was at hand, and as soon as a practicable breach had been made, and he might expect to be stormed, and could do so according to the principles of military honour, he surrendered, in order not to render the inhabitants liable to the dreadful consequences of storming.

This defence of Strasburg is equally glorious for General Uhrich, the garrison, and the inhabitants; all three behaved with heroism. Only the stupid new republican government behaved as might be expected from wide-mouthed heroes like Gambetta, who talked much, and decreed much, but shunned the smell of gunpowder most carefully: that imbecile government called General Uhrich a traitor, when they ought to have voted him a laurel crown. He very properly answered this coward accusation from Basel, to which city he retired:

"The way to Strasburg is open, go there and look at its destroyed citadel, its battered ramparts, its annihilated artillery, its untenable advanced

works, and its two-inch breach laid bastions; stand still before the ruins of its monuments and houses, and consider the rain of iron, lead and fire, covering its whole ground; examine these powerful, and until now unknown missiles, which were hurled upon us from two hundred guns, and far from saying that the surrender of the city was anticipated, everyone will be astonished that the resistance lasted so long, that it was possible to endure for thirty-eight days and thirty-eight nights a bombardment unheard-of until now."

General Uhrich is, however, very much to be blamed, for not having communicated to the citizens the repeated notice from General von Werder, that the bombardment would commence. He only told them in vague expressions that the solemn moment was approaching. He neglected, also, the humane offer to send away a number of the inhabitants, saying that he could not make a choice from amongst 80,000.

I suppose most readers know what is meant by parallels, saps, and batteries; but for those who do not know, a few words of explanation will not be superfluous.

A fortress is a place surrounded with high ramparts, which are protected by more or less deep ditches, mostly filled with water. These

ramparts are arranged in such a manner as to enable the garrison to sweep all the ground before them with their guns. To achieve this purpose the better, and to bring the attacking enemy as frequently as possible, under a cross-fire, the line of ramparts is broken, and at certain distances bulges out into what are called bastions. The ground-line of a bastion looks like the outline of the gable-end of a common dwelling house, with a pointed roof. The roof-lines are called "faces," and the two house wall lines "flanks." The rampart connecting two bastions is called the "courtine." For the protection of the middle of the courtine detached bastion-like works called "ravelins" are sometimes built. Other detached works, built for the protection of the bastions, are called by different names, and some of them "lunettes."

If a fortress is to be attacked, it must be first enclosed by a girdle of troops to cut off communication with the outside. Batteries (that is, protected stands for guns) are erected everywhere to fire at the ramparts on all sides; but the regular and serious attack is always directed against a certain part of the ramparts, which is considered to be the most favourable, or the nearest, for a forcible attack against the whole fortress would

cost immense sums and time, and be superfluous, as it is generally sufficient to enter the fortress at some part of the principal rampart to carry it.

The attack against Strasburg was directed against the north-western part or front of its ramparts. The first thing to be done was to establish the first parallel—that is, to dig a line of deep ditches running parallel to the general outline of the ramparts to be attacked. The earth thrown out of these ditches forms a protecting rampart on the side towards the fortress, and under this protection are built batteries for heavy mortars and guns.

As it would require too much time to commence a parallel beyond the reach of the guns of the fortress, even the first parallel or line of ditch has to be dug under fire. As the enemy, however, know very well the danger threatening them, they try all in their power to drive away the workmen by a shower of bullets, or even by sorties.

The batteries in the first parallel are, however, not near enough to effect a breach in the main rampart. Therefore a second parallel is required. To reach the line traced for it, workmen from the first parallel advance towards it, always digging

under the protection, as it were, of a rolling rampart. Formerly, a strong round basket, filled with earth, was used for that purpose, behind which the pioneers crouched down, always digging and pushing it forward. The far more handy iron roller is now used. These trenches or approaches run in zigzag, as this manner offers the best protection. The second parallel is then built, the batteries are established, and the indefatigable pioneers creep on to a third, and sometimes even a fourth, parallel, built quite close to the main ditch of the fortress, in the same manner as explained before. The batteries there are close enough to work with great effect against the solid masonry of the ramparts.

As the distance between two bastions is considerable, the extent of the far off parallels is very long, and all these ditches form, as it were, a very extensive underground city. The work done there may be judged from the fact, that the saps before Strasburg, from the top of the rampart to the bottom of the ditch, were ten feet deep, and wide enough for three or four men abreast. That was, however, not all; for the batteries had to be built, and powder magazines to be arranged, which had to be protected against even shells dropping from the heights. In these ditches,

which are very intricate, way-posts are placed in numbers.

The work of the pioneers, and the infantry assisting and protecting them, is very troublesome and dangerous; and as not many people understand it, it is never sufficiently appreciated.

The high steeple of the Minster was an extremely convenient look-out for the besieged, and in fact they could look from there into all the works of the Germans, and discover at once where labourers were employed. If the Prussian general had only to act as a general, his first order would have been to destroy this dangerous building; but as it was he took the utmost care to protect it as much as possible. The French had established a telegraph station on the Minster, in the building of the guard, from where the batteries were informed of the points against which they had to direct their fire. The telegraph was plainly to be seen from outside, and to give them a hint, some shots were fired against it. One of them pierced the wall quite close to the telegraph. Instead of taking the hint, the French showed themselves always on the height; and it was very natural that some of the artillerymen, who perhaps did not understand the value of that architectural monument, could not resist the temptation of sending up some balls

to drive them away, notwithstanding all the orders of the general.

The foot of the large Gothic cross on the top of the Minster has been struck, and it is hanging over somewhat on one side. It is said that a gunner boasted he could hit the cross, and an officer hearing it, and not believing it possible at such a great distance, and to shame the boaster, said, "I will give you a thaler if you hit it."

The ground before Strasburg is clay, and it is equally difficult to work in dry and in wet weather. On examining these parallels, one is amazed that such an immense amount of work could have been done in such a short time.

It was not a good opportunity to examine the whole parallels and batteries at leisure, and I walked only through the first, and paid a visit to the great mortar battery standing there. It was perfectly intact, and looked as if it had been built only a few days ago. The mortars are breech-loaders, and rifled. The shells are cylindric, with a point, are about two feet long, and have a diameter of eight inches. Their effect is tremendous. One of these shells was lying on the ground, ready to be put into the mortar, when the white flag was discovered. The artillerists had collected all the cannon balls which had fallen in their

neighbourhood, formed a pyramid of them in the centre of the battery, and ornamented it with flowers. Of the besieging army, there were only 600 men killed or wounded, amongst which number are counted even the slightly wounded. The number of killed was only 80.

Everybody wanted to see Strasburg, and the road was crowded. My two sergeants were very indignant, for the captain commanding their battalion *ad interim* (the major had been killed in the parallels) had prohibited his pioneers from visiting the city, to the conquering of which they had contributed so much. With great difficulty, I procured from the farmer a one-horse leiterwagen. The road was crowded, and when we came to the end of the village, my four-wheeler vessel was boarded by a merry crowd of artillerists, who had set their hearts on inspecting their work in Strasburg, even at the risk of five days of arrest, as threatened. The farmer made a wry face, and his bay horse telegraphed its displeasure with his tail; but Prussian soldiers are irresistible, and I, laughingly, made room for them. The sly farmer got rid of his burden by showing them a nearer footpath, and we rolled towards the Weissthurmthor, which had been made practicable by the pioneers.

I was utterly amazed when I entered Strasburg. The gate tower was battered almost to pieces, and I was really afraid, on passing underneath, that the whole tottering fabric would come down and crush the writer, farmer, and bay.

The Weissthurm Street (Rue du Faubourg Nationale) runs parallel to that face of Bastion No. 11, in which a breach was made, and caught all the shot and shells which passed over the ramparts. It was more injured than even Galgendorf; but towards the bridge, over the canal, some houses still stood, though none of them were wholly uninjured.

The centre of the city of Strasburg is, as it were, situated on an oval island, formed towards the south by the little river Ill, and towards the north by a canal running in a curve, commencing and ending in the Ill river. The suburbs are connected with the city by means of nine bridges leading over the canal, and some six or eight over the Ill river.

In the Faubourg Nationale the gardeners, who were extremely rich, and formed a kind of aristocratic caste amongst the tradespeople, lived for centuries. They had not many children, and those intermarried only amongst themselves. In their houses very interesting antiquities were to

be found, especially much curiously carved furniture, dating from the 15th and 16th centuries, and plate and pictures of some historical value. They are utterly ruined, and many of them, who only a short time ago were envied for their affluence, are wandering, desolate paupers, amongst the ruins of their homes.

My knowing driver carried me through scoria-strewn bye-streets, to the principal square of the city—the Kleberplatz—so called from the bronze statue of General Kleber, which is erected in its centre. I alighted in the Hôtel de la Maison Rouge, which was not injured much. This square had not escaped the shells either; in fact, I do not think that there were in Strasburg 100 uninjured houses. The front of the houses facing the north had received many shots, though none were burned down; but the opposite building, the Musée for pictures and statues, in which the great general staff of the fortress had their seat, was burned out; only the walls were standing.

The hotel was not much crowded yet, and I got a room on the second-floor, facing the square. It still looked decent, for the fragment of a grenade had pierced the shutters only, and broken one pane. The dining-room, on the ground floor, had also been visited by a big

splinter of a shell, which had knocked out a whole casement, and broken one of the two large mirrors. The table was, however, laid, and some people at breakfast. One of them, on seeing me, jumped up, calling out my name. It was M. Hermann Voget, the talented special correspondent of the *Frankfort Gazette* (not *Journal*), with whom I once passed an evening at his editor's, Dr. Volkhausen. I had tumbled there on a whole literary nest. An old gentleman with white hair. Mr. Demmert, the architect of the grand ducal palace of Schwerin, and the only liberal in his benighted grand duchy, recognised me also, after a steel engraved portrait in one of my books; he had become a newsman, and wrote for his native *Times*. A fine young man, Mr. W. T. Rae, was presented to me, as the special correspondent of the *London Daily News*, and Mr. Jackson, as that of the *New York Evening Post*. Both these gentlemen spoke German very well, which was by no means the case with some other correspondents of English papers, who therefore were dependent upon the reports of those officers who understood English.

After having breakfasted, and cemented our friendship with a bottle of excellent white Hermitage—the wine cellar had not been injured—we

five press devils resolved to undertake an exploring excursion.

Though the English element in our party longed much for the Minster, I persuaded them first to see those parts of the city near the ramparts, as their primæval features would soon be altered by the removal of all obstruction and rubbish.

We therefore went first towards the Fishergate, crossing the Ill at the Pont Guillaume to the Fisherquay. As this row of houses looks towards the west, it was very much exposed, and awfully injured. The front of one large house was entirely knocked down, and it looked like the representation of a house on the stage. The furniture in the rooms, however, was knocked to pieces, and it had a curious effect to see pendules under their uninjured shades on the mantelpieces. The beams of the ceilings were broken, and the ceilings hanging down ready to fall.

I here met a poor man who was in search of his three motherless boys. He had lost them eight days ago, and could not find them anywhere. The poor desolate father was fearful they might be buried somewhere under the ruins. Not less than 480 of the citizens were killed by shots, and above 2000 wounded. I do not know how many died of sickness produced by anxiety and privation.

I spoke to an engraver, who had lost his wife and child. His wife had been sick for months. When the bombardment commenced, he had to place her in his damp cellar. The doctor said she would die there if not removed to a hospital. The poor husband had to deposit 600 francs, which were forfeited if the horse was killed in conveying his wife to the hospital, only a few hundred paces off. In his despair, the poor man tried to drown his grief in drink. Somewhat intoxicated, he went out into the street, in hope that some merciful shell would end his existence. A little girl with a basket on her arm came towards him. At that moment a grenade tore off the whole arm of the child, and arm and basket were hurled against him. This horrid sight made him sober at once; he took the poor mutilated child in his arms, and carried her to some hospital. It is curious that in the number of killed and wounded, women and children preponderate.

We entered a house which still held together. The owner, a widow, who had made her living by renting rooms, and who was a beggar now, found a melancholy satisfaction in showing us the extent of her misfortune. We went up to the garrets, but how describe the dire confusion created by those ugly customers called cannon-balls and

grenades? Everywhere holes large enough to put your head through; shattered doors, casements, and beams; splintered wardrobes, and ripped-up sofas. Among all that rubbish, family pictures, clocks, vases, and photographs, etc.

One of the lodgers in the house was a naturalist. He lived in the third storey, and his name was still on the door: "Çarl Kroener, Conservateur du Musée d'Histoire Naturelle." That poor man had spent thirty years of his life in bringing together a collection of butterflies, beetles, and birds. All were destroyed. Wings of butterflies were flying about as we passed by, and his fine ornithological cabinet was buried under rubbish. Some birds, which were still intact, were excellently stuffed. Mr. Jackson wanted to buy some of the birds, and had taken a fancy to a headless gull, which he carried about. He was very sorry that nobody would take his money, and too scrupulous to appropriate anything. I comforted him with saying that he would find plenty of headless gulls in New York, and everywhere else.

Many ships were sunk in the Ill. We saw a crowd; a drowned woman and child were dragged out. The bereaved husband and father stood there gnawing his hands. After his house had

been knocked down, he fled with his wife and child to the boat. When he, after two days, ventured out to fetch some food, a shell struck the boat, and it sunk so fast that wife and child were drowned. Such episodes occurred at many places.

Re-crossing the Ill, over the King's Bridge (called by the French Pont Nationale), we admired the battered Fishergate, and walked along the foot of the ramparts towards the Steinthor (Porte de Pierre), opposite the left wing of the Prussian parallels. On our way we passed the equally ruined Jewish Gate. There is no house standing. It was as if we entered the precincts of Palmyra, or some old Egyptian ruin-city. The theatre was burned out. The mutilated statues of the Muses were still guarding its portal. The hollow bronze statue of the Marquis Lezai Marnesia, once Prefect of Alsace, had received two wounds in his legs, and a very ugly one in the left side of his face.

We continued our way towards the Steinthor. Everywhere the houses were levelled. It was as if an earthquake had visited the city, or as if a giant, as high as the Minster, with a hammer weighing a hundred tons, had amused himself with knocking to pieces the dwellings of the

present dwarfish race. The Finkmett Barracks, a very large building, were riddled with shot, and utterly ruined, though the walls were still standing. The same was the case with all the houses in the street running along it.

The Porte de Pierre was still more damaged than any other, for now approached the breach. Our attempts to pass on the ramparts had been failures. The Prussian posts placed there would not admit any civilians, and all our passes did not avail us anything. The soldiers had dug holes in the rampart, and secured their openings with planks, where they could enjoy some rest in security.

When we again attempted to ascend the forbidden rampart, and were parleying with the sentinel, a captain of artillery, on hearing my name, offered his assistance, which was accepted with gratitude by all of us. We were indeed in luck, for the gallant captain's battery had made the breach. He led us on the rampart of the bastion, before which we saw the celebrated Lunettes, Nos. 52 and 53, that had been taken by the Prussians. With an immense deal of work, they had crossed the ditches, filled with water; but there was still the main ditch before the bastion to cross. The bridges for that pur-

pose were, however, ready at a secure place, and everything prepared for the storm.

The most curious sight was, however, the interior of the bastion itself; and the pride of the captain of artillery was indeed justified, for everywhere convincing proofs of the skill and efficacy of Prussian artillery were to be seen. The ramparts and their masonry were knocked down. In the right face of the bastion was a breach wide enough for a company to march in front, and its slope was not so steep as that of the Spichern Hill at Saarbrucken. The whole interior of the bastion was filled with broken gun-carriages. One rifled 24-pounder standing on the bank of the angle-point, was dismounted; the "reduit" in the centre of the bastion was reduced to a mole-hill.

That breach in the bastion was, however, not the only one. A far more dangerous one was to be seen in the face of the bastion to the right. There the captain pointed out to us a master-piece of gunner's craft. The breach was, perhaps, not wider than ten feet; but it was left thus on purpose not to attract the attention of the besieged. One hundred shots more, immediately before the storm, would have widened it sufficiently. The masonry of the rampart was cut

by gun-balls in the most wonderful manner. Two perpendicular cuts or rills had been made by them at proper distances, and both were connected by a similar horizontal cut. In the foot of the rampart was a vault, and a hundred shots more would have knocked down the whole masonry, and the earth rampart, in tumbling down, would have filled half the ditch.

The water in the ditches had fallen considerably, for heavy guns had been battering against the locks, and they were already much damaged. After a time they would have been destroyed, and the water from the ditches would have been drained off.

We had seen enough for the moment, and returned to the city. On the banks of the canal many of the inhabitants, driven from their houses, had built sheds or tents, where they lived with their families. Perhaps less secure than in the cellars, they had at least fresh air. The sojourn in these cellars must have been awful. The air-holes were all covered with manure, as a protection against the dangerous splinters of shells, and in these narrow dens lived sometimes fifty persons for weeks. The security these cellars afforded was, however, only imaginary, especially against big shells. One of

them fell through three stories, broke the vault of the cellar, killed six persons, and wounded twelve. A fortnight before the surrender, 8,000 persons were without shelter. The damage done to the houses has been estimated now to be about 50,000,000 of francs.

It is absolutely foolish to say that General Uhrich was wrong in surrendering Strasburg; every one who has seen it after the siege will agree with me in this.

The besieging army and their commanders deserve, however, not less praise than General Uhrich, for they did their duty in a manner which never has been surpassed. The result of their hard work was, however, worth their exertion, for the possession of Strasburg secured that of Alsace. Besides this, an immense booty fell into the hands of the conquerors; not less than 1070 guns, above 12,000 chassepots, 6,000 hundred weight of ammunition, 3,000 horses, 50 locomotives, immense quantities of tobacco, rice and barley, red cloth, etc., and 17,000 prisoners.

After a little rest in a beer-house, we continued our exploration. It is impossible to give all the details. The fine houses in the street which connects the Kleber Square with Broglie

were burned down; the fine cafés were destroyed; the Hôtel de Paris riddled, and the Hôtel de Ville greatly damaged by solid shot. The skill of the Prussians was indeed wonderful. They received orders to fire at this or that military building somewhere in the middle of the city. As they could not see it, they were directed only by the maps, which taught them direction and distance, all that was required for shelling. They did it in most cases with such accuracy, that houses at the side of the doomed ones remained perfectly uninjured. It must not be imagined that the destruction of the suburbs was a premeditated act of barbarity. That is by no means the case. The shot hurled from rifled guns against those standing on the ramparts struck the opposite houses, or went over or between them far into the city.

Very much to be regretted is the loss of the library, on account of its many literary treasures, invaluable because many books contained in it were unique. This library was in the new church, which we visited. Nothing remained there but the walls, and a space filled with fragments of stones, between which were remnants of books. I explored them very carefully, in hopes of finding some unconsumed relic. In

vain. The heat must have been excessive, for even the solid stone columns had been peeled off by it, and become dangerously thin. The fragments of books I discovered were uniformly black, and extremely brittle; but the print and engravings were to be distinguished quite plainly. I took a whole pack of these coaled leaves with me as a keepsake. During the siege the rubbish was cleared away partly, in hopes of saving valuable things; but nothing was found except a part of the scabbard of Kleber's sword.

This irreparable loss might have been prevented by a little care, and I cannot excuse the negligence of the librarians. As soon as the Prussians appeared before Strasburg, they might have removed those volumes, which were the pride of the library, to a secure cellar.

Very much tired already, we at last proceeded to the Minster. On coming close to it, we saw many stone fragments at the foot of the tower. The beautiful entrance was not injured, nor the celebrated rosette. A piece of a column had fallen on the nose of one of the Emperors on horseback, and seemed ready to drop on the head of some less exalted mortal.

Though soldiers only were permitted to ascend the tower on that day, our little company entered

also. The beautiful towers containing the winding staircases were not much damaged; but some parts of the stone balustrades had suffered, and it was dangerous to pass. The whole roof of the nave was burned, but the vaults underneath had fortunately resisted, and kept the flames from the interior of the church. From that gallery we had a distinct view of all the parallels.

As the whole Minster was crowded with soldiers, we had some difficulty in descending the narrow stairs. We entered the interior of the church, and were glad to see that not much damage had been done. Some simple wooden chairs were burned; the upper part of the organ, and some portions of the stained windows were broken, but the celebrated clock was intact. I think, however, that the damage done will require about a million of francs to repair it.

On our way to the hotel we saw, posted against the walls of some public buildings, a whole series of official publications, which formed the history of Strasburg during the latter weeks. On the 11th of August the authorities seem to have first conceived the idea, of the possibility that the Prussians might be impudent enough to besiege the city, for all coal and firewood merchants were requested to remove their stores to the city; and

next day the closing of the gasworks was spoken of. On the 20th of August, we read that the "moment solemnel" of the siege had arrived; some one had changed this with pencil to "moment sinistre." On the 21st of August, the inhabitants of the houses towards the south were requested to remove from them.

In a proclamation of General Uhrich, of the 31st of August, is mentioned a meeting in the Guttenburg Square, where illegal resolutions had been announced, and therefore all meetings were prohibited, which seems to have had the desired effect. On the 4th of September arrived the Swiss deputation, and brought with them the news of Sedan, and the proclamation of the Republic. On the 12th, the circular letter of Gambetta to the prefects was published. Pron, the Imperial prefect, was declared deposed; and the same fate awaited Mayor Humann. The mere name of republic seems to have inspired the inhabitants with fresh energy. 750 citizens were required for repairing the fortifications; and the new municipal commune declared every able-bodied man who has left the city, or shall leave it, infamous. Then we find a request to send what milk is still in the city, to the apothecaries, as many babies died for the want of it. Other procla-

mations concerned the homeless, and their nourishment, &c. We hear, also, that the rabble profited by the great calamity, and robbed forsaken houses. On the 21st of September the new prefect of the Republic, M. Edmond Valentin, announced his arrival.

This man seems to be very courageous. In order to enter the city, and to find out the best way, he lived under the disguise of a peasant, in one of the villages occupied by the Prussians. Having got all the information he wanted, he stole through the posts, and reached the French works by swimming across the ditches. He requested the French guards to arrest him. They brought him to General Uhrich, where he produced his commission, which he had sewn up in oil-cloth, and concealed in his clothes. Before the surrender, he disappeared in a similar manner; and it was said that he escaped by passing over one of the lunettes (52 and 53), which seems rather improbable.

On the 27th of September, General Uhrich announced that it is impossible to defend the fortress any longer, because all the fortifications were demolished. He takes leave, and thanks in warm expressions, both soldiers and citizens for the assistance they have rendered. The new

mayor, M. Kuss, makes known the terms of the capitulation. He says, "The hour for resistance has passed, we must bear what is inevitable." He warns against excesses, saying, "Everyone who insults a soldier will be slain; each house from which a shot is fired, will be burnt down. The state of siege is to be continued. All arms must be given up. At nine, p.m., everybody must be at home. No one must go out after dark without a lantern. All papers, in a word, all printed publications, are prohibited." The building against which these placards were posted, stands in the Rue Brulée, so called after a horrible act, said to have taken place on the spot where the prefecture is built, on the 18th of February, 1379. 2,000 Jews were burnt alive, because they refused to become Christians.

In the evening, at supper, General von Werder, the conqueror of Strasburg, sat opposite me. He looks like a well-preserved man of some fifty years, though he is really sixty-two. He is of middle-size, but as he has very broad shoulders, he looks smaller than he really is. His whole bearing and speech denotes energy, which is also expressed in his healthy-looking, rather agreeable face. His hair, sprinkled with grey, has been somewhat thinned by that mitrailleuse-time; but

his whiskers and moustaches are still dark, perhaps a little dyed. He generally appears in a frock-coat and cap, and wears only the order of the Red Eagle round his neck. He sits very well on horseback ; in a word, he looks as a general ought to look. Nothing makes a more sorry impression than an old sapless general, who hangs on his horse like a wet paper-bag, and who mumbles orders from his toothless mouth. The Prussians know better than that ; they pension old fogies, and it is indeed better that they should endure some snobs in the clubs, than that an army of brave soldiers should be destroyed. Had not the Prussian Government had the courage to put aside old military dotards, their army would not be, as it is, the best in the world.

I did not observe that the inhabitants of Strasburg manifested any dislike against the Prussians.

The female part of the Strasburg population seemed very well pleased with the German soldiers, who, in general, behaved much better than the French ; and I was amazed at the great number of couples whom I saw already walking arm in arm. In a poor little shop sat a female cook peeling potatoes, and at her side sat a soldier, reading his paper demurely by the dim

light of a rushlight. I stood in the street watching them, for at least a quarter of an hour, highly amused at the cunning approaches of the Prussian, and the sly manœuvres of the fair one,

As there was no post established yet in Strasburg —which was done, however, next day—I went to Kehl to post my letters. The nearest way to the Rhine Bridge was obstructed by the splendid plaintain trees, which the French had cut down quite unnecessarily, as no German thought of taking Strasburg from that side, by storm. The citadel, which I saw to the left of my way, had been utterly destroyed by the batteries from Kehl. It was one heap of ruins. Most houses between the city and the Rhine, nearly an hour's distance, were burnt down, or greatly injured. The fine railway bridge had been partly blown up, and I had to cross the river by means of a flying bridge, some distance further down.

On going from the landing to the Kehl railroad station, I passed the Badish mortar batteries, which were established behind the Rhine-dyke, and which from here worked with such fearful effect against the citadel.

The station at Kehl was partly destroyed. The post office was established in a railroad waggon. That part of the town of Kehl next to

the bridge was destroyed; it looked almost as bad as one of the suburbs of Strasburg. The church was, however, preserved, though it also had received some shot. The inhabitants, who had fled to neighbouring places, returned already, and some even commenced at once to repair the damage.

By some fanatical French soldiers, who had remained behind in Strasburg, two or three German soldiers were murdered, and General von Werder was much inclined to resort to very severe measures. The newly-elected mayor, M. Kuss, succeeded, however, in appeasing his wrath.

All officers who had given their word of honour not to serve any more in the war against Germany, were permitted to go where they liked. Many of them had remained in Strasburg, and were to be seen in the streets. I saw a proclamation in the French language, couched in very polite expressions, in which the French officers in the city were requested to go out in citizens' dress, or if they preferred going in uniform, to go unarmed, and to salute the German officers. Moreover, they were requested to select their places of residence, as their sojourn in Strasburg must end with the 6th of October.

Immediately after the surrender, Strasburg

was invaded by a whole army of sight-seers, especially from the neighbouring Baden, and whole parties came from Frankfort also and more distant places. They were permitted to see the destroyed citadel and the ramparts, on paying a gilder each, which brought a considerable sum for the benefit of the poor and homeless of the city.

I left Strasburg on Sunday, and found the provisional railroad station in Kehl crowded in such a manner that it was nearly impossible to get a ticket. I returned to Frankfort, to proceed from there to Paris, *viâ* Metz, which seemed also ripe by that time, for surrender.

CHAPTER II.

Material of War.—Regulation of Transport.—The Prussian Army admirably provided.—Contrast in Arrangements for Sick and Wounded.—Cruel Neglect and Illiberality of Government.—American System.

THOUGH in a war the military movements chiefly absorb the interest of the public, and the descriptions of battles won and fortresses conquered take up most of the space in the daily papers, these brilliant successes would not be possible if the machine by which the armies are enabled to earn such laurels were not kept in order. The unmilitary public have no idea what preparations, care, and order are required to provide with the necessary food and material of war, an army of nearly a million of men, who are marching into the enemy's country. Though that country will furnish a great part of what they re-

quire, it would be very unwise to rely on such resources alone, for they are very uncertain; firstly, because the army of the invaded country have already provided for themselves from these sources, and secondly, because they destroy as much as possible on retreating, so as to impede the advance of the conquerors.

It is, moreover, not enough to amass the required quantity of food and material of war, a far more important and difficult task is to carry them in such a manner after the rapidly-advancing army that every corps shall find its provisions ready when they are required. The means of transportation, the distances, and hundreds of eventualities, have to be considered and calculated, and it is obvious that these difficulties are very much increased in the country of the enemy, where everything is done to ruin the roads, to destroy the bridges, &c., and a hostile population is trying to retard the movements of the convoys, or to take them away.

Where the provision and ammunition trains can be transported by rail, the difficulties are, comparatively, easily overcome; but where everything has to be transported by horses, they are immensely increased. The heavily loaded waggons can only move slowly, and as each of them

occupies about ten or twelve paces of the road, the length of a column of several hundred may easily be calculated. Whilst the first waggon has already arrived at its point of destination, the last may still be several miles behind, even without the stoppages occurring from accidents and the narrowness of the roads.

To regulate this difficult and intricate part of the military service is the task of a branch of the great general staff, and in the Prussian army it is as admirably organised as almost everything else. There it is perfectly well understood that the arms and the legs of the soldier are dependants of the stomach, and that guns are useless without ammunition.

It is beyond the limits traced for this book to enter into the details of this interesting topic, but I thought it well to draw the attention of those readers to it who are in the habit of following the movements of the armies on their maps, and who frequently, in judging of them, forget that troops do not move as smoothly as their index. I will only add that the field-telegraph, field-post, field-railway, and sanitary columns, form sub-divisions of this important branch of the service, and dwell a little longer on the arrangements made for the sick and wounded soldiers.

I may be mistaken; but, from what I saw, it appears to me that this branch of the service is the most imperfect in the Prussian army, and that the government would do well to reorganise it.

The war in 1866 has already shown the insufficiency of the means which the state provided for the care of the wounded, and in this last war the soldiers would have been very badly off if they had been left to the mercy of the army surgeons. I hasten to add that I do not mean to say their surgeons are incompetent or negligent; but that the resources at their command are utterly inadequate.

In olden times, I sometimes heard cavalry officers say that they cared more for their horses than for their men: for good horses cost money, and were difficult to be procured, whilst men were to be had plenty and for nothing. Though I am sure that this idea does not prevail now-a-days amongst the leaders of the Prussian army, it is a fact that soldiers are not treated as if they were the most precious material of war.

Prussia is a very economical state, and it cannot be expected that the government should provide wounded soldiers with all the comforts and luxuries which over-fond relatives perhaps might judge necessary; but there ought to be a limit to

this economy. What I have seen gives me the impression that there is not enough done for the preservation of the health of the Prussian soldiers, and that the arrangements for the wounded are cruelly insufficient.

The government seemed to be well aware of this, and for that reason the private exertions of the nation were accepted with pleasure; but the efficiency of this very liberal assistance was much impeded by the unpractical measures of the directing powers. Whilst we admired the strictest order in all other branches of the service, the medical department was the most neglected in this respect, being very injudiciously and carelessly left in the hands of ignorant and unpractical persons.

As I have already spoken in some other place about the Johanniter and the voluntary sanitary corps, I need not repeat my censure here, but will only mention some defects for which the government may be held more directly responsible.

I saw the war in America from 1861 to the end. The Americans have not made the art of war their principal study, and when the great civil war fell upon them like a thunderbolt, it found them utterly unprepared. Captains who in time of peace were scarcely able to command their companies—at least not in such a manner as would

be approved in Prussia—were called to the head of great armies. Wonderful blunders were made, and I and all Europe laughed at the gross ignorance of the Americans in military matters. As both parties were equally brave, and equally inexperienced, it is not to be wondered at that their cruel and bloody battles were fought with more pluck than art, and that the struggle lasted so long, and only ended because the means of one of the parties were exhausted. I do not think that General Moltke learned his strategy from the American generals; but still he and all military men learned a great deal from the American war in other respects. The Americans are a most ingenious and practical people; and, much as the world laughed at the military blunders of many of their generals, it greatly and justly admired all the arrangements for the comfort of the army in the field. Though the difficulties in America are infinitely greater than in Europe, where towns or villages are to be met with every mile or two, the army was provisioned in unprecedented abundance. Letters and parcels were delivered to the soldiers with wonderful speed and regularity, though they had to travel sometimes over thousands of miles; newspapers were in the hands of most soldiers, whilst the Prussians in France were held in igno-

rance of what happened in the world for weeks, and the utmost care was taken of the sick and wounded under difficulties in comparison to which those in Europe appear trifles.

The sanitary arrangements of the Americans soon acquired great and well-deserved reputation throughout the world, and delegates from many nations came to learn from them; even Russia sent there one of her highest sanitary officers.

The Germans have also profited by these experiences, and made many improvements, for instance, by establishing everywhere voluntary sanitary columns, which could not be done in America to such an extent, because all the young men were wanted in the ranks, and the population is far less numerous than in Germany, and spread over such a great extent of land.

Whilst surgeons and private companies marched with the troops, and did their utmost for the wounded, the governments did not bestir themselves in the same manner. Hundreds died on the battle-field who might have been saved, if the eagerness of the voluntary sanitary columns had not been damaged, and their utility impaired by pompous, conceited, and inexperienced men, to whom they were subordinated by the government; or if sufficient means had been provided for shelter

or transportation, as was done by the less warlike but more paternal government of the great Republic.

The severely wounded American soldiers who could not be transported to the regular hospitals, were placed in large and lofty tents, and for those who could be transported, hundreds of conveniently-built ambulances were ready, whilst the German wounded remained for days and nights on the battle-field, or at least in miserable hovels, or were carried away in miserable ladder-waggons, with scarcely as much care as a bale of goods, and often without even a drop of water. The fatigues of that rude sort of transport were the cause that a very small percentage of the amputated remained alive.

Another proof that the German government have no heart for soldiers who are disabled, and still less regard for the feelings of the families who furnish them the life-material, is the manner in which the dead are dealt with. In this respect they might also have learned from the Americans. In the neighbourhood of Washington, and at many other places, large and beautifully laid out burial grounds, or rather, gardens, may be seen, where the soldiers who died in the great war are buried, and whose bodies were carefully brought

up from the battle-fields, where they had lain for many months in the earth, their identity being proved by a provisional rough board, on which name, state, regiment, &c., were written. Each body lies now under a separate green hillock, and at the head is a gravestone, with a detailed inscription. These military burial-grounds are kept up by the state, and always in most excellent order. Such an idea would appear preposterous to Prussian finances.

I am sure that at this very moment many more competent pens than mine are occupied in writing down the experiences of the late war in respect to sanitary arrangements, and I will not dwell any longer on the subject, but only narrate what I saw and learnt on visiting several hospitals.

When I was at Frankfort, some weeks anterior to the period of which I am now speaking, I heard talk of nothing else but of ladies' assistance-committees, voluntary sanitary columns, voluntary nurses, &c., and there was scarcely one family in which these matters did not cause some excitement. The softer sex was especially excited, and sweet maids shed bitter tears because—almost incredible, but true!—they had not yet reached their thirtieth year, and for that reason were

refused permission to enter the hospitals as voluntary nurses. I will resist the temptation to comment on the conclusions which might be inferred from this cruel and unjust rule; in so far unjust, as young girls had a far greater interest to set right the limbs of young marriageable men, than old women or maids who already had given up all matrimonial hopes.

My wife, who had long ago passed the Rubicon, was just as much excited as the rest. In America she had already made practical experiences, learned the rudiments of surgery, and perfected herself by a practical course in the Holy Ghost Hospital in Frankfort. When I passed through that city she nearly pestered me out of all patience by using me as a dummy for her practice in dressing my (supposed) wounded limbs.

The military administration had resolved to establish a hospital in Frankfort, counting much, as it appeared, on the concurrence and assistance of the public, in which they were not mistaken. The thing was commenced with great zeal, and a number of tents were pitched after the American fashion, and my wife took the care of tent number one, in which were seventeen more or less severely wounded soldiers. The superintendent of that hospital was a military head-surgeon, but some Prussian

officer-ladies, sent by the Johanniters to assist him, arrogated a power which was very prejudicial to his authority, and did it in a manner which disgusted other ladies of Frankfort so much, that they refused any longer to submit to the rudeness of these amateur corporals. One retired after the other, and even the wife of the head-surgeon, and also Miss de Rothschild. Some remarks of these ladies, and also of my wife, who held out the longest, and only retired because she had poisoned all her fingers in dressing wounds, made me curious to see the hospital, which meanwhile had acquired larger dimensions. This curiosity was still increased by the difficulties placed in my way, which suggested the suspicion that all was not right there.

When all preliminaries were gone through, I appeared one morning in the office of the head-surgeon, who had promised to take me round himself. As he was, however, still occupied, he gave me meanwhile a ticket of admittance, but added, in a jocular way, that visits to the barracks containing the French wounded were forbidden under pain of death.

The few tents, with which the hospital had been commenced, had disappeared, and instead of them a town of barracks had been built, "after

the American pattern," which was enclosed with a board fence, of which the entrances were guarded. The barracks, though they might have been constructed after the American pattern, did not look like it. They were higher, and very carelessly built, and made a very comfortless impression, whilst those I saw by hundreds near Washington looked friendly and home-like. In summer, or in South Carolina, these Prussian sick-barns might perhaps have been more comfortable, but in the middle of an European October, on a very cold, windy, and rainy day, they made a very shivery and dismal impression.

The inspector of the hospital was very ready to accompany me through it, and so was the surgeon on duty. The interior of the barracks made the same impression as the outside. Though it would not be reasonable to expect in such a temporary concern all the perfections of a standing hospital, the builders might have considered a little more kindly that wounded soldiers and not sick cattle were to be healed in them. Not only the wounded in their beds, but even the nurses—all respectable females, who had reached the years of discretion—shivered with cold; and no wonder, as the cold air found its way through many chinks, even of the uncarpeted floor; for

the barracks were all built about three or four feet over ground, and the wind swept through underneath them.

The chief surgeon did not look as if he did not know that in the middle of October it is generally cold in Germany, and often wet; but some one in the circumlocution office had forgotten it, and thus the cold season arrived, and not even stoves were in the barracks. The poor wounded would perhaps not have had any hope of getting them before Christmas, if the generous and liberal Frankforters had not offered 22,500 gilders to make the barracks habitable for the winter.

The sick and wounded looked, however, tolerably well, and the doctor told me that this cheap temperature was extremely beneficial to them. He encouraged me to ask some of the sick men how they were satisfied with their treatment and food, and, as they had to answer in his hearing, they were of course all satisfied.

The doctor introduced me even to the French barracks. Some restrictions in reference to visitors had been deemed necessary, and I think *were* necessary, for some Frankfort ladies loved to show their dislike to the Prussians by ignoring them, and pampering the French. These latter

were treated exactly in the same manner as the Prussians, but their barracks looked more home-like, owing to some little tasteful arrangements made by the men themselves.

Though I did not exactly doubt that the wounded received the necessary food, I requested the surgeon to show me the kitchen, where I hoped to see the dinner. He introduced me therefore to the barrack serving as a kitchen. In its middle, at a table, was sitting a portly woman, with a pot of beer before her, who was presented to me as the colonel of all the kitchen dragoons. The kitchen was very large and lofty, and so cold, that its commander was afraid her whole female garrison would desert; and still there was the fire burning all day. From this the temperature in the un-heated barracks may be guessed.

The meat which I saw on the hearth did not seem in proportion to the several hundreds of patients, and the whole affair had a very hungry look. On leaving, we met an extremely economical-looking old lady, whom the surgeon pointed out to me as "the soul of the establishment," and who indeed looked like it! She was the wife of a clerk in the post-office.

In the surgeon's room I found the head-surgeon with several gentlemen, disputing whether a little

stove would not do for two rooms. It was a very important question—about, perhaps, a pound or so! I left the great hospital well content—that I was not one of its inmates. Near the entrance I encountered a lady, whom I took—judging from her dress—for "the daughter of the regiment," with a butcher's tray coquettishly under her arm, filled with woollen stockings and "soul-warmers," which, indeed, seemed much required in that cool establishment.

A cab carried me in the usual German dog's trot to the opposite end of the city, to a fine house situated in a garden, on the entrance of which waved a flag of the Geneva convention, of modest dimensions. I entered a room on the ground-floor, where I was told by a clerk that Miss de Rothschild was in the house. I was going out with him to look for her, when I saw a young lady in a neat printed cotton dress, with a very white coarse linen apron, come down the stairs. She shook hands with me, and received me with a friendly "How do you do?" in English. She was Miss Thesy de Rothschild, the pretty daughter of the Frankfort Crœsus, with whom I was already acquainted.

I mentioned before how she, with other ladies, had set up at a distance from the governmental

hospital. To satisfy her benevolent desire to do good, and to go out of the way of collisions with official female hospital souls, she had arranged this house for about thirty of such wounded who required particular care.

That this young lady caused great displeasure in certain cliques was very natural, for she had several most unpardonable faults; she was very pretty, very rich, very independent, and an enemy to all ostentation. Moreover, she quite innocently committed a crime for which she would have been court-martialed, if certain lady corporals had had their will. When, on the arrival of a transport of French wounded prisoners, she saw one tearing the loaf given to him with his fingers, she presented him, and a number of his comrades, with small pocket-knives at sixpence a-piece. That she thus had furnished arms to prisoners was her crime, about which the most ridiculous fuss was made, even in the papers.

Miss de Rothschild, who was the chief director of her establishment, though her very amiable mother, the baroness, also visited it every day, went with me to the different rooms. It was a pleasure to see the expression with which the patients looked at their kind nurse, and nobody needed to ask whether they were satisfied. All of

them were German soldiers. The arrangements were simple, but comfortable ; the rooms lofty and bright, and the air was pure.

In the afternoon I went with Mrs. C—— to the hospital of the Frankfort Ladies' Association (Frauenverein), which was in the garden of the villa belonging formerly to the ex-Elector of Hesse. The present owners, the Hessian Ludwigs Railroad, very kindly gave the garden and all the outbuildings for this purpose. We found the director of the establishment, a Miss de Witzleben, from Hanover, in her store-room. The worthy elderly lady received us with great cordiality, and showed us through the whole hospital, arranged for 120 patients, who were placed in five large and two smaller barracks, also built after the American pattern in the park, and in the eighty-feet-long orange-house. Though the barracks were not like those I knew in America, they were far more comfortable than those of the governmental hospital. In some of them were stoves, and the floors were carpeted. Other arrangements were in preparation, to make them warmer for the winter. The ventilation was excellent, and each barrack was provided with hot and cold water, and baths on rollers, which could be transported from bedside to bed-

side. The barracks were lighted with gas, and in the entrance of each of them was a little gas-hearth, in case anything warm might be wanted immediately.

The orange-house was excellently adapted for the purpose, though the stone floor was somewhat cold, notwithstanding the carpeting. All the patients looked well contented, and the whole establishment did much credit to the Frankfort "Frauenverein," which—besides their own hospital—provided all the other hospitals with necessary things, with the making of which fifty ladies were occupied many hours every day. This ladies' association had also fitted out their sanitary column, numbering on September 20th, 300 men, of whom detachments were sent out to all the different battle-fields.

Similar associations existed in all the cities and towns of Germany, and I mention these details from Frankfort to show to what extent the public supported the government in that war.

I visited several smaller private hospitals, which were all better than those of the government, but in order not to try the reader's patience too much, I will wind up with my visit to the Holy Ghost Hospital, which had taken in sixty soldiers.

This hospital has been in existence several

centuries, and in consequence of donations, especially in land, which increased so much in value, it has become rich, but its fortune is kept secret, and only known to the members of the board of administration, which circumstance caused, of course, the most exaggerated reports. The present building, which stands not far from the city library, was finished in 1839. It is a most excellent establishment in every respect, and well worthy to be visited by travellers.

Mrs. C—— was acquainted with the hospital master, Mr. Adolph Collischonn, who was kind enough to go with us through the whole house, from the cellar to the loft. We could not have a better guide, for Mr. Collischonn was born in the hospital, where his father had been hospital master for forty years. I have never seen a better kept house. It was, even in its remotest corners, as clean and neat as a lady's work-box, and even in the store-rooms the provisions were arranged in a manner pleasing to an artistic eye. Everything went on there like clock-work, and the whole house was, as it were, pervaded by the spirit of thoughtful love, coupled with much practical sense and artistic taste. All this is owing to the soul of that house, the hospital master, who is an inventive genius. Everywhere

one is surprised by some ingenious, highly practical arrangement or contrivance, and I regret that I cannot here give a detailed description, though it would highly interest not only physicians, but also architects and engineers.

The water arrangements were as perfect as possible, both for the purposes of cleanliness, and against fire. In the excellent bath-rooms I admired a clock of Mr. Collischonn's invention, which cannot be spoiled by the damp, and which might be recommended to all bath-houses, and on board ships.

Every visitor will be extremely pleased with the prayer-hall, or church, which Mr. Collischonn has arranged with especial care and taste, though it is extremely simple. It receives a subdued light through two large stained windows, and another smaller one behind the altar. The centre of this latter window represents the sacrifice of Abraham, a glass picture originating from the 15th century, which Mr. Collischonn found broken in a great many pieces on the loft of an old house bought by the hospital.

As this book treats only of the war, I am perhaps wrong to have said so much about matters not connected with it, and I hasten to return to the soldiers. Those placed in the Holy

Ghost Hospital were quartered in localities in the garden, where were built two large "tents," one for men, one for women, as the experiences of the American War, and that of 1866 have taught, that severely wounded men, and such as are suffering from zymotic diseases, are better in spaces that are subjected to a continuous renovation of air. Tents are, however, only a contrivance, and the same end may be reached in another manner, as has been done in this hospital. The so-called "tents" are forty-four feet by twenty-one, and built of iron, with double—but from seven to eight centimetres from each other—distant glass roofs, painted with oil paint, through which enters a most agreeable subdued light. Over the glass roof is one of zinc, which is provided everywhere with movable shutters. On both long sides of the tent are movable screens of holland, arranged in a very ingenious manner. Along the crest of the zinc roof runs a long tube provided with small holes, through which, on turning a cock, water is squirted on, which runs continuously over the whole roof, and an agreeable cool air is produced in hot days. In each tent, which is provided with baths and all desirable comforts, twelve beds were standing.

For the other wounded, for whom there was

not room in the tents, another locality in the garden was properly and conveniently arranged, and the patients were all highly satisfied with their treatment.

I saw in the garden an admirably practical litter, for the transportation of wounded or sick persons, an invention of Mr. Collischonn, which well deserves the notice of the profession.

CHAPTER III.

Arrogance of Prussian Officials.—The Affair of Mr. Jacoby.—General Vogel von Falkenstein's obstinacy, blunders, and retrograde ideas.—On my way to Metz.—Insolence of Railway Officials. — Ars-sur-Moselle. — Princess Salm-Salm.—Metz—Past and Present.—The Siege.

I LEFT Frankfort in the middle of October. I found my friends at Saarbrücken indignant at the behaviour of the prigs of the circumlocution office, who had disgusted some benevolent foreign societies so much that they decamped. Everywhere the same old story of the arrogance of Prussian officials!

The mining office in Saarbrücken had furnished material for ten barracks; and a society of Belgians, under the direction of Mr. Felix Elvin, established a hospital in them, which they provided with everything necessary at their own ex-

pense. They were, however, so much annoyed by the Prussian officials that they left Saarbrücken, and of course took with them the considerable capital which they had deposited for their benevolent purposes with Messrs. Simon Brothers. Just the same did a society of Dutch, who, under the direction of Baron van Hackenbroek, had established a hospital in Saarbrücken, which was praised by everyone as a model establishment. Everywhere in Germany, the arrogance of the Prussian bureaucratics is the greatest enemy to the popularity of the Prussian government. Another affair of the same sort caused indignation not only in Germany. The favourite project of Bismark to annex German Lorraine and Alsace found some opposition from the ultra-republican party in Germany; and it seems that he really feared their efforts might have some effect. He thought it at least proper to give instructions tending to prevent the spreading of their ideas, and the Prussian official prigs carried them out in their priggish manner. Mr. Jacoby, of Königsberg, a member of the Chamber, spoke at a public meeting against the annexation; and General Vogel von Falkenstein, an officer of the old anti-constitutional school, who despised civil laws, popular rights, and all such new-fangled notions,

and would have arranged all Germany like a barrack, prohibited popular meetings, and arrested Mr. Jacoby against all right and law.

Another prig in Frankfort confiscated such papers as spoke against the annexation, and thus a row was kicked up which produced more angry feelings, and more opposition than a dozen of papers and a dozen of orators could have done, if Bismark had not taken the slightest notice of them. I know that this arrest of Mr. Jacoby happened at a rather awkward moment, and was very disagreeable to Count Bismark, but it was not possible to redress the blunder without offending a high military officer, and through him the army; the Count had therefore to approve the general measure, though privately some mild remonstrances were made, and conciliatory steps advised. The forbidden meetings were again permitted; but by a proclamation of the general, which was couched in terms that were even still more offensive to the sense of right of the people, than even the arrest of Jacoby! These old Prussian officers are incorrigible: they will never learn that time and ideas have changed; and there is only hope for the better when these old fogies shall have died out.

A report was spread in Saarbrücken that

Metz was on the point of capitulating, and I would have liked to enter with the Germans. For this purpose I set off with the train to Remilly. The service on this road was a little better regulated than before, but everybody complained of the railroad *employés*, who seemed utterly demoralised by the war. As you might see in a train waggons belonging to many different railroad companies, you saw also *employés* in the most varied liveries. They had become very insolent and arbitrary; and though the passengers had to pay for their tickets, they were treated as if they were only parcels. An old Bavarian station-master, covered all over with braid, who wanted to see how many persons were in my *coupé*, pushed an unoffending gentleman aside in the rudest manner, which made me angry. I caught the old arrogant fellow, and gave him a good shaking, which brought him to his senses.

The rudeness of the railroad officials might have, perhaps, been excused, on the score of over-work, but this was not the case with the extortions practised by some rascals amongst them, charged with the transportation of goods. The government had invited commercial houses to convey goods to the seat of war, and promised facilities of every kind, but these intentions were frustrated

by the greediness of the *employés*. Whosoever did not use palm-oil did not get on. Whole waggons, loaded with goods, belonging to innocent people, who trusted to recommendations from head-quarters, and did not think of greasing the palms of the *employés*, disappeared as if by witchcraft, and I met many who had been running for weeks from station to station in search of them, whilst others who had expended a five-pound note in the right place could have as many waggons despatched as they wanted.

From Remilly I went by rail to Pont-à-Mousson, on a road built by the Prussians in a very short time. The soldiers called it the "iron-cross road," saying that everyone who ventured to use it, deserved the iron cross for his courage. That was exaggeration. I found the road extremely well built; and a little viaduct, which was crossed with great trepidation, would have been considered in America superfluously solid.

I d not remain at Pont-à-Mousson, but went directly to Ars-sur-Moselle, in the neighbourhood of which was the head-quarters of the Second Army Corps, commanded by General von Franzeky.

Ars-sur-Moselle was crammed with troops, and to find a bed, or even a litter, was nearly impos-

sible. Having heard that Princess Salm was in Jouy aux Arches, and knowing that she would find quarters for me, I tried in vain to induce some one to carry my things over to the other side of the Moselle, a distance of about two miles only; but as it was pitch-dark, and rained, and the road, especially near the bridges, was abominable, I did not find any one who would earn my money. Whilst I stood there, rather desolate, before a very lively inn, I was addressed by a first sergeant of artillery, who recognised me by the light streaming from the windows of the inn, for I had passed several days with his captain and his battery. He was there with Baron Gollnitz, one of his officers, having fetched the pay for his men. The first lieutenant soon arrived, and drove me over, in the egotistical chaplain's well known carriage, to the quarters of Princess Salm in Jouy. She was there in a large country house, with the eldest brother of her late husband, and the general surgeon, Professor Busch. I found her with her lady attendant, Professor Busch, and another doctor; the Professor reading to her from some English book. The Princess was much moved, for it was the first time she had seen me after Salm's death. When he left Coblentz for the war, she told me that she had a certain fore-

boding of his death, and he himself spoke of it as certain. She said that she did everything to divert her thoughts, and made out as much to do as possible. Work is indeed the best remedy against grief: and she worked a great deal, for she superintended the stores for the hospitals, which were established in Ars-sur-Moselle. Her brother-in-law, the regnant prince, was a Johanniter, and also busy in the hospitals.

The fortress of Metz was indeed on the point of capitulation, and negociations between the head-quarters and General Bazaine were already going on. When I spoke of my former visit to the troops before Metz, I said nothing about this strong fortress, thinking that its surrender would offer a better opportunity.

In a former chapter, I mentioned the treacherous manner in which Metz was stolen from Germany, by the Constable de Montmorency. The Emperor Charles V. tried in vain to reconquer it. He beleagured Metz, with an army of 54,000 men, but he was sick himself, and pestilence, hunger, and cold, made such havoc amongst his troops, and the city was so well defended by 400 French noblemen, and 10,000 soldiers, that he had to give up the siege.

Lewis XIV. recognised the importance of Metz,

in reference to Germany, and Vauban made a fortress of the first rank of it, in which a garrison of 20,000 men was almost always kept. Such a numerous garrison has a very great influence on the population of a city, and it failed not to remodel that of Metz to a considerable degree. Whilst 200 years were not sufficient to suppress the German language in the country, very little German is to be heard in Metz; its inhabitants have become Frenchmen, at least in language and habits, though their character has not yet lost its German stamp.

Metz, the former capital of the department de la Moselle, is situated on both sides of that river, in a valley, which, opening towards the south and north, is formed by rather considerable heights, towards east and west, that have a great military importance. Here meet the railroads from Strasburg, Nancy, Saarbrucken, Saarlouis, Bouzonville, Thionville, and Paris *viâ* Verdun. Above the city the Moselle forms the island Symphorien, close to the city the island Sauley, and below it, that of Chambière. Bridges lead over all these different branches of the river, and by means of numerous locks, and the Seylle brook, coming from a south-eastern direction, Metz may be surrounded with a girdle of water, nearly on

all sides. Its number of inhabitants is about 48,000.

As a city Metz is not very much, but as a fortress it is invaluable, either to France or Germany. The ramparts encircling the city are of inferior importance. There are only bastions towards the south and south-western front; everywhere else are walls with flanking towers, as seen at all old German fortresses. These ramparts are, however, everywhere storm-proof; which means that they cannot be taken without approaches, and other preparations.

A large free place—esplanade—divides the city from the citadel, which consists of a horn-work, with an advanced ravelin. As a continuation of the north-western fortifications of the city, may be considered those on the Sauley island, which flank the fort Moselle, and cover the lock before it.

The first rank amongst the fortifications in the immediate vicinity of the city, must be accorded to the Moselle and Bellecroix forts, which consist of two whole, and two half bastions; the latter fort is still strengthened in front by a little advanced work, from which the Vallieres valley can be observed. The lunettes Chambiere and Miollis, cover the Chambiere island, the fort

Gisors commands the valley of the Chenan brook, and the road to Saarlouis, whilst the redoubt du Paté, south of the city, rakes the whole wide plain of the Seylle creek, and the lunette d'Arcon is there for the protection of the railroad station and the ground around.

At an average distance of 2,500 paces from the city, fortifications are built, on the surrounding heights several strong forts, and inside this girdle is situated the fortified camp, in which a considerable number of troops may be sheltered.

On the left bank of the Moselle, on a commanding height, is fort St. Quentin, and somewhat in advance of it, on a lower point, is fort Plappeville; on the right bank of the river, to the north and south-east, are forts St. Julien and Quelen.

Fort Plappeville is a bastioned square, and towards its field-front it has two rows of ramparts, one above the other. The same arrangement may be observed at fort St. Julien, which consists of two whole, and two half bastions. Fort Quelen has only one whole, and two half bastions, and fort St. Quentin is a hornwork. To complete the flanking of these forts, two others were in construction, but not yet finished: one at St. Priyat

towards the south, and the other towards the North, at St. Elvy.

In time of war the garrison consists of 20,000 men, who can be placed in the forts and shell-proof barracks; and the magazines contain provisions sufficient for garrison and inhabitants for at least six months.

The reader will remember what preparations were required to take Strasburg, and may judge from the foregoing description how difficult, costly, and long, a regular siege of Metz would be. Each fort would have required nearly as much time as Strasburg, and if they were taken, there still remained the fortified city, with its outworks, and their submerged environs, though the city itself might have been destroyed from the forts. Prince Frederick Charles and General Moltke decided, therefore, on another way, after having succeeded in enclosing the 160,000 men of General Bazaine in that famous fortress. Though it might have been provisioned for six months, sufficiently for 20,000 soldiers and 50,000 inhabitants, the number of the latter was increased by refugees from the surrounding country, and 160,000 men, and it was impossible to feed so many people for a long time, if all connection with the outside was cut off, at least so far as to

prevent the introduction of fresh provisions. It was, therefore, resolved to conquer Metz by hunger.

The great battles fought on August 14th, 16th, and 18th, had much demoralised the army of General Bazaine, and he could not think of renewing soon his attempt to break through. Had he attempted it, and even succeeded, he would have been lost if not supported from outside, for Prince Frederick Charles would have followed him in forced marches, and have compelled him to fight under very unfavourable conditions. He, therefore, had to wait, and even to suffer the Prussians to make the most ample use of this respite. As the railroad, coming from the Rhenish Palatinate, and running over Weissenburg, and St. Avold to Nancy, could not be used where it approached Metz, a provisional railroad twenty-three miles long, around that fortress had to be built from Remilly to Pont-à-Mousson; which very difficult work was accomplished in five weeks.

Other works, not less difficult, had to be built by the troops, both for the purpose of preventing the bringing in of provisions, and that of making the breaking through from Metz impossible. The whole circumference of Metz and its forts was

provided with fortifications of different kinds, and all hamlets, chateaus, and villages within that circle, were used for this purpose. As, however, it was impossible to make these slight fortifications sufficiently strong everywhere to resist an army like Bazaine's, the different corps encamped in the wide circumference of Metz, were connected not only by telegraphs, but also by wide roads, enabling the troops to concentrate with the shortest possible delay at the endangered point. For this same purpose a great many bridges were built over the Moselle. On a high projecting hill near the village of Maringen, an observatory was established, from which two officers of artillery, provided with excellent glasses, observed all the positions and movements of the enemy. These were at once reported, per telegraph, to the head-quarters of the Prince, which was first in the miserable little village of Doncourt, but after September 9th, in a little deserted château at Corny, on the road from Metz to Pont-à-Mousson.

Though the circle of troops around Metz was sufficient for the above named purposes, it was not so narrow but that huntsmen and smugglers, well acquainted with every foot-path in the hills and woods around the fortress, could have succeeded, now and then, in stealing through the

Prussians lines, so that Maréchal Bazaine was well acquainted with the movements of the other French armies. Many stratagems were used to secure a connection with them. A balloon-post was established, as was done later also in Paris. Little unsuspicious looking floats were put into the Moselle in Metz, and some miles lower down taken up by people placed there on the watch. Many spies, disguised as monks or priests, passed the lines even in the day-time, under the pretext that they were called to the bedside of a dying person in some hamlet within the precincts of Metz.

In this manner Bazaine was informed of the approach of MacMahon, and, in consequence, he attacked the Prussian lines, at the same time that the battles near Sedan took place. His attack was directed against the north-east, because he expected to find least resistance there, and also because he could from thence more easily reach the Longuion-Montmedy-Sedan road. The battle fought thereon, from August 31st until September 1st, and which has been named the battle of Noisseville, was fought with great bravery on the part of the French; but notwithstanding this, Bazaine had to give up his attempt to break through the live wall that encircled his army.

During this battle, and on former occasions,

delay and slight confusion had been caused by the fact that the army observing Metz was not under one and the same command: the first army was commanded by General von Steinmetz, and the second by Prince Frederick Charles. Old Steinmetz, brave as he is, had given frequent cause for displeasure by his not adhering strictly to the plans traced for his army by its great chief of the general-staff, presuming too much on his services rendered in 1866, and being somewhat conceited and self-willed. On an occasion anterior to the period of which I am speaking, King William said rather impatiently, in the hearing of a friend of mine—"Again General von Steinmetz is not at the place where he ought to be." The secret of the great success of the Prussian army lies chiefly in its admirable discipline, and conceited, self-willed generals, who wish to improve on the plans of the chief, cannot be tolerated in the field, however deserving they may be in other respects. General von Steinmetz was therefore removed from his command—of course in a honourable manner, as was due to him—and was made governor-general of the province of Posen—sufficiently far off from the theatre of war to prevent him from crossing by his strategy that of General Moltke. Prince Frederick

Charles took the command over the whole army surrounding Metz, and Steinmetz left on the 15th of September.

I do not like Bazaine, but must acknowledge that he did everything in Metz that he possibly could do, and only hare-brained, ignorant people —as there were only too many in the French government—could accuse him of cowardice or treason.

When provisions became scarce in Metz, he made many sorties to procure them from the neighbourhood, sometimes occasioning brisk and bloody fights. He also entertained a hope of breaking through towards the south, in order to assist Strasburg; but when this fortress fell, on Sept. 28th, he could only think of rescuing Thionville—or, at least, try to take some of the Prussian magazines. The last great effort for such purpose, directed against those of Courcelles, he made on October 7th.

The battle was bloody, but without the desired effect for the French. He tried also to fire the magazines at Ars-sur-Moselle; but Fort St. Quentin is 7,000 paces from that place, and though some persons were killed, and one shell fell into an hospital, his purpose was not fulfilled.

At the last fight it became obvious to the Prussians that the end of all these sorties was near, for Bazaine had no horses for his field-artillery, nor any cavalry; most of them were already eaten, and the miserable remainder were so weak that they could scarcely stand on their legs. Even if he succeeded in occupying some of the adjacent villages, they would have availed him nothing, for they had been thoroughly cleared out by the Prussians. Moreover, sicknesses of the worst kind—diarrhœa, scorbutic and typhoid fevers—prevailed amongst the French troops. The number of deserters from Metz increased daily; on the 16th of October 500 at once arrived, and by them the state of things in the fortress became known, and that, amongst other things, bread and salt were utterly wanting. Though the reports of deserters are generally exaggerated in this respect, newspapers printed in Metz were found on them, which contained official proclamations confirming what they said.

The government papers, meanwhile, continued to deceive the French people and the world by mendacious news. The *Liberté* wrote, on Oct. 19th, that Bazaine had beaten the Prussians, and reached Thionville, and M. Kératuz, a member of the government, declared in Bordeaux "that

Bazaine had established a connection with Thionville; that three large convoys of provisions had entered Metz, and he, for his part, was about besieging the Prussians. Before six weeks all the Prussians would be annihilated."

If Bazaine did not prefer to die, with his army, by starvation, he must surrender; and this was the opinion of a council of war which he held, and in consequence of which, on the 14th of October, General Troyes, with the consent of Prince Frederick Charles, was sent from Metz to Versailles. As the marshal, however, proposed to surrender only his army, and not the fortress of Metz, the negociations led to nothing, and the siége was continued.

Whilst I was in Jouy, with Princess Salm, the number of deserters from Metz increased, and its surrender was expected every moment. It was even said that a parlementaire had arrived at head-quarters, but that the conditions offered were not yet acceptable. Seeing that the negociations would probably take at least a week, having no particular interest in visiting Metz, which had not even been attacked, and fearing that I might miss the more interesting surrender of Paris, I left Jouy for Versailles on the 21st of October.

It was only on the 25th that the old General Changarnier appeared as a deputy of Bazaine in Corny, the Prince's head-quarters; and, in consequence of his propositions, General von Stiehle, the Prince's chief-of-staff, accompanied by Captain Steffen, met at five o'clock, p.m., the French Division-General, Baron De Cissey, at the chateau of Frescati, near the line of the Prussian outposts. This latter general behaved, however, so haughtily, that General von Stiehle returned to the Prince, reporting that the negociations would probably lead to no result yet.

General Bazaine, however, after having heard General Cissey, assembled a council of war, and, with their consent, wrote a letter to the Prince requesting another meeting, which was granted, and took place again at Frescati, on the 26th of October, at noon. This time Bazaine had sent General Jarras, Colonel Fay, and Major Samuel.

The rather animated meeting ended with the acceptance of the Prince's conditions. But one circumstance remained unsettled: whether it should be permitted to the French officers to wear their swords as prisoners. This question was submitted to King William, whose answer, arriving per telegram, on the 27th, at three o'clock, a.m., was favourable to the request of the

French. In the afternoon of the same day the capitulation was signed. In consequence of it Metz, with all forts and guns, &c., &c., was given over to the Prussians, and its garrison and the army of General Bazaine became prisoners of war.

As I was not an eye-witness, I pass over the details of the surrender, and will mention only a few facts, from which the importance of this great victory may be judged. The number of prisoners amounted to 173,000 men, including 3 marshals, and above 6,000 commissioned officers of all degrees; 53 eagles and colours, 541 field-pieces, with the material for more than 85 batteries, about 800 heavy guns, 66 mitrailleuses, about 300,000 chassepot guns, 2,000 military vehicles, and a perfectly-mounted, very valuable gunpowder mill, fell also into the hands of the conquerors. Besides this, an immense quantity of other arms, lead, bronze, and other material, in all things valued at seven millions of pounds, were taken.

Successes such as those accomplished by the German armies in the short space of three months, have never yet been recorded in history. They were owing to the excellence of the army itself, the sagacious strategy of General von Moltke, and

the energy and ability of the two Prussian princes. It was, therefore, just and right that King William have should thanked that army in a general order of the 28th of October for its bravery, devotion, self-sacrifice, and fortitude. He also conferred on General Moltke and his next heir the title of Count, and elevated the two princes to the rank of Field-Marshals, which, until then, had never been given to a prince of the royal house.

Before resuming my personal narrative, I will only cast a rapid glance at other strong places in France which were besieged or taken by the Germans, and commence with those situated in the two provinces obtained by them.

After the fall of Strasburg, all Lower Alsace was occupied by the Germans; but not so Upper Alsace, in which the French still held the fortresses of Schlettstadt and Neu Breisach.

The 4th Prussian division of reserves, under the command of General von Schmeling, blockaded Schlettstadt on October 8th, and occupied Colmar. The Governor of Schlettstadt, Comte de Reinach, answered the summons for surrender very haughtily, but when the first parallel was opened, on October 23rd, and the fortress bombarded by thirty-two heavy guns with such success, that only two or

three guns in the fortress remained serviceable, the white flag was hoisted, and General von Schmeling entered Schlettstadt on the 25th of October.

From thence General Schmeling marched against Neu Breisach, a fortress close to the Rhine, built by Vauban, 1699, and made a very strong place.

At the same time that the siege of Neu Breisach commenced, General von Treskow was sent to Upper Alsace to blockade Belfort, a very strong, newly-built fortress. As this siege of Belfort is connected with other important events which took place later, I will speak of it in its proper place.

In Lothringen, after the fall of Metz, there were still three fortresses in the possession of the French—Bitche, of which I already have spoken, Phalsburg, and Diedenhosen (Thionville). Phalsburg is situated on the frontier between Alsace and Lothringen. Though the great turnpike road from Strasburg to Nancy runs past it, it has no influence on the railroad, and as the place was strong and well-provisioned, it was not thought necessary, until then, to employ strong means, and the Prussians only blockaded it.

Of far greater importance was Thionville, for it prevented the use of the railroad from Metz to

Luxemburg, and the Belgian frontier. As long as Metz held out, its garrison was only kept in check by Prussian cavalry, but after the fall of that great fortress, General von Kameche, with the 14th Prussian division, commenced operations against it.

We have now to speak of that class of fortresses which interrupted the connection between Germany and the army before Paris, and first to mention Toul, which is situated on the railroad from Strasburg to Paris, between Nancy and Commercy. Its possession was very desirable, for all convoys arriving by rail, had to be unloaded before Toul, and carried by horses to a railroad station behind it, which caused great delay and inconvenience. In the second week of August the fortress was blockaded, but only in September regular batteries were built, and ten of them finished on September 22nd. The bombardment commenced next day with such effect, that at four o'clock, p.m., the white flag was hoisted.

Verdun was nearly as important as Toul, for it lies on the railroad leading directly from the Rhenish-Prussian frontier, over Metz, to Paris. It was blockaded on October 13th, but its siege commenced a fortnight later, after the surrender of Metz. A two days' bombardment with Prus-

sian twenty-four pounders was sufficient to bring it to terms on November 8th.

I wind up with the third class of fortresses necessary for the occupation of North France, viz., Soissons, La Fère, Montmedy, and Mezières. The first compliment was paid to Soissons, of which the siege commenced on October 12th. Though a fortress of the first rank, it capitulated on October 16th, when the Duke of Mecklenburg entered.

During November and the following months we find, therefore, the Germans besieging New Breisach, Belfort, Phalsburg, Bitche, Thionville, La Fère, Montmedy, Mezières, and Paris, and all military movements of the French armies up to the end of the war, tend to compel the Germans to give up their sieges, and chiefly those of Paris and Belfort. The Germans of course tried to keep them off, which sometimes required complicated manœuvres, as the sieges which had been begun must not meanwhile be neglected.

CHAPTER IV.

Delay in reaching Nancy.—Sufferings of the Wounded.—Severe Measures taken with Frouard.—Description of Nancy.—Arrival at Toul.—The Bombardment.—Bar le Duc.—The Camp at Chalons.—Contrast.—Conduct of the Moblots.—Chateau Thierry.—Francs-tireurs.—Soissons.—Meaux.

I LEFT Ars-sur-Moselle at eleven o'clock, a.m., in a military train, which carried wounded to Nancy. Though passengers had to pay full fare, they were stowed away in a baggage-waggon, provided neither with seat nor straw. I did not care much for the inconvenience, as I expected to reach Nancy very soon; but in this I was disappointed. At Frouard the train stopped full four hours, as the depôt at Nancy was so much crowded with waggons, that we could not enter. I pitied the poor wounded who, during all that time, had not any refreshment, and I pitied myself, for I felt

very hungry. I was therefore very glad to find that my kind hostess in Saarbruck had filled my field-flask with brandy a hundred years old, from the pet bottle of her husband, the banker, and put into my bag a parcel containing a delicious truffle-sausage.

The little town of Frouard, situated at the junction of the rivers Moselle and Meurthe, has about 2000 inhabitants, who acted very foolishly on the approach of the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia. When the Prussian columns (18th August, in the evening), arrived in the neighbourhood, shots were fired at them from a garden, in consequence of which severe measures had to be taken. All arms had to be delivered up, and everyone who should oppose the passage of the troops was threatened with immediate death.

The people of Nancy had behaved more reasonably. Though there were amongst its 50,000 inhabitants about 15,000 able-bodied men to defend a citadel, which still remained of former fortifications, they judged that their resistance to the conquerors at Wörth would have no other result than the ruin of their fine and opulent city, and resolved to suffer with dignity what they could not prevent. The mayor exhorted the

lower classes to forbear from useless demonstrations, and his sensible words had the desired effect. When on August 12th a small number of Uhlans—only twenty-six—entered the city, they were received without resistance, and what they required was given to them.

In acknowledgment of this reasonable behaviour, the Crown Prince of Prussia assured the inhabitants of Nancy of his particular protection, and said that only the surplus of provisions not required for the inhabitants, should be taken for the support of his army. The citizens became very soon aware that the reports spread by their government in reference to the behaviour of the Prussians were utterly false. They saw that their enemies paid for everything in cash, and the closed shops were opened, and many manufactories resumed their work.

Nancy is a very fine, but utterly French, place, even more so than Metz. I had been there some thirty-five years ago, and had forgotten it, and I was much surprised by the grandeur of the Stanislas Square, with its gilded iron gates, splendid triumphal arch, fine palaces in the renaissance style, and fountain, with tritons, cast in lead. As I am not writing a guide-book, I shall not speak of the chapel in which the dukes of

Lorraine are buried, nor of the town-hall or picture gallery.

Early at night the fine and wide streets of the city were deserted, and the brilliantly lighted up coffee-houses in the Stanislas Square were crowded only by officers and soldiers. Thus the city made a rather dull impression.

On my arrival at the station next morning, I learnt with pleasure that the Prussian minister, Delbruck, the Bavarian Secretary of War, and other ministers of German minor states, who had been called to Versailles, were going with that train, and we hoped therefore for a quick journey.

The Bavarian minister had with him an escort of sixty men, as the country near the road was haunted by bands of franc tireurs. We went first to Frouard, and turned from there westward. On crossing the Moselle, I wondered that the fine bridge had not been destroyed, and we arrived soon at Toul, which may easily be recognised from afar, by the two towers of the fine old cathedral resembling Notre Dame.

In the second week of August a Bavarian corps had approached Toul, and unsuccessfully tried a surprise in the night from the 16th or the 17th. On the arrival of Bavarian and Prussian field-artillery, guns were placed on the surrounding

heights, and the bombardment commenced on August 23rd. After it had lasted some hours, and several houses had been ignited or otherwise damaged, a parlementaire was sent off to summon the fortress; but the governor, Captain Huè, declined to surrender.

The Germans, on becoming aware that their six and four-pounders might perhaps destroy the town, but could not damage the fortifications, resolved to cease their fire, and only to blockade the fortress until the arrival of siege guns.

The town of Toul is situated in a plain surrounded towards the north and south by considerable hills, which command the fortress, but have never been fortified. This is the more strange, as the distance from them to the works is only about 1800 paces. From the railroad one scarcely can recognise that Toul is a fortress. Towards the north-east one lunette is advanced, and two smaller towards the north-west. South of the town, close to the fortifications, flows the Moselle; north of it, and parallel to the railroad, runs the deep Marne-Rhine canal. The river and the canal are connected with the ditches of the fortress, which may be filled with water from them. Outside the fortress, at the end of an unfortified suburb, is the railroad station.

Siege guns arrived at last, in the middle of September, and I cannot account for this delay, which appears rather strange, as Toul interrupted the connection with Paris, and caused so much trouble and delay.

On September 22nd ten batteries were built, and commenced their fire on the 23rd. The Prussian twenty-four pounders speak a very persuasive language, and it was tried first, before resorting to the sure but tiresome drudgery of a regular siege with parallels, &c. Captain Huè, however, did not require more persuasion, and at four o'clock; p.m., the white flag appeared on the top of the cathedral. The Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Lieut.-General von Schimmelmann, had just arrived with parts of the 17th division, and Colonel von Kreuski, negociated the capitulation. The garrison of 2,240 men, with 109 officers, became prisoners of war, and, besides other war material, 197 heavy guns, amongst which were 48 rifled, fell into the hands of the conquerors.

Passing Bar le Duc, we soon reached Vitry, a small fortress occupied now by Bavarians, who just before our arrival discharged the guns on the walls, which made some passengers of the train rather uneasy.

Chalons-sur-Marne, which I remember in the

time of the diligence as a fine and agreeable town, presents a mean aspect from the railroad side.

Who does not remember the name of Chalons! For years it was repeated every day in the papers, though not the town, but the camp in its neighbourhood, was meant. Many of my readers may have visited it in its time of glory; others have read descriptions of it. Though I did not think it worth while to remain a day to visit the camp in its present degraded state, I saw with the eyes of somebody else, for my good luck made me acquainted with a kind Berliner, who had recently explored it, and who gave me a minute description.

The camp is a good three German miles—about fourteen English—from Chalons, not far from an old camp of Attila, of which a few ditches and traces of earth-works remain. Here, in 451, the great battle lost by Attila, in which 300,000 men were said to have perished, was fought.

The camp of Chalons consists of more than one thousand houses, one storey in height, which extend about two miles and a half along and behind a wide road, the Rue Impériale. They are all detached, built of stone, and provided with loopholes, serving as windows; moreover,

there are some advanced earth-works. The nice, clean, and healthy slate-roofed houses, with little gardens, make an agreeable impression.

In winter the camp was garrisoned by 1,200 men, but in summer 30,000 or 40,000 men from all parts of France, and even from Algiers, were assembled there for three or four months. Military manœuvres took place, but the soldiers filled up their leisure with various sports.

The gardens, and different parts of the camp, were adorned with many obelisks, vases, pyramids, &c., constructed mostly by the hands of the soldiers themselves, of the soft stone of the country, and ornamented with more or less rude paintings and inscriptions, magnifying the army, or the Emperor and his family, as, for instance—"A la gloire et l'honneur de l'armée Française," or, "A l'Empereur le regiment des Chasseurs 20," &c.

The houses of the lieutenants and surgeons are not very different from those of the soldiers, but have a sitting and bed-room. Superior officers had more roomy houses. The interior arrangements of these dwellings was left to the taste of their inmates, and they understood very well how to make themselves comfortable, though everything looked very desolate now, the

furniture, carpets and ornaments having been taken away ; but from some elegant trifles, cards and letters, covering the floor, conclusions could be drawn in reference to the taste and habits of the French officers. The cupboards were still filled with empty Champagne bottles, tin boxes with remains of candied fruit, sardines, &c., &c. Lieutenant B—— was rather careless about his letters, and amongst them were even left some strongly scented, and written on pink paper. One, picked up by the visitor, and written without much regard to spelling, ran thus :—

"My dear Boy,

"I expect you in my dressing-room at eleven o'clock. I have nothing to do in the last piece. We will drive home, and be happy. In ordering the supper at Chevet's, don't forget, my golden Armand, that I am always very hungry after having been playing, singing, and dancing can-can, in *La Belle Helene*, and that I prefer a truffled pheasant to an old rooster, and rosy champagne to any other wine. Please, *mon ange*, bring 1,000 francs with you, for my grim Mr. Pipinet (concierge) becomes more and more savage on account of the unpaid rent. Do not forget, either, to send in time perfumed gloves

and a bouquet of red roses to my dressing-room. I would love you still thousand times better, *mon ange*, if you would present me on my name-day with a new, charming carriage. Squeeze your governor once again a little energetically; he can afford it, and we are young, in love, and gay. Until death, *mon cœur*, your

"JULIETTE.

"Paris, 10 June, 1870."

Beside this effusion lay a tract in a blue cover, with the stamp of the camp, entitled, "Pensez-y bien, ou Reflexions sur les quatres fins dernières!" The *Journal pour Rire*, with its piquant illustrations, which lay beside the bran new-looking tract, was much fingered and half-torn.

All the arrangements in this camp were excellent. There were good baths, a great bakery, from which the bread was carried by means of a tramroad through the whole military colony; a brilliant *Arsenal du genie*, with which were combined fine hot-houses and a charming winter-garden; workshops for all kind of military trades, a very good and comfortably-arranged library and hospitals, in which the Prussians found great stores of valuable medicines. There are also gas works in the camp, and several light-

houses, airily constructed of iron, from the platforms of which a view may be had over the whole camp.

In the neighbourhood of the library were two very gaudy club-rooms. The walls of one, painted Pompeian red, with thousands of imperial bees, are ornamented with pictures painted by F. Chede, soldier of the 74th Regiment, representing several battles, surrounding the portrait of Cæsar Louis Napoleon, in a golden armour, and with the laurel crown, sitting on a proud white horse, and the following inscription underneath—"Gloriam tuam perpetua nepos." To both sides were seen, surrounded with bees and crowns, a large golden N. and E.

The larger club-room of the 40th Regiment has been ornamented by Lieutenant Barnet, with fresco-pictures, amongst which are many representing views and scenes from Italy. A crowned eagle, soaring over the head of Prince Louis Napoleon, has been provided by a Prussian soldier with a large ribbon in its fangs, with the Prussian inscription—"With God for King and Fatherland!"

Napoleon and his son arrived in the camp of Chalons, for the last time, in the middle of August. But how changed did he find it! In-

stead of by soldiers of the line, it was occupied by Parisian "moblots," boys from sixteen to twenty, without discipline or courage. After the news of the "glorious victory of Saarbrucken," on August 2nd, they celebrated it in a wonderful manner. By a farcical tribunal, Bismark was condemned to death "for high-treason," and burned in effigy in the evening. The iron Count was represented by a horrid Guy-Fawkes-like figure of straw; two lobster-shells formed its face, and his historical three hairs were imitated by three crow-quills sticking out from his skull. Some courageous officers tried their revolvers against the image of the Count, and when the stake was fired, all roared with delight. Others wanted to burn an image of "Guillaume de Prusse," who was said to have become insane about his defeat; but it was at last agreed that he should be reserved for another victory, and was meanwhile carried, on a high pole, through the camp, accompanied by a band, and the moblots singing the Marseillaise!

The disorder in the camp became intolerable, and when Canrobert tried to suppress it by troops of the line, the rebellious moblots ignited the tents, and fled to the woods. Several of the ringleaders were condemned to death. The

gardes-mobiles were not worth anything, it is true, but they had some cause to become rebellious, for they had neither arms nor sufficient provisions. Everything was rotten in the French army.

When the Prussians approached, the Mobiles deserted by thousands, and Napoleon marched off —to Sedan. It was no march, it was a flight. Before running away, however, the Mobiles would have their revenge. They fired a number of tents and forage magazines, and hurried then to the Quartier Imperial, to devastate it.

This Quartier Imperial is built about a mile from the camp. It consists of a field-altar for divine service, three simple, but comfortable pavilions, for the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince; houses for MacMahon and Canrobert, and smaller ones for servants and other purposes. Everything inside these houses was destroyed—mirrors, marble mantelpieces, toilets, tables, pendules, &c., &c., were broken to bits. I will suppose it was done that they might not fall into the hands of the Prussians. This was, at least, the pretext for the destruction in the villas around Paris, of which I shall have to speak hereafter.

Though the train went as far as Nanteuil, I

thought it better to remain at Epernay, for Nanteuil is a small place, and every quarter there would certainly be retained for the ministers and their attendants. In former times, the stage-coach always stopped at a small inn at the road-side, where foreign passengers never failed to try the champagne, and take some sweet biscuits, baked not far from it in a house with a sign-board, on which was written—"Au renomé des bons biscuits." Since then Epernay had become a large and opulent town, in which wine-merchants and bottle-manufacturers, who had become double and triple millionaires, had built houses, vying in luxury and magnificence with the palaces of German princes. Large hotels had also sprung up, and the prices and insolence of the waiters proved that they were first-rate establishments. It was only after a good deal of trouble that I was accepted in one, and the waiter, who very reluctantly showed me up to my room, did not even think it necessary to relieve me of my carpet-bag and other things, and was astonished when I collared him and reminded him of his duty.

It was impossible to ascertain the hours of the departure of trains on the road to Paris, and the only means of profitting by one was to wait at the station for an opportunity. Though I left

the hotel long before day, I found that the first train had already gone, but that a second train, with cattle for the army, would start in about an hour.

Epernay was occupied by a batallion of the 20th Landwehr Regiment, from the district of Potsdam. They had to fulfil a very important service—to patrol the railroad day and night, to prevent damage to the bridges, rails, or telegraphs. The inhabitants thereabout seemed especially vicious, and small troops had to be very cautious, for it was by no means a rare case that they were surprised and murdered by franc-tireurs, after they had been inveigled by some farmer to enter his house and partake of his hospitality.

One case of this kind which happened in the neighbourhood of Verdun was much regretted even by respectable Frenchmen.

Two officers of the Brandenburg Dragoons, Count Haslingen and Count Tauentzien, were sent off from the army of Prince Frederick Charles to form a junction with the army of the Crown Prince of Saxony. They set out accompanied by only four dragoons ; crossed the river Maas, near Bras, and arrived at the village of Charny, on the other side. There were no Prussian troops. They went, however, to the mayor, who lived in a

stately house, separated by a garden from the road.

The mayor very kindly received the young officers, who asked only for a dinner for themselves and attendants, which was readily granted, and to which the mayor, who was a farmer, was invited. The dinner passed in a friendly conversation; coffee was brought in, and the young officers lighted a cigar, waiting for the return of their men, whom they had sent to the forge to look after their horses' shoes.

The attention of the officers was suddenly attracted by loud voices in the street; they looked out of the window, and saw a disorderly armed crowd approaching through the garden. The mayor recognised in them franc-tireurs, and moved either by pity for the young gentlemen, or being afraid of consequences, he entreated them to think of their safety. When the young officers insisted on defending themselves, the mayor pointed out to them the tenfold strength of the franc-tireurs, and advised them to join their men. For this purpose he opened a door leading to the side building, through which they could reach the road.

Meanwhile the franc-tireurs had crossed the garden and entered the house; but when the officers

opened the door leading from the side building to the street, they were received with shots by a party who guarded that issue. They succeeded, however, in locking the door, and retired through another to the orchard behind the main building, which was enclosed by a low wall. Before they could climb it the men who had entered the house arrived in the orchard. The two officers fired all the shots of their revolvers, and then defended themselves against the howling crowd with their swords, hoping that their men, attracted by the shots, would arrive. When Count Tauentzien received a deadly shot in his head, and all the bloodhounds jumped on their prey, Count Haslingen tried to save himself by climbing the wall. He had reached the top, when he also received three bullets, and fell dead in the orchard.

The four dragoons at the forge had been meanwhile attacked by peasants armed with cudgels; two of the soldiers were caught by means of nooses thrown over their heads, whilst the other two were killed. One of the two captured took up a sword which had fallen from the hand of one of his dead comrades, but soon he also lay senseless on the ground. In this moment the band who had finished the two officers arrived on the spot. May be that they had some human feeling,

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or that the words of the mayor had exerted some influence; they tore the two only stunned dragoons from the hands of the villagers, and brought them to a secure place.

When Prince Frederick Charles heard of this occurrence from the two dragoons, who had found means to return to their regiment, an officer was sent off as a parlamentaire to the governor of Verdun to make inquiries. The governor behaved like a gentleman and a brave officer. He told the parliamentaire all the details of the deplorable case, handed him the watches and other valuables found on the two officers, and conducted him to their graves between the ramparts under old trees, where he had buried them with all military honours. Wreaths were laid on the graves, and on the wooden crosses were written names and rank, and date of death of the two brave young men, with the addition, "Tué à l'ennemi."

The custodian of the sheep and oxen with which the train was loaded, offered me a place in his waggon, which was filled with forage for his cattle, and on which I travelled very humbly but comfortably.

We passed through a very fine country, and had time to admire it, for the train moved at a snail's pace, and stopped every few minutes, I do

not know for what purposes. I only pitied the poor innocent oxen and sheep, who had to remain standing in their waggon sometimes for forty-eight hours, without being fed or watered. It was indeed a pity to see the poor brutes, of which a large number died, and had to be thrown from the train.

At last, about noon, Château Thierry came in view. The showers of the morning had ceased, and the sun changed the whole aspect of things. There the train stopped, and right before us stood another cattle train. On enquiry, I heard the very uncomfortable news that we might perhaps be detained until next morning, for there was no room in the station, where a train had to be unladen.

Being very hungry by that time, and having no appetite whatever for hay or straw, I bribed the worthy foster-father of our four-legged fellow passengers to carry my traps to the station.

On approaching it my eye met a curious and sad spectacle. To my left, on a meadow, were extended the dead bodies of several hundreds of oxen, surrounded by a string of helmeted sentinels, for the poor things had been killed on suspicion of being attacked by the rinderpest. Well, I suppose it was indifferent to them whether they

were digested by a soldier's stomach, or by that of worms; the melancholy feeling, I think, was rather on the side of the hungry soldiers who had to kill them with their bullets.

The substitute of the étap-commandant, a Landwehr lieutenant of hussars, who scribbled a line on my *laissez passer*, advised me to go to an hotel in Château Thierry, where I would find some Johanniter, who would perhaps take me to Versailles, as I had the advantage of being a colonel and a nobleman into the bargain.

I therefore went to the pretty-looking town, which is at some distance to the right of the station, and found some people at dinner at the Elephant hotel. There was a Prussian major nursing his son, whom he had fetched from a hospital, to bring him home to his mother. He had already lost one son in the cruel battle of Gravelotte, and this, his last, who entered a regiment as a volunteer directly from school, could not stand the fatigues of a bivouac and marches, and had become very sick of the "Ruhr," that awful disease which killed so many young men.

When I inquired of the landlady about a carriage to Versailles, and when she told me that none was to be had in all Château Thierry, a

young man at the dinner-table offered me a place in one of his waggons. He was one of the many delegates of the Committee of Assistance of Berlin, who had under his charge three waggons loaded with medicines and other requirements for hospitals, which he was directed to bring to Versailles. With him was a member of a Frankfort sanitary corps. I accepted with pleasure, and took my place at the side of the driver of one of these waggons. It afforded me some satisfaction to ascertain that he belonged to a *Saxon* provision column, and to a tribe, forgotten a dozen of centuries ago in Germany, called the *Wends,* who have preserved their very peculiar old customs, and even their language. Some of the lower classes do not understand German, and grow up without any education.

It was late when we started. Neither one of the two inexperienced young sanitary corps men, nor the driver had any certain knowledge of the road; and this was not bettered by the circumstance, that the drivers became soon very drunk, having emptied the bottle of spirits at once, which had been given them incautiously for the whole journey. We passed many villages which were unoccupied by troops, and when night came I felt rather uncomfortable, for the whole country

was infested with franc-tireurs, and we had no arms whatever with us.

The quarrelling and swearing drivers got very soon wrong, and when it was discovered, and we had to turn round on an abominable road, and the night pitch dark, my Wend managed to get the hind wheels of his heavily laden waggon into a deep ditch, from which it would not move. I expected every moment the arrival of a troop of franc-tireurs, attracted by the infernal noise; but it rained hard, and I suppose they preferred the wine shops to the wet dark night. At last we got out of our ditch with the assistance of all three teams, and without breaking the wheels, which calamity I dreaded most.

It was past eleven, p.m., when we at last arrived at the little town of La Ferté, which was as quiet as a grave. The confounded noise which my Wendish bear made, alarmed the sleepers, and many frightened night caps appeared at the windows, believing, and hoping, probably, that a band of patriotic "braves" had surprised the few Prussians who occupied the town.

There was still a lieutenant at the bureau of the etap-commandant, but it was too late to find quarters, and the horses and their less respectable drivers had to bivouac in the street, whilst the

two sanitary corps men remained in the guard house. The Prussian officer was kind enough to offer me a room in the château, where he was comfortably quartered with other officers. The château was situated in a well kept park, and belonged to a marquis, whose name I did not hear, and who had bolted, leaving his property under the care of his gardener and a housekeeper. This worthy couple was long ago in bed in some outbuilding, and only one empty room was open, which had been left in the morning by some Johanniter, as I saw from the papers littering the floor, and had not yet been arranged, though the cushions, &c., had been taken out of the bed. There was, however, an excellent spring mattress, and covered with my blanket I slept excellently in this dry place.

I was up at dawn, for we intended to continue our journey early. This château was an instance of the folly of proprietors of houses in going away, and locking them up without leaving any one behind. This property had not been damaged in the least; the presence of the two servants was sufficient to protect it, and they were politic enough to show themselves obliging and polite to the officers who put up there. Opening one of the cupboards in my room I

found there glasses, decanters, candlesticks, and trifling ornamental things, carefully wrapt up in paper; and no damage had been done either to the furniture or paper on the wall. The park was kept clean and nice as if the marquis was there, and when I left I saw the gardener, well dressed, and with a white apron on, raking the walks, as if no Prussians were in the country. The respectable looking housekeeper was also up already, and both greeted me with courtesy when I crossed the park. Thus it would have been everywhere, if the French had had a little better knowledge of the character of their enemies.

We reached the town of Meaux, which looked respectable notwithstanding the rainy weather, about noon. Near a very large square had been established a kind of refuge for passing sick or wounded soldiers, where they found medicine, a dinner, and quarters for the night. I dined there with some voluntary nurses, amongst whom were three young ladies from Prussia, who were employed in the hospitals.

On my way to the hotel in which I put up, I passed the cathedral, which must be either extremely old, or have been built with perishable material, for nearly all the gothic ornaments had

peeled off. It was, however, being restored, and the work seemed to be interrupted by the war, for the scaffold was still standing.

The people of Meaux were beginning to find out that they had had a wrong opinion about *les Prussiens*, for all the shops were open, and the country people brought in their produce, amongst which excellent butter and fromage de Brie found great favour with the German soldiers. I admired the enormous size of the delicious pears which were to be seen everywhere in great quantities.

There were not wanting in Meaux industrious German Jews, who sold rubbish of all kinds at high prices, and most abominable cigars.

In the hotel I met a gentleman who came from Soissons, which important fortress had been taken by the Prussians, after a bombardment of only three days, though it pretends to be a fortress of the first class. It is situated on the road from Rheims to Paris, and its possession was very desirable. In 1814 its surrender to Blucher made Napoleon I. furious, for it permitted the Prussian field marshall to cross the Aisne river, and to join the armies under Bulow and Winzingerode. Napoleon condemned the governor of Soissons to be shot, but his death did not prevent

the consequences of his cowardice—the unfavourable result of the campaign of 1814.

The governor of Soissons under Napoleon III., did not shew more pluck either, at least not against the Prussians. Without giving notice to the inhabitants, he burned down the Rheims suburb, and afterwards submerged it. The poor people lost everything. Though the bombardment lasted only three days, it was very effective. The Prussian batteries had been erected on the heights of St. Genevieve and de Presles at a distance from 1,700 to 2,300 metres. When a breach of 40 metres was made in bastion 4, near St. Jean de Vignes, the governor capitulated, though he had lost only a few men. A great hospital was burned down, and the Rue Ste. Marie and the convent of the Dames de la Croix were utterly destroyed. The inhabitants had placed the Geneva flag on nearly all the houses, and the Prussian general had sent a parlementaire, declaring that he would not respect any house, if the number of these flags was not diminished. The garrison, consisting of 4000 men, with 250 officers, and 136 guns were captured. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg entered on October 16.

We started next morning later than we ex-

pected, for the young leader of our expedition had to defend his waggon and load against a snobby Johanniter, who wanted to appropriate the whole for his depôt. Our drivers insisted on going to Claye, where the rest of their column was, though it was much out of our way. This place was utterly forsaken by its inhabitants, and we found all the houses occupied by soldiers.

In Claye was an extremely large farm, I believe belonging to the government, with stables for hundreds of horses, and barns filled with forage, and we found the soldiers occupied with thrashing corn in a machine left in the farm. We were detained many hours, by the negligence of our Wendish bear, and started late in the afternoon for Lagny.

On our road from Meaux to Claye, we had passed many farms, from which the people had foolishly fled, leaving everything behind. These empty establishments made a very sad impression. In some of them the owners had taken time to stow away their best furniture in the cellars, but to little purpose, for the cellars were just the very first places which the passing soldiers visited, and they were not very particular about forsaken property.

On our way to Lagny, we saw everywhere

splendid vineyards, with an abundant quantity of delicious grapes, which were perishing for want of people to gather them. The whole rich harvest was thus lost by the fault of the foolish government, who frightened the inhabitants with reports about the cruelties committed by Prussians, especially against women, and of which not one word was true. We met, however, some families, who ventured to return to their dwellings in Claye. A little donkey cart generally carried all their chattels, and behind it walked the women with their little ones clinging to them. It was a sad scene.

The weather had cleared up, and we admired the rich and pretty country. It was still day when we arrived in Thorigny, a most beautiful place on the right bank of the river Marne, opposite Lagny, another summer resort of the rich Parisians. Everywhere stood pretty country houses in beautiful parks or gardens, but they were forsaken.

Thorigny had been connected with Lagny by two bridges over the Marne, but they had been foolishly destroyed by the French engineers. Of one of them only some stone pillars remained, and its former shape was not to be recognised, but of the other iron bridge, only one arch on

the Thorigny side was destroyed, so that the end of the bridge touched the water. Prussian pioneers had restored the passage by means of beams and boards, but the whole fabric was rather insecure, and only used by foot passengers, though now and then horses were carefully led over. Notwithstanding this, the King of Prussia, who arrived there on September 19th, had passed it at torchlight with all his carriages and horses. The former were, however, carried by soldiers, and the horses were led over.

Whilst our waggons passed higher up over a newly constructed pontoon bridge, I crossed the destroyed bridge, with the leader of the party, to procure quarters in Lagny before the arrival of the teams.

Lagny is a fine town, but when I saw it, it made no favourable impression. Only a small number of its inhabitants had returned, and they looked sad and miserable. Most of the houses were either locked up, or soldiers smoking their pipes looked out of the windows.

The etap-commandant was a polite Bavarian officer, and after having received the necessary papers from him, we went to the Mairie, where we found M. le Maire in a very bad humour.

On asking for quarters and food, he exclaimed with some bitterness—

"Dear me, dear me! the poor citizens have not anything for themselves to eat!"

After having quartered our horses and their three drivers in the splendid stables of the Mairie, and placed the three waggons on the square, under the care of the Prussian guard opposite, we proceeded to our quarters in the hotel "de la Siréne."

Any Siren whom I ever saw painted, or on the stage, or in the flesh, looked different from the lady who received us. Her face expressed as plainly as possible that she did not want us, though all three of us thought ourselves good-looking men, and she need scarcely have put her sentiments in words, which she did, however. She had only one bed, and victuals were extremely dear. As bashfulness is a very unprofitable virtue with Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, we kept it concealed, and ordered a dinner and wine, proposing to talk over matters afterwards.

Opposite us sat a strikingly handsome man, who looked like a young Frenchman of good family, spoke French with a very good accent, and seemed on a friendly footing with the people

of the house. He was, however, no Frenchman, but a gentleman from Edinburgh, connected with some sanitary society, who lived in the hotel. He also spoke German very well, and hearing of our difficulty, he, with great politeness, offered his assistance, and went with my two companions to the mayor, to procure other quarters for them, whilst I remained in the hotel, declaring to the Siren, that I would pay with pleasure for my bed, supper, &c., which made her look as Siren-like as could be expected of her forty years.

I wonder what had become of the inhabitants of all these towns and villages, and where they had gone to? Some of them, in the neighbourhood of Lagny, had very peculiar hiding places, which were so well concealed that their inmates might have stayed there unmolested and undiscovered until the end of the war, if they had not become too bold, but they fired on some passing Uhlans, and that led to their discovery. The firing seemed to come from a suspicious-looking barn, which therefore, was thoroughly examined. After a good deal of trouble a walled-up entrance was discovered. After a hole had been made in it, large enough to let a man through, some shots were fired into the opening, and then two peasants, who had been captured with arms in their hands, were

tied together and compelled to enter first, attached to a rope. The soldiers followed with lanterns in their hands, and advanced through intricate passages, crammed with all kinds of furniture and provisions. By means of ladders, these passages were connected with others. At last the soldiers came through another hole to a larger cavern, which seemed to be the last refuge of these troglodytes, for here were assembled about a hundred men, women, and children, who tremblingly howled for mercy. They were all arrested. This place of refuge was extremely well concealed, and so well provided, that the victuals would have lasted for months. There was plenty of flour, potatoes, wine, and even goats, sheep, rabbits, and fowls.

Soon after sunset, when strolling through the streets of Lagny, I noticed a pink shine in the eastern sky, which increased more and more, and offered the spectacle of a splendid aurora borealis. There were not the usual stripes, but the whole atmosphere in the eastern direction seemed to be filled with a bright pink mist, through which the stars could be seen. Some people imagined that it was the shine from the electric light on Mont Valerien, which, however, is nearly thirty [redacted] the crow flies, from Lagny.

A number of women, assembled at a well, stared at the phenomenon, and speculated on its meaning and seemed rather alarmed. I tried to explain to them its nature; they listened with great politeness, and one, who seemed to be the brightest, said to their commères, "Ah! c'est une éclipse," and all went home much relieved.

When we made ready to start next morning on the square before the mairie, a big carpet bag, with a fair haired wee Catholic chaplain, and a mighty umbrella attached to it, arrived. The wee chaplain was connected in some way with a Prussian regiment, and had requested that we would give him a place on the top of one of our waggons, which was readily granted. He was a good-natured, modest, little man, and smilingly climbed upon his high seat.

He had scarcely been enthroned there, when we saw a very aristocratic-looking Johanniter in company with a six-foot high, round and rosy young priest, in monkish costume, which, however, was made of fine material, come up. He looked as stately as a cardinal. He also wanted to go to Versailles, and requested permission to go with us. When this was granted, he took no notice of the chaplain on his high perch, but, without any further question, made himself as

comfortable as possible inside the waggon, occupying the place of the young volunteer of the sanitary corps from Frankfort. The young man, though rather unwell, climbed to the side of the more humble chaplain; but when it commenced raining, and I saw the young invalid shiver in his exposed place, I looked with increasing wrath at the rosy, fat impudence under cover, and not being in the habit of reticence, I induced, of course with irresistible politeness, that fat candle of the militant church to crown the top of another waggon, under the pretext that he would serve us, in his canonicals, as a safeguard against franc-tireurs who might lurk on the road. Soldiers that met us could not help laughing at our peculiar-looking caravan, and irreverent Berlin boys applied Kladderadatsch jokes to our reverend fare.

As we had to drive around Paris to reach Versailles, and always at a respectable distance from the forts, we could not use the main roads, but had to find out intricate communications. Under these circumstances, I was requested to take the lead, and we passed Torcy, Collegien, Emérainville, Combault, La Ceuene, Sucy, Boissy, Limeil, to reach Villeneuve St. Georges, where we had to cross the Seine river.

Near Colleges, on a field close to the road, and

opposite a Johanniter depôt, situated in a splendid chateau, surrounded by a park, we found a depôt of provisions, under the charge of a Wurtembergian captain, which I mention because I was so much pleased with its arrangement and order. It was indeed the very thing which ought to have been at every railroad station where provisions were accumulated—for instance, at Nanteuil, the end of the road to Paris, on account of the blowing-up of the tunnel between that place and Meaux. Besides provisions of all kind, an immense quantity of packages and letters for the army, were at that station exposed to the rain. There stood a six-feet high barricade of post-bags, four hundred feet long, and only thirteen post-carriages had been sent to fetch them. No wonder that so many things arrived utterly spoiled.

The provision-camp of the Wurtembergian captain looked extremely neat. There were long and lofty sheds for goods, that could not bear rain. Barrels with salt meat, or wine, were placed on wooden layers in long rows. The paths between the different rows and sheds were covered with gravel, and some trees standing there were ornamented with pictures of the Virgin or Christ, probably found in one of the

empty houses. This camp looked comfortable, notwithstanding the rain.

The captain seemed pleased with my just admiration, and presented us not only with an excellent loaf, but also with a salmi three feet long, and as thick as my arm, of which, of course, our clergy got the due tithe. When I, a moment afterwards, by chance refreshed my humour with a look at our rubicund monk, I felt somewhat abashed, for I saw him with raised hands and eyes behind his open umbrella, saying grace fervently, as I thought, over the generous piece of salmi that was given to him. The next second, however, set me right. What I had taken for his breviary was a capacious field-flask, at which he had taken a fervent pull. On my loud laughter, he turned round, and said, with a melancholy shake of his head, "It is only water; there was once brandy in it."—"Saints are also flesh," I answered, "and have human stomachs," and with that I reached him my own well-filled bottle. Thus I made my peace with the church.

Though we passed through a splendid country, it was a dreary journey in such wet weather, and I was heartily glad when we approached the Seine and the pontoon bridge at Villeneuve St.

Georges. But that was no easy work, for thousands and thousands of waggons which had passed that road, and incessant rain, had converted the low ground this side, and beyond the bridge, into a quagmire, for a good road through it was only built afterwards. Our brave horses pulled with all their might, and crack! broke one of the traces at my waggon, and my Wendish bear swore so horribly, that the ecclesiastical tops of our waggons shook with horror.

Ablons, on the opposite bank of the Seine, a little to our left, looked very inviting; but we had to drive on to Villeneuve le Roi, where we arrived, in heavy rain, at nightfall.

On our way, and before reaching the Seine, we saw a balloon high in the air, probably coming from Paris, and met a train of heavy siege guns. On seeing them toiling along the road, I did not wonder at the delay in their arrival. Many thousand tons of them were waiting in Nanteuil. There had been locomotives arranged for transporting them on common roads, which succeeded very well, and thousands of hundred weights could be carried by one locomotive over a considerable distance.

In Villeneuve le Roi was quartered the staff of the 5th Army Corps, and every house was

crammed with soldiers; I do not think that one inhabitant had remained in that place. In the bureau of the etap-commandant we were told that no quarters were to be had; but a friendly orderly found a stable for our tired horses in an immense farm near the road. Our waggons remained under a guard in the extensive yard, which was, however, only a quagmire, in which it was difficult to walk without leaving one's boots behind.

The obliging orderly brought us to a house where we found a fire lighted in the fire-place of a room on the ground-floor, in which were quartered twenty-four men. My two companions established themselves there as well as they could, amongst the kind soldiers, whilst our spiritual assistants went away to seek shelter with some confratres. A kind lance-corporal—of the name of Rohr, as I saw on his *visiting-card* he gave me—offered me a part of his mattrass, in a small kitchen in a neighbouring house, which was vacant for that night, as his comrade was on guard at the outposts.

Our narrow street became very lively, for there stopped right before our quarters eight or ten fine carriages, all provided with a white flag and an escort of field-gendarmes. A rumour spread

through the village that they were *parlementaires* from Paris, which caused much excitement, and the soldiers came from their quarters to look at them.

Hearing some of the arrivals speak English, and seeing ladies in the carriages, I knew they could not be *parlementaires*. I approached, and learnt that they were Americans, and the gentlemen of the Portuguese legation, who had received permission to leave Paris. There were no Frenchmen amongst them; even the drivers of the carriages were American gentlemen, and one of them I heard addressed as Commodore. Americans and Englishmen travelling in Germany expect to be treated always with particular regard—more than the Germans—and I was not rarely astonished at the foolish pretensions they made, and at the patience with which the Germans bore them. These Americans, who might have left Paris before it was besieged, were impatient at their not being treated with more respect, and especially angry that they were compelled to leave Paris by the Charenton Gate, instead of by the Porte de Neuilly, from where they might have reached Versailles in a very short time, whilst they had now journeyed all day to reach only Villeneuve le Roi. I do not

know the reason, but I am sure that there was some good cause for this measure.

I told the curious soldiers who the strangers were, and requested them to procure some water and hay for the poor horses, which seemed to be knocked up. As the commanding-general had not received any previous notice from Versailles, he naturally acted with great caution, and probably telegraphed to head-quarters. The Americans had, therefore, to wait rather long, which would have given me an opportunity of hearing news from Paris, for which we all longed, if the order had not come that nobody must communicate with the people in the carriages. After a time, however, Colonel von Schmeling, whose wife is an English lady, and who speaks English, arrived. He examined the carriages, and having found all right, quarters were arranged for the strangers in the houses occupied by the generals.

To reach my kitchen, I had to pass a room adjoining it, in which eight soldiers were stretched on the floor, one beside the other. They were Silesians, and all tall, healthy, and very merry young men. No wonder that the Americans who came from Paris admired such soldiers, and that their comparisons, with the moblots they had left, were to the disadvantage of the latter. It

was indeed astonishing how well the Prussians looked, notwithstanding the great hardships they had to suffer; but still more wonderful was the good-will and good humour they preserved under the most trying circumstances.

I was glad when morning came, though it was by no means cheering, as it was raining still, and the streets were all covered with ankle-deep liquid mud. The night on a dirty pallet, on a dirty floor, in a dirty kitchen, with a broken window, and soldiers passing in all night with dirty boots, and even stepping over my head, was however still more disagreeable. After a very superficial toilet at a pump, and a still more superficial breakfast—a piece of dry bread and a gulp of brandy—and after having stirred up our sluggish waggoners, we at last set off for Versailles, with the Americans, who rattled past us with their escort, and our monk, who had found a place in the carriage of a Portuguese.

As we had to keep out of the reach of the shells from the Paris forts, we had to go past Anthony, from where a splendid wide road leads to Versailles. The houses were all forsaken, and mostly devastated by the moblots. Here and there a speculative Frenchman had opened a small wine shop, and had cause to con-

gratulate himself on his good sense, for the soldiers, who were glad to procure something for money, paid whatever was asked.

At different places we met some attempts to impede the approach of the German army; but they were ridiculous because useless, for it did not take even so much time to remove as it had cost to construct them. At one place the whole wide road had been destroyed for about half a mile, which damage was easily repaired by Prussian pioneers.

The weather became so bad that it was indeed almost intolerable. Rain, intermixed with little sharp pieces of ice, were driven by a howling wind right into our faces, blinding us and the horses. This agreeable weather lasted until we reached Versailles, where we arrived at last in the afternoon. I was soaked to the skin, and quite benumbed with cold, and longed more than I ever did for a good fire. I hailed a ragged sprig of la grande nation, who styled himself commissionaire, and promising him a princely reward, we trotted off to look for some place of refuge. We called at least at a dozen of hotels, but all were fully occupied, and becoming more and more modest in my expectations, I descended not only to second but even to sixth rate hotels. After two good hours' running

about in the rain, I entered the bar-room of the "Chapeau rouge," where a tall fellow, with a white linen jacket and white cap—master and cook in one person—declared that no room was vacant. My despairing look, I suppose, touched the heart of the pretty waiter girl; she whispered something to the landlord, and he remembered a garret on the top of the house. I was shown up to it, and the first thing I did was to order a fire to be lighted. It was lighted, and in two minutes a dense smoke filled the room, and I was glad when the fire was extinguished again.

I have described my journey to Versailles in detail to show how difficult it was to reach that place, and to what hardships one was subjected even as a newspaper correspondent. Officers and other employés connected with the army were, however, also frequently obliged to travel with a provision train on an open ladder waggon; but I never saw a Johanniter travel in one. These gentlemen everywhere laid hold on the best carriages, and made it at last necessary that the commander of the army should restrict their power of making requisitions of that kind.

I was promised next day a better room, which would be vacated; but when this became the case, I was requested by Mrs. O'Sullivan, the

lady of the former American minister at Lissabow, to let her have it, as she and her husband had passed the whole night in their carriage, not being able to find a lodging. I of course complied.

Next day, however, I discovered at a nice house in the Rue de la Paroisse an apartment, which though on the fourth floor, was very neat and comfortable, and provided with everything which a young Parisian couple, intending to pass a month or two at Versailles, could require. Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan took the second apartment on the same floor. Both had been all through the war in Paris, she occupied with the care of the wounded, and he meddling with politics, in consequence of which he came to grief, as I shall afterwards relate.

CHAPTER V.

Entry of the King into Rheims.—The blowing up of the Fort.—General Theremin.—The King's Quarters.—His Majesty's Household.—Prussian Artillery.—Losses in the Battles.—Ancient Wars compared with Modern.—Paris and her Besiegers.

ON September 4th the troops occupying the city of Rheims left for Paris, to the great consternation of the 56,000 inhabitants who a few days ago were perfectly confident of the defeat of the Germans. The mayor of the city behaved as reasonably as the mayor of Nancy had done, and the people of Rheims listened to his sensible advice not to resist the advancing army of the Germans. About 100,000 of them passed the city, and the inhabitants forbore from all useless demonstrations. The king, who entered Rheims on the 5th, took up his head quarters here for about eight days, and in acknow-

ledgment of the behaviour of its inhabitants, no contribution was levied, and the troops paid for everything they required in cash, to the great advantage of the people of Rheims.

General Vinoy had left a garrison in the citadel of Laon, but its siege did not retard the march of the Germans long, for its governor, General Theremin d'Hame, capitulated on September 9th. Whilst the German troops were occupying the town and citadel, a fanatical corporal of artillery, of the name of Henriot, who had the keys of the powder-magazine of the citadel, blew it up, and caused not only great damage to the citadel and a great number of the houses of the town, but killed also many citizens and soldiers, both French and Germans. Among the latter were killed one captain and thirty-four men, and wounded eight officers and sixty-three corporals and privates. Duke William of Mecklenburg also received severe contusions. Among the French several hundred citizens were killed, 400 Mobiles and several officers. A still greater number were wounded, and amongst them General Theremin himself, who died at Coblentz of his wounds.

Such an act of desperation before the capitulation, or during a storm, might be called an heroic deed; but afterwards it was a crime.

From Rheims the head-quarters of the King were removed to Meaux, and on the 19th of September to Château Ferrieres, the magnificent summer retreat of Baron von Rothschild. This princely domain is situated in the neighbourhood of Lagny, where the greater part of the head-quarters remained, whilst only the King, Count Bismark, Moltke, and the secretary of war, with their personal staffs, took their lodging in the château, in order that it might not be damaged too much. King William was so much struck with the splendour of the place, that he said, "We cannot keep pace with such a banker; we cannot afford that."

I will profit by this occasion to say a few words about the head-quarters of the army, as probably only a few of the readers will have a correct idea of its extent.

Though the King of Prussia is very simple in his habits, his head-quarters include about 1,000 persons. To his personal attendance belong the, "Ober-Hof-und-Hausmarschall," Count Pückler; "Hofmarschall," Count Perponcher; "Hofstall-meister von Rauch," Major von Hill; "Leibarzt," Dr. von Lauer; "Stabsarzt," Dr. Starke; Privy Court Councillor Bork, Court-State Secretary Kauzki, a master of the stables, chiffreur, 8

officials, 81 servants in livery, 20 train-soldiers, 40 horses, and 28 carriages. The civil cabinet of the King consisted of four persons only, but his military cabinet was more numerous. At its head stood the reporting Adjutant-General Lieutenant General von Treskow; its other members were Colonel von Albedyll, Colonel von Tilly, Major von Hangwitz, and six clerks; Adjutant-General was General of Infantry von Boyen, General à la suite, General von Steinäcker; other aides (Hugel-Adjutanten) were Lieutenant Colonel von Lucadon, Count Lehudorff, Prince Anton Radziwill, Count Walderne, and Major von Alter. To the head-quarters belonged the secretary of war, von Roon with two aides, the chief of his staff, three other officers, and several clerks. The officers of the Adjutant General, the Feld-Ober-Proviant Aurt, the Inspector General of Artillery, of Engineers and Infantry, had all several aides and attendants. The most numerous body, however, was that of the Great General Staff. At its head stood General von Moltke, with two aides. To it belonged the Quartermaster General of the army, Lieutenant General von Podbielski, and many other high officers, secretaries, &c.; two Engineer-Geographers, the printing office, the field railroad commission, the

corps of the field messengers, the field general post office, &c.; Military Commander of the great head-quarters was Major Baron von Locquenghien, and the security of the head-quarters was confided to the numerous guard of the staff.

Besides these persons and bodies enumerated, were attached to the head-quarters Prince Charles of Prussia, with attendants, the Crown Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince Pless, the head of all voluntary sanitary corps, Count Bismark with his cabinet, the Russian delegate, Count Kutosow, and the director of the field police, M. Stieber, with four officials.

The not so numerous head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia were, since September 19th, in the Prefecture of Versailles, but on October 5th the great head-quarters of the king was removed from Ferrieres to that spacious building, whilst the Crown Prince's head-quarters occupied a villa called "Les Ombrages."

To the French it seemed a preposterous idea to besiege Paris, and many people in other countries thought the same. They did not know the intellectual resources of General Moltke, and the not-to-be-surpassed excellence and efficiency of the German army, and namely of its artillery, though both had furnished so many proofs of it,

during the last months; proofs in comparison to which even the great military deeds of Napoleon I. appeared insignificant. Since Prussia had been humiliated by this great chief, her generals had studied most carefully the causes of his successes, and in learning from him they had surpassed his art, and at last organised an army such as the world had never before seen. The last reorganization of that army had been effectuated by General von Roon, the Prussian Secretary of War, whilst General von Moltke had studied the manner in which this powerful machine could be best used.

The successes of 1866 against the Austrians, had been ascribed, especially by French vanity, more to the needle gun than to the superior strategical skill of the Prussian general staff. Thinking themselves superior in this respect, and having an exaggerated idea of the *élan* and excellence of the French soldiers, the Emperor Napoleon imagined that the invention of some still superior arms would not fail to secure to him success in his plan of humiliating Prussia, after having in vain tried to use this power for his ambitious purposes. The chassepot gun was invented to paralyse the needle gun, and the mitrailleuse to replace the canister shot, for which

the French guns were not advantageously constructed. This mitrailleuse was kept very secret, partly to prevent imitation, but still more in order to work on the imagination of the Prussian soldiers, and make their hearts quake with terror of something extravagantly horrible.

Many philanthropists are horrified at these cruel inventions, and at the idea of applying them in a war carried on between civilised nations. They are, however, alarmed without need, for the statistics of war teach that this perfectioning of arms tends rather to make war less cruel, and less destructive.

About the losses in the battles mentioned in the Bible, the reader will be as well informed as myself, and I will not speak of them, but rather take my dates from profane history.

In the battle of Cannæ (2nd August, 216, B.C.), which Hannibal won against the Romans, the army of the latter consisted of 80,000 foot, and 6,000 horse ; that of the Carthaginians of 40,000 foot, and 10,000 horse. The Romans lost in dead and wounded 45,000 men foot, 3,000 horse, and 20,000 prisoners ; only 14,000 of the whole army escaped to Canusium. Hannibal lost 6,000 dead, and at least as many wounded.

This was before the appliance of gunpowder

arms, and the great losses are easily explained; in those battles man fought against man at close quarters, until one of them, perhaps both were disabled. It is more to our purpose to state the results of battles in modern wars. In the battle of Prague (6th May, 1757) the army of Frederick the Great of Prussia had to storm a position not less formidable than that at Spichern, and he lost 64,000 men, 16,500 in dead and wounded, the fourth part of his whole army! At Leuthen, though that glorious battle lasted only a few hours, of 32,000 Prussians, above 5,000 fell; but at Zorndorf the Prussians lost out of 34,000 men, nearly 11,000, and at Torgan of 44,000 men, not less than 14,000 were killed and wounded.

Similar were the results in the war of 1813—15. In the battle of Lutzen out of 46,000 Prussians, 8,000 were killed or wounded; at Bautzen out of 96,000 men, 18,000, nearly one fifth. At Dennewitz, General von Bülow lost 9,000, out of 50,000 men; and in the battle of Morkern, General York lost out of his corps of 21,429 men, 6,580; every third man being killed or wounded. In the battle of Leipsic the 300,000 strong allied forces lost 1,761 officers, and 45,775 corporals and privates; and at Ligny fell of 83,000 men, 12,500. At Waterloo Wel-

lington lost the fifth part of his army—out of 67,000, 13,000; and Blucher, who came to his assistance, lost out of 36,000 men, 6,700. In comparing these losses with those in the battles of the recent war, it will become obvious that the paradoxical-sounding saying—the more deadly the arms, the less the loss in human life—is perfectly true. Another circumstance must also be considered, viz., that in consequence of the perfection of arms, namely of artillery, the wars are sooner brought to an issue, from which it results—besides other advantages—that not so many people die of sicknesses, generally produced by long wars.

A further result of the perfection of guns, in combination with the skill of engineers, is the comparatively short duration of sieges. The capture of a fortress is a scientific task, of which the certain result is retarded or accelerated according to the greater or less efficiency of artillery. The Greeks would not have lain ten years before Troy, if they had had a few guns. Fortresses have, however, not become superfluous; the late war has shown that this is by no means the case, for they serve firstly as places d'armes and magazines, and impede the progress of an invading army, by retaining large forces for a

considerable time. To leave a fortress like Metz in the rear would be impossible, for the 40,000 men forming its garrison would prove very inconvenient. We have seen how many troops were required to blockade it, and retained there for many weeks. Fortified camps would serve this purpose still better than great cities converted into fortresses for very obvious reasons, which I need not mention. Fortresses like Mayence, Strasburg, &c., are relics of olden times, when each city had to protect itself, and a good wall and strong gates were sufficient for that purpose. The only means to avail ourselves of the works built by our forefathers around such cities, is to build far advanced forts which require each a siege for themselves and protect the cities against a fate like that of Strasburg.

The circumstance that "Paris was France," was the cause that all powers at war with France marched directly against it, and that it had, therefore, to endure many sieges, and that the "holy city," as the insane Victor Hugo calls it, was frequently taken, for though it was fortified, and able to resist for a time, it was no fortress. Previous to the time of Napoleon I., German armies had appeared before it. The Emperor Otto I., advanced with a great army (940), through

Lorraine to the Seine, and returned again to France in 946, with an army of 32,000 knights, taking Rheims and advancing to Rouen.

In 978, when the Emperor Otto II. was in Aix la Chapelle, the King of France, Lothair, tried to surprise him, in the middle of peace, with 30,000 men. The emperor and his empress escaped, but Aix la Chapelle was sacked by the French, who then went home. Otto II., furious at such unprovoked outrage, declared war, and in October of the same year, he appeared with an army of 60,000 men before Paris, which was defended by Duke Hugo. Great sickness amongst his army, and the advanced season, compelled the German emperor to give up the siege. Notwithstanding this, he celebrated before leaving, a very curious feast of victory. He assembled on the Mont Martre as many priests as he could get, who intoned an Alleluiah, which was heard in the streets of Paris.

The idea of fortifying Paris according to the requirements of the time, was therefore very natural. A particular circumstance contributed much to accelerate the execution of this idea. The kings of France, residing in Paris, required not only protection for this city against foreign enemies, but wanted to be protected against the

population of Paris itself, who were in the habit of revolting, and beheading, or driving away kings. Louis Philippe dreading the fate of Charles X., was induced by his minister, M. Thiers, to convert Paris into a fortress of the first rank, in such a manner as to serve both purposes: protection both against an outward enemy, and the turbulent Parisians. This plan was carried out at the expense of twenty-two and a half millions of pounds. When it was done, I made a bet with a Count S. of a hundred louis d'ors, that these fortifications would be in the hands of the Parisian people within five years. I won my bet in 1848, but I must add that the noble count never paid me.

I will give a short description of the fortifications of Paris, and first speak of these next the city. They consist of a rampart, forming about ninety bastions, provided with ditch and glacis, of about sixteen miles length, and encircling the city. The principal rampart is up to ten metres, built of stones; the ditch is thirty-five feet wide, and may be filled with water by means of locks connected with the canals and the Seine river. Along this whole rampart, of course inside, runs a military railroad connected with all the others.

The expense for this immense circular rampart

might have been saved, for it is of little value, and was built, I suppose, to make the Parisians believe that it was really only intended to protect them against a foreign enemy, who might dare to appear before Paris, as has been the case so frequently. Indeed, before the Prussians came in 1870, Paris had been besieged fifteen times. The Romans had taken and occupied it 530 years; the English took it in 1420, and kept it sixteen years, &c.

Of real value, and for *both* above mentioned purposes, are the fifteen forts, which at a distance of about 3500 paces from each other, form a girdle of about twenty-eight miles around the ramparts of Paris.

To describe the country around Paris, and indicate minutely the windings of the Marne and Seine, which latter divides the city into two parts; to mention all railroads and roads radiating from thence, would be a bootless work, as the readers would be more confused by it than elucidated, and I therefore prefer to advise them to look at a map. I will, however, mention the position of the forts and the villages in their neighbourhood.

Towards the east, on a ridge, about four hundred feet in height, which reaches at its southern

end the bank of the Marne river, entering the Seine before Paris, are the Forts of Romainville, Noisy, Rosny, and Nogent. Between the Forts of Noisy and Rosny, are the two redoubts of Montreuil et la Bomère; between the Fort de Rosny and Nogent, is a redoubt, of which I do not know the name, and the more considerable one of Fontenay. Between the redoubt de Fontenay, the Fort de Nogent, Paris, and the Marne, is Vincennes, with its fortified castle and extensive park.

The front, towards the north, is defended by Fort d'Aubervilliers (next to Fort Romainville), and the fortress of St. Denis, with the detached Forts de la Briche, Double Couronne, and de l'Est, which are connected with each other by ramparts and ditches, which can be filled with water.

At the south side of Paris, stands the Fort de Charenton, near the junction of Marne and Seine, in the angle formed by both rivers. The Seine, entering Paris after its junction with the Marne, forms a curve which ends somewhat north of Meudon, the river turning here again to the north and north-west, as far as St. Denis, enclosing thus a peninsula, on which we find Neuilly and the Bois de Boulogne.

On that line, from the junction of Marne and Seine as far as the turn of this river, near Meudon, are the following forts : d'Ivry (next to Charenton), de Bicêtre, de Montrouge, de Vanvres and d'Issy. Some of these forts, commanded by hills on the left bank of the Seine, from where the fire of modern guns can reach them, have been strengthened, only quite recently, by other redoubts, for instance, near Clamart and Montretout.

All these forts have shell-proof casemates, and are arranged to take in a considerable garrison.

The west front of the city, which is already protected by the windings of the Seine, is defended only by the fortress of the Mont Valérien, which is about eight miles from the Fort de la Briche (near St. Denis). This very strong and extensive fort stands on a high and steep hill, and forms a great bastioned pentagon, with other works erected behind the bastions, and producing a terrace fire. The external masonry of the works is forty feet high, and in front of them were laid mines, from which the conducting wires ran to the room of the governor. The buildings in Mont Valérien are all of solid freestone, and are, besides, protected by a high reaching, and ten feet thick coating of mud.

Though these fortifications were indeed formidable, the Prussian generals were not afraid of them, nor the soldiers either, for they were fully convinced that Moltke would arrange that, and take Paris, if they only did their duty.

When on the 20th of September, the iron ring around Paris was closed, the German army was placed in the following manner: behind Mont Valérien and St. Cloud, in Croissy, Bougival, Sèvres, and Meudon, stood the 5th Army Corps, commanded by General von Kirchbach. Behind the forts of the south front, Issy, Vauvres, Montrouge, and Bicêtres, stood two Bavarian corps, commanded by the Generals Von der Tann and Hartmann. Behind the forts Ivry and Charenton the 6th Prussian corps, under General von Tumpling. Behind Vincennes were encamped the Wurtembergians, under General von Obernitz. The east, behind the forts Nogent, Fontenay, and Rosny, was occupied by the Saxons, under their Crown Prince. The north-eastern front, behind Noisy, Romainville, and Aubervilliers, until Le Bourget was closed by the corps of the Prussian Guards under Prince August of Wurtemberg. Behind St. Denis and its forts stood the 4th Army Corps, under General von Alvensleben. The great distance

between St. Denis and Mont Valerien, was guarded by the 13th Army Corps, under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin.

Behind this vast circle was placed the very numerous cavalry of the German army. They had to keep up the connection between the different corps, to guard some gaps in the position, to undertake foraging and other expeditions, and to make themselves generally useful.

Everybody will understand that this ring of troops nearly sixty miles long could not be very thick, and it was nowhere strong enough to resist a shock from such an army as Paris was able to direct against any point of this line. This was, however, not necessary; it was only requisite to keep the enemy back long enough to give the neighbouring corps time to send reinforcements. In order to do this, it was urgently necessary to strengthen all the occupied positions by temporary fortifications; and this work the troops commenced immediately.

To give the reader an idea of the nature of that kind of work, I will quote from some official reports. On the 22nd of September it was reported from the head-quarters of the corps of guards :—"Our fortificatory works progress satisfactorily. The blocking-up of the Ourcq Canal

has been finished. The little brook La Morée has been increased sufficiently to serve as a line difficult to pass between us and the Forts of St. Denis; and behind this line our batteries have been placed in so excellent a position, that our artillery only fear not being attacked there by the enemy. The villages of Le Bourget and Stains, which are situated before the proper line of defence, are well fortified, and, though they, being in the range of the guns of St. Denis, would have to be evacuated by us without much resistance in case of a serious sortie, they give us good quarters for our outposts, to make the position of the guard-corps exceedingly strong."

A report upon the works in the district of the Saxon Corps contains the following passage:— "To the south the Marne forms the limit of the district allotted to us, and beyond that river stand the Wurtembergians. To the north-west we have the Guards, and further on is following the 4th Corps. The left wing of our position leans on the Marne, crosses the rather wide valley to its right, ascends the slope, passes a large plateau, closes in descending from there the great road to Metz, passes then over the Ourcq Canal and the Soissons railroad, and runs in a

north-western direction through perfectly level ground up to the left wing of the position of the guarde-corps. In the Marne valley are the villages of Chelles and Pomponne ; on the plateau, Clichy, Montfermeil, and Pari-du-Rainey : on the Metz road are Livry, Vanjours, and Vert Galant, where is the head-quarters of the general in command, Prince George. Northward of the Ourcq Canal are the villages of Sevran and Aulnay. Parts of the army-corps are of course also gathered in places still more behind—that is, to the east ; the above-named villages, however, indicate about the line of the position of our corps. Opposite this position of the Saxons are, on high hills, with steep slopes towards us, the Forts Nogent, Rosny, and Noisy ; between Nogent and Rosny the redoubt Fontenay, between Rosny and Noisy the redoubt De la Boisneu. From the first day the work of strengthening our position commenced, and progressed so well, that some villages look now like little fortresses. The beginning was made with the erection of barricades, the digging by sharp-shooters of ditches, and cutting of loopholes in walls and houses. At present the ring is closed by batteries and redoubts, and its resistibility is increased every day by new works. The out-

posts are in advance of these fortifications, and behind them the troops are in cantonment."

In a report from the 11th Division, belonging to the 6th Prussian Corps, is said :—"In front of our division great earthworks for the protection of all outpost-troops have been erected, by order of the commander of the division. The boundary is not only closed and strengthened in a way as to leave no chance of success to any attempt of surprise from the part of the enemy, but inside the places of Choisy and Thiais have been made ditches and traverses, as also shell-proof abodes, and covered communications between the single posts, in such a manner, that the outposts look forward with confidence to a bombardment."

Similar works were constructed along the whole long line occupied by the German army. As I shall have to speak afterwards of my visit to the troops besieging Paris, this may be sufficient for the present to give the reader an idea of the situation.

For the sake of completeness, and in order to give the key to the result of the many fights and sorties made by the French troops defending Paris, I will cast a glance into this city, guided by reliable reports from persons who had the misfortune of being shut up there, and who either

found means to get permission to leave during the siege, or who communicated with their friends outside, by means of which I shall speak hereafter. . . . .

Posterity will scarcely believe in the possibility of such delusions as those by which the Parisians were stricken; but they will find the confirmation of this intellectual phenomenon in hundreds of pamphlets and newspaper articles written by eminent Parisians—nay, even in official documents. Boundless vanity, coupled with incredible ignorance, were the principal causes of this moral epidemic. Common sense was utterly suspended; the whole population seemed to be delirious.

Though they had all cried "To Berlin!" the very idea of the enemy's taking Paris seemed to them a sacrilege—"an attempt so horrible, and against all laws of God and man, that its consummation could not be believed. The very earth would open and swallow up the accursed who would dare to lay hand on the tabernacle."

When it could no longer be doubted that "William of Prussia" really intended that crime, they still expected that "something" would arrest him in his criminal progress. He had no longer to do with the soldiers of a tyrant; against him were arrayed republicans! The Republic had

once made tyrants quake, and before its inspired warriors, singing the Marseillaise, foreign invaders had flown like chaff before the wind; *therefore* the tyrant of Germany would quake also, and the Prussians would fly again before the windy republicans of 1870. The King would pause in his wicked course, for fear that his soldiers would pass over to the ranks of the republicans.

King William did not quake, however, and his soldiers laughed at the crazy proclamations which were addressed to them by insane republicans. They marched on, and the reports of their guns, heard even in the streets of Paris, convinced the most incredulous that the Prussians really dared to attack the holy city. There was still the hope left that foreign powers would interfere, for they *could* not suffer Paris to be bombarded; the provinces would rise on hearing the danger of Paris. But meanwhile the Parisians must show that they were at the head of the civilised world, and astonish the awe-struck nations by their defence. Yes, they would defend themselves to the last drop of blood. The heroic behaviour of the citizens of Strasburg had still more excited their ambition; they would surpass them.

It was, however, believed that the Prussians would bombard at once, pass coute que coute between two forts, and storm the city; nobody thought of a blockade. A blockade! Such an undertaking was ridiculous, and certain ruin for the German army. If not cut to pieces by the armies of the provinces and of Paris, they would be starved to death, or perish in winter by cold and sickness. No Prussian must return home. Thus reasoned the Parisians.

Defence to the last extremity became now their watchword, and preparations were made with all the excitement and fuss usual with them. Everybody would contribute to it, men, women, and children; all were seized with the same patriotic frenzy. The few sensible people, who coolly compared the means of defenders and aggressors, and who would have preferred an arrangement with the Prussians, dared not speak, for if they did, they were treated like cowards or spies. The great class of the Philistines—the épiciers—who love their franc, and abhor bloodshed and shells, and are only patriotic in words, trembled in secret, and publicly feigned heroism, which they hoped would never be put to the proof.

If the Prussians were to be annihilated, something else, however, than mere declamations must

be applied. There is no war possible without soldiers; therefore an army had to be created, to replace that which was invading Germany then —as prisoners. And an army was created, an army of at least 370,000 men, which would have been more than sufficient, not only to defend Paris, but to break through the girdle of Prussian troops, if they had been soldiers. The 100,000 mobile guards from the provinces were partly excellent "material," but nothing else, and though each single moblot might equal, as a man, any Prussian, a thousand of them united in a battalion were not equal to one company of Prussian soldiers, educated after the Prussian system, and commanded by Prussian officers.

The 200,000 Parisian national guards were good for nothing, at least not in the field, and could only be used in the defence of fortifications, or to maintain order in the city.

The corps of General Vinoy increased by remnants of the army of Sedan, who had escaped through Belgium, and about 10,000 marines were the only real troops which might have been called soldiers; and even most of them were not worth much; they had been beaten so frequently by the Germans, that they were utterly demoralised. To excuse their running away they exaggerated the

effect of Prussian artillery, and said it was useless to fight against such soldiers, by which statements they by no means increased the courage of moblots and national guards. General Trochu did all in his power to organise the "armed mob" at his disposition, and to make soldiers of them, but without much success; for he could not enforce "that perfect obedience without which any army is an armed mob, dangerous to its friends, and contemptible to its enemies," * nor could he make heroes of the many cowards amongst them.

Fighting is not to the taste of everybody, and the most wide-mouthed and most bloodthirsty republicans of the clubs are generally cowards in battle. It was therefore very natural that many persons cudgelled their brains to find some means to destroy the Prussians wholesale, without exposing their own precious lives. I have already given some instances of the foolish propositions and expedients to this end, and the siege of Paris has produced a great many others.

The stink-balls used in mines, and the Chinese stink-pots possibly gave a Parisian the idea for an invention, which he offered the government. He

* General C. T. Napier, 15th December, 1849.

was ready to make of very obnoxious substances hundreds of thousands of balls of the size of a plum, which would explode if thrown against the heads of the Prussians, and produce such an abominable smell, that at least three of the barbarians would be killed. If each Parisian was armed with a dozen of such balls, and had acquired some skill in throwing them, no Prussian entering Paris would escape.

An artilleryman proposed in a club-meeting the following: each citizen should coat strong bottles with pitch, intermixed with pieces of iron and nails, fill the bottles with gunpowder, cork them properly, and draw through the stopper a slow burning match. These prepared bottles should be kept in dry cellars until the entrance of the Prussians; then they must be fired, and the effect would be most wonderful.

An old chemist invented "devil-rockets," of two, four, and six pounds. The lower part was filled with gunpowder, but in the upper part was a tube filled with petroleum. He expected an immense effect from these petroleum rockets. Hurled into the ranks of the Prussians they would ignite their clothes, their cartouches would explode, and all would burn to death.

The citizen Allix delighted a meeting of women

with an invention made by one of his friends, called "the finger of God." "Citoyennes," he addressed his audience, "'the finger of God!' this glorious invention of one of my friends has been especially made for you. It is a thimble of India-rubber, to be put on your finger in the usual manner; but mind, at the top of the thimble is a very thin tube filled with prussic acid. Should fate have decreed that the holy city falls into the hands of the enemy, you, fair citoyennes, would of course come in contact with them. Well then, suppose a Prussian is in the closest proximity to you, touch him, as if alluring him with your finger, and in a minute he will be a dead man. Let several be at the same time together, be amiability itself, and attract them all to you. Then touch them quickly one after the other, and suddenly you will, perfectly unharmed yourself, stand amongst a heap of corpses. Do you understand me, citoyennes?" They had understood him all, and were so enraptured, that they shed tears of delight, and urgently demanded to be provided as soon as possible with such "fingers of God."

Another invention was of a more military character. It consisted of a kind of locomotive of 12,000 pounds weight, provided with a shell-

proof sentry-box for the machinist and fireman, and a rampart, behind which were placed two monster mitrailleuses, which were expected to throw their balls unto the heights of Meudon.

An old professor offered the government a monster torpedo, by which 70,000 Prussians could be blown up at once. He was empowered to make, as a trial, a smaller one, able to blow up only 700.

Several formidable mitrailleuses were invented, for instance the mitrailleuse "Montigny," able to throw 481 bullets in a minute; the portable mitrailleuse, "Mecklenburg," which threw 250 in a minute; and the steam mitrailleuse, "Durand," which was expected to throw 3,600 in a minute.

There were further invented the "Bonbon Menestroi" grenades, which could kill 1000 Prussians at once, and the "Greek fire" of the chemist Branner, consisting of brand projectiles, destroying and burning everything in their way; then the explosion mines of Dirheim, which at a certain distance blew up whole regiments. Of the "Petroleum Torpedos," to be laid in the sewers, was also expected a great effect, if the Prussians should enter Paris.

Though all these inventions would have availed

very little against an army like the German, even if they had been applied, they were not quite chimerical, but of some frightful practical value, as we have seen at the latest horrid catastrophe in Paris.

Before my arrival in Versailles, some sorties had already taken place. The Parisians were so impatient of the Prussian barbarians before their holy city, and despised them so much, that they would not wait until General Trochu had somewhat drilled the moblots; they cried for a sortie, and the general had to give way to the people against his better conviction, and made a sortie on the 30th of September, which was planned with some skill. The Prussian position was attacked at three points; those executed by the right and left wing of the operating French army were only demonstrations to mislead the Prussians, but that of the centre was meant very seriously, though no particular military purpose could be discovered.

The demonstration on the right wing was directed against the 5th corps from Fort Issy, and that of the left wing against the 11th corps, whilst the serious fight took place in front of Forts Bicêtre and Montrouge, around Villejuif, Chevilly, Thiais, and Choisy le Roi. General

Vinoy commanded the expedition, which commenced early in the morning. The fight was decided at eleven o'clock, a.m., and ended with the total defeat of the French, who lost 1200 men in dead and wounded, and 300 prisoners. The French, 16th, 17th, and 1st regiments of Zouaves ran away in such confusion and haste, that it was indeed a shame. General Trochu ordered two hundred Zouaves to be shot for cowardice. The 6th German corps had fought with the utmost bravery, and this first sortie, after the blockade, proved that all the dispositions for the mutual support of the besieging troops were excellent. The Prussians lost 80 dead and 120 wounded.

The branch-government at Tours, following in the track of the Imperial Government, deceived the people with lies, and published "that the Prussians had been thrown out of all the positions they had occupied for three weeks, and had been taught what a people resolved to defend its institutions and honour may do.

Mont Valerien had kept quiet until then, and reports of all kinds were circulating in reference to this strange silence. It was, however, broken on October 5th, by a tremendous bombardment against the works erected by the Prussians near Sévres and St. Cloud. French generals observed

the effect from a balloon ; but they could not discover any, and the useless noise ceased after two hours.

On the 13th of October another bombardment took place, in combination with a sortie, directed against the position of the Bavarians, who drove the French back to their forts, after a severe fight of three hours.

The bombardment from Fort Valerien was directed against the palace of St. Cloud, where the Prussians had a post of observation. The first grenades fell into the left wing of the palace, and the fire communicated itself to the centre building, where the principal staircase with the great picture, representing the reception of Queen Victoria by the Emperor and Empress, was destroyed. From there the fire caught "le salon de Mars, and la gallerie d'Apollon," which had been the theatre of the most important events of modern French history. There had taken place the *coup d'état* of the 18 and 19 Brumaire, and from here General Bonaparte had been proclaimed Emperor, on May 18th, 1804, here also, Louis Bonaparte received the Imperial crown in 1852.

Many objects of value and art were saved at the risk of their lives by the Prussian soldiers ;

for instance, a collection of vases, the golden crucifix from the chapel, part of the Imperial library, the celebrated bust of Napoleon I., at the time of the consulate, and the table at which Napoleon III. signed the declaration of war against Prussia.

Fort Mont Valerien, on the widest part of the peninsula of Nanterre, formed by the winding of the Seine, is very advantageously situated as the issue of operations directed against St. Germain, St. Cloud, and Versailles. A sortie in this direction took place on the 21st of October, a Friday. A very noisy but harmless fire from Mont Valerien, in a southern direction, opened the day, but ceased again at ten o'clock, a.m. At twelve o'clock, however, 25 French battalions, one brigade of cavalry, and 40 guns marched out of Fort Valerien, or neighbourhood, in a southern direction. Before them to their right, on the river, was Bougival, straight on, Garches, and to their left, at the opposite side of the peninsula, and also on the Seine, St. Cloud. Mont Valerien had overshowered the park of St. Cloud with rather harmless shells in the morning; I suppose to make believe that an undertaking in this direction was intended. The sortie was, however, meant for Bougival and Garches.

Against the latter were sent only five battalions, but the rest advanced on the Cherbourg road and over Malmaison, against Bougival, whilst the cavalry remained in the dead angle of Fort Valerien. In order to induce the latter to come out to the plain, the Prussians retreated a distance, but when they did not succeed in this, they advanced again, and drove the French back to Malmaison, the park of which became the principal battlefield at about four o'clock, p.m. The French did not fight well that day, but notwithstanding this, the battle lasted until dark, on account of the hilly and wooded ground. The Prussians had about 150 men dead and wounded; the loss of the French was considerable, for in the park of Malmaison alone, the Prussians buried 300 dead left by them. They lost also two guns, and 100 prisoners. The king witnessed the fight from the Marly Viaduct, situated on a ridge 643 metres high, where one has a most extended view.

This fight again showed the excellence of the dispositions made by General Moltke. The troops of the outposts were perfectly sufficient to repel this considerable sortie, without being obliged to have recourse even to the "replis," and still less to the troops in Versailles.

A few days after my arrival, we heard in Versailles, that a Prussian company of the guards, occupying the village le Bourget, had been attacked, on the 28th of October, by superior forces, and compelled to give up the place.

Le Bourget is situated on the high road from Compiègne to Paris, and about six miles from Paris. It was exposed to the guns of the Fort de l'Est, of St. Denis, and of the Fort Auvervilliers, but notwithstanding this, it had been taken without much difficulty, on September 20th, and remained occupied by the outposts of the 2nd division of guards. These had made barracks for themselves about three thousand paces north of le Bourget, not far from the bridge of Iblon, over the brook la Morée. The ground to the right and the left of the high road, was under water, and the position seemed secured enough by a barricade on the road, and some batteries further back.

Le Bourget is situated in the centre of a circle of villages—Dugny, Blanc-Mesnil, Drancy, and la Courneuve—of which the first two were occupied by the Prussians, and the two latter by the French, and was therefore a very desirable point for both of them. On the 27th, very strong columns of the French came from Fort Auver-

villiers, and the villages of Drancy and Courneuve, and compelled the one company in Bourget to retreat to Pont Iblon. They commenced at once to fortify the place, which offers great facilities for this purpose. The stone walls surrounding the parks and gardens, were provided with loop-holes, and the two streets crossing each other were closed at their ends with stone barricades, and castle-like buildings near the entrances of the main street, were also placed in a state of defence. Thus was formed, as it were, a new outwork of St. Denis, which was garrisoned with 5000 men foot, and a mitrailleuse battery.

The loss of this place galled the guards very much, and the next night a battalion of the regiment Emperor Francis tried to surprise it, but failed, and lost 60 men in the attempt. On the evening of October 29th, the second division of guards received orders to retake le Bourget next day, for which purpose, they were reinforced by five batteries of the artillery-corps.

The ground about le Bourget was difficult for military operations. By the damming of the Ourcq Canal, the plain, in which the above mentioned villages—with le Bourget in the centre—were situated, was submerged, and only the roads and some few high points stood above water.

Looking from the batteries near Iblon westward, we see the great road fall off gently from Iblon, towards the Morée brook, and rising again in the same manner, until le Bourget, which, fortress-like, projects from the submerged surroundings. The back-ground of the picture is formed by Montmartre and Mont Valerien. To the left of Montmartre is to be seen Paris, and to its right St. Denis with its forts.

If le Bourget was judged to be so important a place, as to be worth the risk of a battle, which must be expected to become very bloody, I beg to ask, why had it not been put in a state of defence by the Prussians, when they were in possession of it? I think somebody blundered there.

According to the disposition for the attack, the division was to advance in three columns. The centre was to be formed by one battalion of the regiment Queen Augusta, and three battalions of the regiment Queen Elizabeth, who, marching over Pont Tolon, were to attack the village from the north. Two battalions of the regiment Emperor Francis were to advance from Dugny on the right wing, and on the left wing two battalions of the regiment Emperor Alexander, with two batteries, were to advance from le Blanc-Mesnil, to cross

the Moleret brook, to take possession of the southern issues of the village, in order to cut off the retreat of the French to St. Denis and Paris. Some more battalions were to be placed in reserve south-west, near the road leading to Paris. Artillery was to be placed on the heights between the villages of Garges, Dugny, Le Blanc Mesnil, and Aulnay, and cavalry to cover the flanks of the advancing troops.

The fight commenced at eight o'clock in the morning with a tremendous cannonade. The column on the left wing, which had to make the longest way, commenced their march first. Without finding much resistance, they succeeded in placing their batteries, and protected by them, crossed the Moleret brook, to reach the road south of le Bourget, to drive the French out of their fortifications there, and to disperse even their reserves.

Meanwhile, a very severe fight took place in the village itself. The Prussian artillery had ceased firing, for fear of hurting their own troops. In the usual manner, the battalions in the centre advanced against the northern part of the village, from where they were received by a tremendous fire from behind each wall, from each tower and house. Not minding it, and without firing a shot,

the brave troops advanced, the music playing, "The watch on the Rhine." All the chiefs of regiments and battalions were on foot, only the commander of the division, Lieutenant-General von Budritzki, and the commander of the brigade, Colonel von Kanitz, were on horseback.

Brave Budritzki; I remember him well, though I have not seen him these forty years. I was with him in the same company, in the cadet house of Potsdam. He was then a fair-haired rosy boy, whom we called, "little Budritzki," because I was, perhaps, half-an-inch taller than he. He was the only son of a very affectionate widowed mother, who lived in the Leipzig street of Berlin, and my rival in friendship and juvenile love.

Arrived at about 100 paces before the entrance of le Bourget, the music ceased, and the battalions advanced in double quick, and with cheers against the fire-spitting walls. In vain. The dead lay in heaps before the stone barricade, barring the street; it resisted; but cool and collected, as if on the drilling ground, though only ten paces from the barricade, the matchless soldiers obeyed the command, and wheeled to the right and left, to take the enemy in the flanks. Those turning to the left met a gate. The pioneers broke it

with their axes, and the brave soldiers entered a yard. From the windows of one of the back houses the French waved with white handkerchiefs, and the commander of the regiment Augusta, Colonel Count Waldensee, of whom I have spoken in the commencement of this work, believing that they would surrender, ordered his men back, and went alone towards the house. Arrived at five paces from it, he was killed by the infamous rascals. Another officer who came to support him, was also killed. "Give my love to my poor wife," were the last words of the brave colonel. He had received a shot through his bowels at Gravelotte, but as no vital parts had been injured, he was soon cured, and had returned only ten days before this fight to his regiment. He was a very skilful and clever officer, and would have had a brilliant career. His brother was one of the aides of King William, and is now going, I hear, to Paris as Charge d'Affaires.

Enraged by the murder of their colonel, the soldiers stormed the house, from which rushed an old French captain, crying for mercy, because he had a wife and children! The soldiers were not in a mood for mercy. They fired from the windows into the street, whilst the pioneers opened a way to the adjoining houses, and after

a dreadful hand to hand fight, the whole left side of the main street was taken.

Whilst this fight in the houses was still raging, another storm of the stone barricade was attempted by the second battalion of the Elizabeth regiment, and its second company of Fusiliers. The ensign, bearing the colours of the regiment, is killed; the colours are taken up by Lance-corporal Karfunkelstein, whose breast is already adorned with the iron cross. He is killed also. The soldiers commence wavering, though their officers give them the most encouraging example, by climbing the barricade first. On seeing this, brave Lieutenant-general von Budritzki—whose horse had been killed under him—hurries on foot to the dangerous spot. Brandishing his sword, he takes up the colours with his left, and calling out, "Forward, my boys" he advances against the barricade. General Schwerin did the same at the battle of Prague, and General Bonaparte at the bridge of Lodi—both with success; the barricade of le Bourget was taken also!

Now a most dreadful butchery commenced in the streets. Bayonet and clubbed guns did their frightful work; whilst the French forts foolishly overshowering le Bourget with grenades, killed indiscriminately Prussians and French!

The fight near the church was especially severe, for from two large houses there came an infernal fire; but the doors were broken at last, and the houses taken; and now commenced inside a dreadful slaughter with swords, axes, and bayonets. There no "quarter" was given, for at one of the houses was written with chalk, "The Prussians are all craven curs, we will shoot them all," and at another, "You devilish Prussians, not one of you will see your wives again,"

The village was taken at about three o'clock; the French fled in such disorder, that they even carried away with them the supports sent out from St. Denis. The victory was won, but at a high price! The sight before the barricade was awful, and also that in the main street. In heaps the dead lay one above the other, amongst them Colonel von Zaluikowski, who led the second storm. Blood and brain stuck to the walls, and broken arms, and frightfully mangled bodies covered the street.

The Prussians lost 30 officers, and 400 men, but the loss of the French amounted at least to 2,000, besides 1,200 unwounded prisoners, amongst whom were 30 officers.

I will wind up this chapter with the adventure of a young Prussian hussar, in consequence of this

battle. He fell with his horse, and was taken prisoner by the flying French. Three days after the fight they halted for the night in a village. The poor fellow was sitting in the evening near the window, thinking how he might escape, whilst his noisy captors round the fireplace, were fuddling themselves with wine. Suddenly he hears in the street the neighing of a horse, His very soul is trembling, and his blood stops for a moment. No doubt it is his brave steed, which had broken loose from a shed where it had been placed, and in search of her master. One of the panes of the window was replaced by paper; boring with his finger a hole in it, he lays his mouth to the opening, calling cautiously and coaxingly, "Lizzy, Lizzy!" A joyous neighing is the reply, and Lizzy is close to the window. In a moment the whole frame of the casement is smashed, and before the tipplers know what is the matter, he is outside, and on the bare back of his faithful mare. It is as if the sagacious animal knew that the life of her master was at stake, for she runs off like a whirlwind, and yet she is not urged on by spurs or bridle, for the franc-tireurs have taken the boots of the rider, and the bridle is hanging with the saddle in the shed. Shots are fired after them, and bullets whizz past their ears,

without stopping the horse. The hussar does not know the way, but Lizzy remembers it, and after thirty-two hours both arrive at the outposts of le Bourget, dead beat, but happy to be again with their comrades.

It is a touching sight to see the horses after a battle. Like dogs they run to and fro in search of their masters, though, perhaps, wounded themselves. When, after the battle of Gravelotte, the trumpeter of a regiment of cavalry sounded the rally, 600 riderless horses collected around him, some dragging themselves along with their last strength, and breaking down when arriving.

When passing over a battle-field after a day or two, some poor forsaken and wounded animals come running up to you, and look at you with sad and wistful eyes. Or others lying already dying on the ground, lift their heads at your approach, as if begging for help, and I am not ashamed to say that sometimes tears have nearly blinded my sight, when I have finished their sufferings by a merciful bullet.

CHAPTER VI.

The Patriotism of Versailles. — A Surprise. — A Gallant Hussar.—Negociations.—Military Etiquette, and Civic Sensibility.—The Town resigns itself to its fate.—Arrangements.—The King's Head-Quarters.—Entry of the Crown Prince.—Good Conduct of all parties.

THE people of Versailles, in an access of patriotic delirium, entertained the idea of defending their open town against the Prussian barbarians, and for this purpose many splendid trees, bordering magnificent roads in the neighbourhood, were cut down as mercilessly as uselessly. The fathers of the town did not, however see their way in reference to this defence, and were deliberating in the Mairie, on the 18th of September, when a messenger, bursting into the hall, announced that the Prussians were already in the yard. All the members

of the town council rise in alarm, and rush to the windows. There, indeed, before the office of the *commissaire de police,* holds a single, fair-haired hussar, with an eye-glass in his eye, a conversation with a gentleman, who understands German. Though he wears a black uniform, and his black cap is adorned with a death's-head in silver, he does not look formidable at all, nor do his two comrades, who, with their short rifles cocked, resting on their knees, look down smilingly on the thunderstruck crowd surrounding them.

The hussar inside the yard wishes to see the mayor. When this gentleman arrives, the hussar is asked whether he is an officer, sent by a general, and what he wants. No, the hussar is a simple corporal, and only wants to know whether there are any troops in Versailles, and whether the town is to be defended. The mayor tells him with dignity that there is the national guard, but that he can enter only into negociations with an officer sent by a general. "All right," says the bold corporal; "there are five regiments of horse in the plain. I will report to the general," and with that he turns his horse, the gate is opened, and he gallops away, followed by his army of two men.

When the mayor, immediately afterwards, drove to the gate, in company of some gentlemen, he was astonished to see no Prussians. The commander of the guard reported that a dozen of hussars had appeared in sight. Six of them had halted on a hill, and beckoned to comrades supposed to be behind them. Of the other six, three stopped half-way, and three rode up to the gate, demanding entrance, as they wanted to parley. On this, the commander had permitted them to enter, and ordered two of the *gardes nationaux* to accompany them.

Next day more numerous troops of cavalry appeared at several gates, and about noon some kind of arrangement was made with the authorities of the town, in consequence of which a capitulation was agreed on, but under the express reservation that it should be confirmed by General von Kirchbach, or the Crown Prince of Prussia. The Prussians entered at two o'clock; but a general declared to the town council that no capitulation could be granted, as Versailles was a defenceless town. The guns of the national guard had to be delivered up—to the relief of their 2,000 bearers, of whom, however, to speak correctly, only a small number were armed with such dangerous instruments; but protection was

promised to all persons, monuments, buildings, and objects of art. At three o'clock, p.m., the Crown Prince entered the Prefecture.

When I arrived, the King's head-quarters had been established already several weeks in that building, and the inhabitants of Versailles seemed perfectly satisfied with the course affairs had taken. Though Horace says that "it is sweet to die for his country," unbelieving Philistines think that it is still sweeter to live for it, or by it; and there are a great number of that class at Versailles.

I had really believed that it was dangerous to go out without a revolver; but I was agreeably disappointed, for Versailles made on me the impression of a Prussian garrison town. All the shops were open, and always crowded with uniformed customers, who paid without bargaining. The people at Versailles saw with astonishment that the Prussian soldiers were quite different from what their government had been pleased to represent them; and I must say that they—I mean the inhabitants—behaved also very properly. They were not enthusiastic for the Prussians—nobody expected that, and could have expected it—but they were friendly, and readily acknowledged that their enemies behaved much better

than their own soldiers had done. During all the time I was at Versailles, no excesses occurred, and only once a sentinel was fired at by some unknown person. A reward of several thousand francs was offered for the discovery of the criminal, which sum the town would have to pay. Reasonable persons congratulated themselves that the King had taken up his head-quarters in their town. Most people had remained in their houses, for there was more security for life and property in Versailles than anywhere in the old-young Republic. People living on estates or villas in the neighbourhood frequently requested that they might be favoured with some Prussian soldiers, as a protection against moblots and franc-tireurs; amongst many others, the direction of the celebrated porcelain manufactory of Sévres, from which many valuable things were, by order of the Crown Prince, brought to Versailles, because Sévres was exposed to the guns of Mont Valerin, which did not spare that place.

The citizens of Versailles were rather astonished when they learnt from a proclamation that M. von Branchitsch had been appointed Prefect of the department Seine and Oise, and not a few believed that it was the intention of the King of Prussia to keep Versailles. What astonished

them most was the perfect confidence with which the King, the Crown Prince, Count Bismark, General Moltke, &c., went through the streets. The King always drove out in an open carriage, accompanied by one of his aides, and only if he went outside the town he was followed, at a distance of about one hundred paces, by four uhlans, or hussars. The Crown Prince went mostly out on foot, and Bismark and Moltke took no more precaution than if they had been in Berlin. The stately figures of those eminent persons never failed to excite admiration, and the simplicity of their appearance in public was a perpetual object of wonder, for the French were used to see their Emperor always guarded by numerous soldiers, and mouchards mixed amongst the public. Reports of attempts on the life of the King and Bismark were reported by Paris papers, I suppose on purpose, and only to provoke them; but there was no truth in them whatever.

Versailles is a beautiful town, especially in summer, and stands about in the same position to Paris as Potsdam stands to Berlin. To Versailles are attached recollections of the most brilliant periods of French history; to Potsdam those of Frederick the Great. Though the palaces and parks of Versailles are more extensive, and

grander, those of Potsdam make a more agreeable impression. The town of Versailles, however, is not to be compared to Potsdam; such streets as the Avenues de Paris, de St. Cloud, and de Sceaux, which radiate from the Place d'Armes before the Grand Palace, are not to be found anywhere. The avenues of Washington might perhaps be compared to them, though they have only two rows of not very old trees, whilst those of the four rows at Versailles are old and splendid. Soldiers, I think, must be the most frequent visitors of these wide streets in time of peace, and the whole town make, as it were, the impression of a beautifully laid-out cemetery, or a great barrack, as it is the case with Potsdam.

Now, during the war, soldiers were also the most striking features of the streets, which were always crowded with them. Regiments on the march arrived frequently, and the tired and splashed soldiers were seen with tickets in their hands, looking out for the quarters named in them. Others, despatched from the bivouacs or cantonments in the neighbourhood, went from shop to shop, loaded with the most different articles. All the hotels, beer-houses, and restaurants were crowded, mostly by soldiers and officers from the outposts, who enjoyed a properly-

laid table and a good dinner or supper, and the keepers of these places went about with smiling, flushed faces, for they had never had such a harvest. The officers, who had no use for money in their bivouacs, seemed to be glad of having an opportunity of spending some, and paid without asking questions. The proprietor of a small restaurant—he had only two rooms—told me that he, during the six months of the occupation, had taken on the average daily five hundred Prussian thalers, of which at least half was clear profit. The cellars were nearly exhausted, at least of finer wines, and I saw champagne, fabricated in Gruneberg in Silesia—a firm from there had for that purpose established a house in Rheims—drank even by Frenchmen as genuine, and paid for at the rate of ten francs a bottle.

The market was always well stocked, and I admired the great quantity of fresh butter, cheese, excellent vegetables, fowl and game, which were there exhibited for sale, but noticed the utter absence of fish, especially of oysters. At first the country people were shy of coming in, for fear that their horses and carriages would be taken away, but the Prussian prefect did everything to facilitate traffic. Within the whole

department the inhabitants were permitted to circulate without any molestation.

The Prussians interfered nowhere with the newspapers, and they were not suppressed or hindered when opposing even the Prussians, which was fairly judged as being natural and proper, and only those papers were prohibited which invited the population to commit murder and treachery. When the *Journal de Versailles* was suppressed for these reasons, and others were required, to publish alongside the lying bulletins of the French government those of the Prussian head-quarters, all journals ceased to appear, and a sub-editor and correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* brought out a paper in the French language, which was called *Nouvelliste de Versailles*, and later extended under the title, *Moniteur Officiel du Département de Seine et Oise.* The Versailles people called it *Le Moniteur Prussien*, or *Le Journal de Bismark*, but they read it, as it was the only means of hearing something from the rest of the world. At the hour of its publication the office in the Rue de la Paroisse, right opposite to my lodgings, was always besieged by an eager crowd.

The fair owner of a stationer's business had been compelled to charge herself with the sale of

this paper, and as she also kept a circulating library, her shop was all day much frequented by both French and Germans, who almost all—according to the French fashion—stopped for a little chat. I, as "notre voisin," was very frequently there, for the shop was a most excellent observatory, and more amusing to me than any other place. I also liked to chat with Madame, for she was a rare specimen of a French woman. She was about twenty-five, had beautiful fair natural hair, which reached to her knees—as she readily proved if you teased her—a very regular, clear-complexioned face, natural ruddy cheeks, a little double chin, large blue eyes, a rather large mouth, with coral lips, and such teeth as I had never seen before, which she, of course, showed very frequently; for though somewhat languid and phlegmatic, she was very merry, and to see her honest broad smile, or hear her frank laughter, was indeed refreshing.

The most striking contrast to her was her assistant, "la petite Claire," who was called "petite," because she was only seventeen. She appeared to me very pretty. Her hair was as black as a raven's wing; her complexion as dark as that of a Spaniard, and her deep black eyes of a dazzling brilliancy. To observe her was amusing

to me, for she was as explosive as gunpowder; one word of madame's could sometimes set her beside herself; she became as pale as a corpse, her whole frame shook, her eyes darted lightnings, and with an incredible volubility, and in a husked voice, she said the most passionate words, whilst a moment afterwards a gush of tears followed the storm, and with melting, passionate tenderness, she kissed the hands of her elder friend. Not yet being aware of the practical value of her rare qualities, she was not coquettish, and rather too careless of her toilet, which is rare with French women. Her father was a wee old fellow, who took snuff, and how he happened to have such a daughter, nature and her mother will know better than I do. Claire took sometimes playfully her "petit père" on her arms, carrying him laughingly about. He was, however, a great patriot, enjoying the name of Piponet, and once when he was animated by a thimble full of cognac, I heard him cry out, "We have not been conquered, we have been sold; without that the Prussians would have been a breakfast for us."

I, who had lived before in France, and studied French women, understood the character of both young fair ones perfectly well, and was disgusted with the coarseness of some Germans and Ameri-

cans, who judged French women from hearsay, and uttered their erroneous opinions to each other in their respective languages. I passed many pleasant hours with them, and we frequently laughed till we cried.

Once when Madame was absent, and only Claire and a fair-haired friend of hers was in the shop, a very old respectable French lady came to fetch the *Moniteur*. She entered into conversation with us, and I was astonished and agreeably surprised to hear her speak so sensibly about the state of affairs, and about the Prussians. She said it was not patriotism, but vanity, which urged the government to carry on the war à l'outrance, and ridiculed the idea that France should be dishonoured by the loss of a province in consequence of a wantonly provoked war, and after having once conquered the Germans, and taken provinces from them. She fully acknowledged the good behaviour of the Prussians, and said the French might congratulate themselves that they had to do with such respectable enemies, whose deportment contrasted so favourably with that of the French, when they had been conquerors in Germany, which she remembered very well, as she had been then in that country.

It was interesting to observe the two girls

during this conversation. The fair-haired one shed silent tears, whilst Claire became livid, and, retained by politeness, could only repeat now and then, with a quivering voice, "Vous n' êtes pas Française, Madame," and cast a furious dart from her eyes at me, who supported the opinion of the old lady. On her leaving, the storm of indignation broke loose, and when I, being quite close to Claire, teased her a little, I suddenly felt a well applied box on my ear, accompanied by a hissing "Prrrussien!" Though somewhat surprised, I was greatly amused, and would not for a great deal lose the recollection of this patriotic box on the ear, which I forgave very readily to the blushing little spitfire, who was quite frightened at her rashness.

Amongst the admirers of Claire was a young, rather melancholic German, of the name of Hoff, who was a correspondent of the *Vienna Press*, and the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, and whom I saw sometimes in the shop of Madame le Dur. He was generally liked, and his sad fate was much regretted by all of us. One afternoon when he was in the shop, he seemed sadder than usual, and when he rose to leave he said to Claire, "Good-bye, my dear girl, you will not see me any more, for to-morrow I shall be dead: therefore,

petite Claire, I am sure you will give me a kiss for a farewell." Claire of course laughed, but gave him a kiss with mock solemnity. Next day poor Hoff was dead; he had poisoned himself. In one of his letters to a paper he had complained about the partiality shown at the head-quarters to English newspaper correspondents, which was, however, a fact not to be denied. In consequence of this he was ordered by M. Stieber, the chief of the field police, to leave France, and this order was made still more mortifying by a direction to go to Germany with a transport of French prisoners. This letter about the English correspondents was, however, not the real cause of such unusual severity. A person attached to the staff had once made a communication to him, which he desired to become public for personal ambitious reasons. When, however, this indiscretion was taken ill at head-quarters, he was very anxious to exculpate himself, and to throw all blame on poor Hoff. The latter was a young man who had no name yet, and who had hoped to make one during that war as a newspaper correspondent. As this was made impossible, by his expulsion from the army, he imagined that his whole career was ruined, and in a fit of despondency he resolved to poison himself. Even

M. Stieber, who is not the man to understand such delicacy of feeling, was very sorry when he heard of the effect of his severity.

When war commenced, the leading persons in Berlin had decided that no newspaper correspondents should be admitted to the head-quarters; for there are many generals who look upon such people as nuisances. I do not know what changed this resolution, but some correspondents were attached to several head-quarters. They had, of course, to write what was desired, and to forbear from all disagreeable criticism. The most favoured were the English correspondents. I do not know for what reason. It is, however, a fact, that important things, with which the world was to be made acquainted, were first communicated to the correspondents of the *Times*, or *Daily News*, to the wonder of all Germany, and the great displeasure of the whole German press.

Besides these head-quarter or court historiographers, a great number of wild, or rather independent correspondents from England, America, and Germany were at Versailles. They were just tolerated within the camps of the operating armies, and had to be satisfied with what they saw themselves, or heard from officers, which were mostly very unreliable reports, as even high

officers knew nothing more than what was published by head-quarters, either in the official papers, or in the order of the day, which they, however, had also to keep secret. Had such a correspondent the misfortune to communicate some unpleasant news, or to criticise some blundering high personage, he was ordered away. The worst was that one could never know exactly what was permitted or not, and therefore all felt uncomfortable. It became a standing joke with newspaper correspondents to ask each other, instead of "How do you do?" "Have you already packed up your things?"

Such a position was unpleasant and humiliating, and the more so, as the reward for sacrifice was rarely in proportion to it. People in Berlin or London were far better informed about things occurring in and around Paris, and even in Versailles, than most of us were; they could at least draw their conclusions from what they read in the different newspapers, but there were none in Versailles, and the *Moniteur Officiel* contained only such news as was already stale all over Europe. Whoever had permission to do so, and could get a conveyance, or was a good pedestrian, might visit the different positions around Paris, and sleep in the hut of a friendly officer, or share

his soldier's dinner, or accompany him in some nightly patrol, if not afraid of a bullet or a cold. In this manner he might become, if he was in luck, eye-witness to some sortie. Anyone who remained at Versailles had little chance, for when we heard of a sortie it was generally over, and if one lasted somewhat longer, and we might have, perhaps, reached the battle-field in time, it was impossible to procure a conveyance for any money, and our officer friends, who sometimes lent us their horses, required them for themselves.

Though I had met everywhere from the Prussian officers of all degrees, with the most friendly reception, and I knew that even the highest persons would have granted me all facilities, perhaps more than any other correspondent, I could not conquer my repugnance to bother them with my personal requests.

It was, however, necessary for me to procure a permit to visit the different parts of the army, and provided with a card from a friend of mine, who was one of the councillors of Count Bismark, I applied for such a pass to Lieutenant Colonel de Verdy du Vernois, of the great general staff, who procured for me a paper, headed, "Great Head-quarters of His Majesty the King, Chief of the General Staff of the Army," signed by the

Quartermaster-General of the Army, Lieutenant General von Podbielski, "permitting Colonel de Corvin to stay within the precincts of the operating armies, and requesting all authorities not to lay any hindrance in his way."

When I went to fetch this paper from Rue Neuve 39, the Bureau of the general staff, an orderly told me that Lieutenant-Colonel de Verdy was with "His Excellency," and I therefore waited in an ante room. After a little while the "great silent"—Taciturnus, a name first given also to the great prince, William I. of Orange—passed through the room, politely answering my respectful bow. Everybody knows the features of General Moltke, the soul of the great German army, and I need not describe them. He is tall and spare, and walks with his head somewhat inclined forward, with a noiseless step, and making the impression of great unaffected simplicity and modesty.

Helmuth Carl Bernhard von Moltke, son of Captain Friedrich von Moltke, and his wife Henrietta, born Paschen, was born in the little town of Parchim, on October 26th, 1800, in a house belonging now to the mayor of the town, which has been distinguished by a stone slab with an appropriate inscription. He is now General of

Infantry, chief of the great general staff of the army, and Count.

The old general, who is a widower, and has no children, is extremely simple in all his habits, and has only one servant. He rises always between five and six o'clock, and is busy from the morning to the night. After having taken his coffee he works from six to eight o'clock, at which time Lieutenant General von Podbielski, Quartermaster-General of the army calls, confers with him until ten o'clock, when both drive to visit the King. From thence the general returns at noon, takes his breakfast, and drives out with his two aides, Major de Claer, and First Lieutenant von Burt, who is the son of his sister. During this drive, which lasts for about two or three hours, the general inspects some of the positions of the troops. Returned from his drive he reads and answers dispatches, and at five o'clock he takes his dinner, together with his whole staff, consisting of twenty officers. After dinner the general works again until eleven or twelve o'clock, if not invited to take tea with the King.

During the operations of the troops in the field, the general was always to be found with the most advanced outposts, whose positions he

inspected and rectified, and selecting places for the building of batteries. There he was frequently exposed to great danger, but no bullets whizzing past, or grenades bursting near him, were able to interrupt his calculations. He visited the palace of St. Cloud immediately before it caught fire, and when it was already overshowered with shells. He stood musingly before the half shattered bed of Napoleon III., and when turning away, he said sadly, "I do not think he will sleep here again."

During a fight the general is always ahead. He speaks little, but listens with great attention. He is very friendly, however, with all younger officers and soldiers, and much beloved and respected by them. The whole army have an almost unbounded confidence in his sagacity.

The King's head-quarters was in the Prefecture, Avenue de Paris, on its left side if coming from the palace. It is a rather large palace-like building, which has cost three millions of francs. Two wings projecting to the street form with the main building a yard, which is closed in front with an iron railing. Two posts of infantry stood before the entrance of the main building, and two others outside the gate.

The court of Frederick William III. was dis-

tinguished by its simplicity, and the King himself by his great frugality and economy, though he was by no means stingy. I remember from my youth many anecdotes in this respect, and have myself seen the King in a rather threadbare military coat. His example had influence on all the Berlin society, and on the families of the higher military officers. Under Frederick William IV. the court became somewhat more opulent, and the liveries, &c., more showy. I remember the present King very well as a young man from twenty-eight to thirty; and from the rails before the palace opposite the arsenal in Berlin, I saw him make his public entry with his young wife, the present Empress Augusta. He had in the army the reputation of being a strict disciplinarian, and I then heard sometimes complaints from officers, that, at the military manœuvres, he required rather too much from the troops.

French papers published the most stupid things about the private life of the King of Prussia, representing him as always swilling and carousing, whilst others, who pretended to be informed best, exaggerated and ridiculed in the contrary his frugal habits in a disgusting manner.

In Versailles, the King slept in a low field bed,

with a single hair mattrass, which he always carried with him. He rose at seven o'clock, shaved himself, attended only by one of his two valets de chambre, Engel and Krause, both old soldiers, whose breasts are covered with well-earned medals. At his toilet, a garderobier assisted, and whilst dressing, he did not receive any one. He wears his uniform coat from morning till night, and I think, has never been seen in a dressing gown. He is usually decorated with the order of the iron cross, and the Russian order of St. George, of the 4th class, which both orders he got 1814, at Bar sur Aube, and round his neck he wears the order *pour le merite.*

When the King entered his private room in the morning, where he found lying on his desk dispatches and letters waiting for his reply, the body chasseur or footman on duty for the day, served his coffee. Whilst taking it, nobody entered except privy counsellor Schneider, a well-known popular military author. He is certainly the same whom I still remember as "Corporal Schneider," who published a paper, much read in the army, and called "Soldaten freund" (soldier's friend). I think this highly patriotic Prussian and loyal paper was the foundation of his popularity, and the first cause of the

confidence and liking of the King. He is at present his librarian and reader, and makes his appearance regularly every morning at seven o'clock, in the palace or head-quarters. Whilst the King is taking his coffee, he makes his report about the telegrams, presents the newest publications of the press, and reads to the King essential passages from them, as also important articles from the newspapers.

After coffee, the King opened his letters, read all dispatches, made some notes, or particular marks on their margin, and placed them in the different portfolios or pigeon-holes, headed civil cabinet, military cabinet, state office, war office, law office, and department of subvention and grace. This latter branch is confided to the care of privy counsellor Bork, Major of the Landwehr, an old faithful servant of the King. Even during the campaign, he had audience every morning, for notwithstanding all urgent business, the King always found time to decide about petitions.

After M. Bork had gone, one of the two court marshalls, Count Puckler, or Perponcher, received the orders for the day, in reference to promenades, audiences, visits, invitations, &c. Then the King generally received the report of the Generals Moltke, Roon, Boyen, Podbielski, and Treskow.

Exactly at nine o'clock, entered the aide de camp du jour; through him were given all orders to the army, he had to accompany the King every where, and to keep the journal of the royal movements. Then followed the reports of the civil or military cabinet, or Count Bismark's, which usually lasted for two or three hours. In the intervals, the King received reports, gave audiences, &c., or some alteration in the arrangements was caused by the inspection of passing troops, or military events.

After this the King received, or visited princely personages, or the hospitals, always only accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, without any guard as mentioned before.

The life of the King was very frugal. Sometimes, between the reports in the forenoon, he took a bit of cold meat, or a sandwich, and dined at four o'clock. His usual dinner was always very simple. Not more than one sort of wine appeared on the table, and champagne only at the birthdays of some member of the royal family. Only once during the whole campaign, champagne was drunk at the royal dinner table, and that was after the battle of Sedan, September 1st.

After a conversation of about half an hour after dinner, the King retired to his cabinet, but

not to take a nap, which he has not done yet in all his life, but to read letters, dispatches, petitions. Were these finished, he read the Berlin *Spenersche Zeitung*, or other important articles submitted to him, or wrote letters and telegrams to his family, &c.

At nine o'clock, the King took his tea with a number of persons who were expressly invited, and there generally a very lively conversation took place. Illustrated works were inspected, papers read, or the events of the day or notorious personages discussed. The King does not smoke usually, but if there are many gentlemen present, he invites them to smoke, and sometimes takes a cigar himself. About eleven o'clock, he retired to his cabinet, and worked until one o'clock.

The activity of this gentleman, seventy-three years old, is indeed, as wonderful as his whole appearance, and his endurance of fatigue. He walks as straight as an arrow, and his whole bearing is full of ease, combined with dignity, and the expression of his face mild and benevolent.

When a battle was expected, the King always drove away early in the morning, and mounted one of his horses, of which always several were sent before him, at a place named beforehand.

Turning from the Avenue de Paris to the right,

and going along the rue des Chantins, we discovered close to the Paris railroad, on a wall, a board, with a hand roughly drawn, and underneath the direction, "To the chief command of the 3rd Army." Following the index, we soon stood before a gate, guarded by two Prussian soldiers, surmounted by a North German, and a Prussian flag, and the inscription: "Chief Command of the 3rd Army." This is the villa les Ombrages, the head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia, situated in the rue Porte-de-Bue. It belongs to Madame André, a rich Protestant lady, who had been compelled to leave Versailles before the arrival of the Germans, as she was accused—though very wrongly—of Prussian sympathies.

The villa is situated in an extensive, charming and well kept park, ornamented with splendid plantains, cedars, tulips, chestnut, beech, and other trees, and dense thickets of rare shrubs. The two-storeyed villa stands on a softly rising green hillock, ornamented with many kinds of fine flowers, between which, two long-haired white goats looked rather strange. The house is built in the style of the renaissance, with many garret windows, and a portico with balcony, and is overgrown with all kinds of creepers. The whole looked extremely pleasing.

In the empty hothouse, and outside of it, bivouacked a company of soldiers, and pickets and double posts were placed around the park, to guard its rather isolated position against an eventual surprise.

The staff of the crown prince was also very numerous. Its chief was Lieutenant General von Blumenthal and Chief Quarter-master Colonel von Gottberg. At the head of the princes' court stood Court-marshal Count Eulenburg, and his first aide-de-camp was Major Misokke, who is the friend of his youth. To this staff belonged also the delegates of the South German armies, and many other persons, who were attached to it for one or the other purpose, but in Versailles they were not quartered in "Les Ombrages;" for instance, Colonel Walker, and a whole host of princes, who accompanied him when on the march, amongst whom were the Duke of Coburg, Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern, the innocent cause of this war, the Crown-Prince of Wurtemberg, the hereditary Princes of Saxe Weimar, and Mecklenberg Strelitz, &c., and a number of newspaper correspondents and artists, of whom I shall name only Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, Mr. Skinner, of the *Daily News*, Gustav Freytag, Dr. Hassall, who wrote the official reports for the Prussian *Staats-*

anzeiger, George Bleibtren, the painter, and Mr. Landells, the artist of the *Illustrated London News*.

Though I know some of these persons, and shall speak of them occasionally, I know very little about the interior life at the Crown Prince's head-quarters, at Versailles, as it was rather out of the way, and its activity, as it were, suspended by that of the great head-quarters.

The Crown Prince lived, however, as simply and frugally as the King. His dinner-table was not better; no wine but one sort of good claret was served, and luxury was so much dispensed with, that not even napkins were given. When one of my colleagues, after a march, told the Crown Prince that he travelled sitting on his "champagne waggon," the Prince exclaimed—"On *my* champagne waggon? Ah, this unlucky champagne waggon, none of whose contents has appeared on my table! what a reputation will it create for me! This booty of war is a real Danaïde's gift! Will the world not say that I went to the field with a champagne waggon? and still I do not drink champagne, and you will find on my table only claret."

A wine merchant in Champagne had a sort of wine which had the Prussian arms on the

labels, with the inscription, "Prince Royal," and underneath, "Mareuil-sur-Ay, Champagne." It had been probably fabricated before the war for export to Prussia, and I should not wonder if it had brought him into trouble with his countrymen.

The Crown Prince always wore his dark-blue "Waffenrook," with the star of the Black Eagle on it, high riding boots, and a field-cap, and always smoked a short soldier's pipe. In his conversation he was as unpretending and natural as possible, and always good-humoured, having a kind word or a joke for all soldiers whom he passed on his way. He was, therefore, very popular in the army, and also in Versailles.

French papers published all kinds of nonsense in reference to the quarrels between the Crown Prince and Count Bismark; and in one of them I read that the Crown Prince had fallen into disgrace with the King, and so much, that even the attendants of the court of the latter turned their back upon him! There is perhaps that little grain of truth in it, that Bismark sometimes was impatient at the politics which were talked in "Les Ombrages," over their cigars, by some princely visitors of the Crown Prince—men who were used to be considered as something in their

little principalities, who were angry that the great Count did not take any notice of them and their shallow politics, and tried to influence the Crown Prince.

Many of these princely "Schlachtenbummlers" played a small part in this great historical tragedy, for most of them were like the fifth wheel to a car. They had not learnt enough to occupy a higher position in the army, and perhaps believed their lives too precious to their subjects to be risked in battle like those of other mortals. To them must be added a number of rich noblemen, who, not feeling inclined to fight, wished to have the name of having taken part in the war, and for this purpose became Johanniter. Their head-quarters was the Hotel des Reservoirs, and I used to call them the "War Reservoirists," or "Preservoirists." This Hotel des Reservoirs was once the dwelling-house of Madame de Pompadour, whose fine marble bust is still standing in a room adjoining the great dining-hall.

The Duke of Coburg had also taken up his quarters in this hotel. I had known him when he was still a boy, and later, when he became Duke, he had behaved very kindly towards me. I had not seen him since 1847, and went therefore to the Hotel des Reservoirs to pay my respects.

I found him at lunch, but just on the point of rising. Whilst waiting, I was addressed in English by a gentleman who must have been rather astonished that I did not recognise him at once, so that he was compelled to name himself. I was quite ashamed when he said "Russell." I was, however, so absorbed in thoughts of the past, that I would perhaps for the moment not have recognised my own wife; and moreover, when I had seen my celebrated colleague last, he wore his field-dress, and looked like an angel of intelligence, whilst he was now dressed like other stupid mortals at dinner-time. I called on him several times, but found him always on the point of leaving for some excursion, the carriage waiting outside, or busily writing. He seemed to have no leisure for friendly intercourse, and perhaps, amongst all these grand-dukes, dukes, princes, and excellencies, I was too small a potato for it, at which I should not wonder, as he served the *Times*.

The Duke of Coburg had altered much during these twenty-two years. He looked now more like his father, and cut a very stately figure in his cuirassier uniform, with a yellow collar, like that of Bismark. Whilst I was roaming about the world, far from Germany, he had become

very popular, and there was even a party who had pointed him out as the future German Emperor. I do not know why he has lost this popularity, but it is a fact. He received me kindly enough.

When I sat down to lunch at the table which the grandees had just left, I was probably taken for some post-prandial prince, for I was served quickly with a most delicious veal cutlet, which seduced me to attempt a dinner in this heraldic zoological gardens of Germany. I was, however, cruelly taken in, for, after having dined like a beggar and paid like a prince, I went to eat something at my friend Monsieur Emile Marie's, the monster "Franc-Tireur" of the Avenue de St. Cloud. He was the keeper of a modest restaurant, which I recommended to my friends, because the dinners there were excellent, and at a very reasonable price; in consequence of this, his rather limited premises became soon so much crowded, that one had sometimes to wait an hour for an empty place. I was, therefore, in especial favour with him and "Madame La Franctireuse," a very lively, pretty woman, to whom I gave that name when I saw her in a somewhat uniform-like dress, which name was generally adopted, and transferred even to her husband, a most original

person. The line drawn from his stomach to the extreme limits of his opposite part, was nearly equal to his height, though he was not so very small. He carried a balloon of flesh before him, preventing him from seeing his knees, and if the honour of a man really dwells where many presume, he deserved the title "right honourable" more than any living lord, for an honour requiring such a preposterous seat must have been enormous. He was irresistibly funny when enumerating the different dishes, counting them up to his thumb, and rolling his round eyes in raking his memory. He did not put his light under a bushel, and seemed rather proud of his balloon before. He was, however, notwithstanding his ridiculous shape, a very sensible man, and pocketed our jokes with as much good-humour as our thalers.

We had formerly dined at M. Gagk's, in the market-place, who had excellent Chambertin, in venerable mossy bottles; but the presence of so many well-known authors attracted not only too many officers for our comfort, but also the chief of the field-police, M. Stieber, with two of his aides, and the literary crew decamped, though with regret.

The coffee-houses were also crowded to excess,

for there was no other place of amusement in Versailles. Some clubs were formed, however, but did not succeed, and our lodgings were rarely adapted to receive company.

An artist and newspaper reporter, attached to the Crown Prince's head-quarters, had by chance a whole *étage*, and an attempt was made at a pic-nic in it, which was noisy and wild. I made the acquaintance of the distinguished correspondent of the *Daily News*, Colonel Skinner, who had already been in China, in America, and I believe also in Abyssinia, and who spoke many languages. I was extremely pleased with this acquaintance, and he invited me once to lunch, at which we had a very interesting conversation.

My friend at Count Bismark's house was the "Counsellor of Legation," Mr. Lothar Bucher. He had taken part in the movements of the year 1848, and lived several years in London as a refugee. I had been in correspondence with him before Count Bismark attached this talented man to his person. Whilst Baron von Kendell has to do with all personals, and to communicate with the different ministers in all countries, Mr. Bucher is the Count's penman, and it may be believed that his place is no sinecure. As he is so much occupied, he requested me to come and see him

always after dinner, at about eight o'clock, p.m., when he had an hour of rest. I called also sometimes after lunch, when I generally found poor Bucher running up and down in the garden behind the house, to have some exercise, as he could not go away lest the minister might want him.

The house in which the Chancellor of the Empire lived with his people was situated in the Rue de Provence, a very quiet street, connected with the Avenue de St. Cloud. On passing from the street through a gate, to the right of which was waving the North German flag, fastened to a rough stick, we entered a not extensive villa by a glass door, and came to a spacious floor, where we found to our left a well-proportioned dining-room; to the right were servants' rooms and kitchen, and straight before us to the left a small saloon, and to the right the bureau. The bedroom of the count, which served also as his study, was upstairs.

The personal staff with whom Count Bismark worked at Versailles, consisted of the following persons: the Privy Counsellor of Legation, Abeken: the Privy Counsellor of Legation, Baron von Kendell; the Actual Counsellors of Legation, Count Hatzfeld and Mr. Lothar Bucher; the Counsellor of Legation, Count Bismark-

Bohlen; the chiffreurs, Dr. St. Blanchard and Wiehr; and the secretaries, Boelsing, Willisch, and Dr. Busch.

Count Bismark lived at Versailles in a still more retired and simple manner than at Berlin. He did not care for any amusement or material luxuries, except for a warm room on account of rheumatism, to which he is sometimes subject. He was always thinking and thinking, and working. He never rose before nine o'clock, and took for breakfast tea and two eggs; whether he lunched with his employés, between twelve and one, I do not know. At four o'clock, if not summoned to the king, he took a ride with his cousin, Count Bismark-Bohlen, and dined with all the above-named gentlemen at six o'clock. Though he had his own cook with him, his dinners were simple. After dinner he conversed about an hour with his employés, with whom he lived on familiar terms, perhaps smoked a cigar, and retired to his little room, where he worked till one o'clock, a.m. Sitting there he wore a plain brown dressing-gown, and otherwise the uniform of the 7th regiment of cuirassiers, with general's straps.

There were no certain hours for receptions. Every hour despatches or messengers arrived, or

persons came for information or instructions: he was never idle. I did not see any servants in livery in his house, only two bureau messengers in a kind of uniform, and soldiers. Outside the house stood a single sentinel.

When I came to see Mr. Bucher one evening, and sent my card in, I was kept waiting a minute or two longer than usual. Mr. Bucher went with me upstairs in a sitting-room. After a while the door opened, and I was much surprised to see the Chancellor enter. He wore his usual uniform coat, and in his third button-hole the order of the iron cross. He went straight up to me, and said that he was pleased to renew his acquaintance with me, for we had met before. I replied that I had never had the honour of seeing him otherwise than in the Reichstag, but he insisted, saying "that he well remembered my head." Inviting me to sit down, he remarked that we were of about the same age, and complimented me on my looking so well. I answered smilingly that I could give him a very good prescription for it, but that it was somewhat tiresome, and on his interrogative look I said, "Six years of solitary confinement."

He asked me where I came from, and when I said that I had been in Alsace and in Strasburg,

he asked some questions relating to the feelings there, and requested M. Bucher to take a note of something I said. Speaking of the limits of the future province of Lorraine, he replied that he had already decided about that.

He asked whether I was related to a gentleman of my name, who had estates in Pomerania, not far from his home, and who was my cousin. He knew all his family relations very well, and we spoke about his sons, my nephews, who served in the army.

Breaking off this topic, he commenced to draw, as it were, a parallel between us, and the development of our political ideas. He said we had been brought up and educated under about the same circumstances, and with the same prejudices and inclinations; and remarked that one could not get rid of them altogether. His liberal ideas dated from a very early period, and his desire to see Germany united. When he was asked abroad about his country, he had never answered—he did not know why—that he was a Prussian, but always that he was a German. When still a very young man, he had made, as young people do, a bet with an American for twenty-five bottles of champagne, that Germany would be united in twenty years. He who lost

the bet was to visit the other in his country. He remarked that he ought to have said fifty years. When time was up he was in Frankfort-on-the-Maine; he had lost his bet, but was not able to pay it, as the gentleman had died two years before. He said also that he had never been a friend to the bureaucracy.

The events of the year 1848 had somewhat embittered him. The meanness and incapacity of the popular leaders had disgusted him, and he was shocked at the manner in which the brave soldiers were treated by the democrats. What these soldiers were was to be seen now. They had been forbearing, had left Berlin on higher orders, and the democrats had treated them shamefully. Alluding to his own deportment at that time, he said that one was more passionate in one's youth, and gained more objective views only with age, and that party colours appeared less distinct seen from a certain eminence of position. The meaning of some words of the [illegible]unt escaped me, as they alluded to events [illegible]is carcer with which I was not familiar [illegible]ount of my long absence from Ger-

is life," he concluded this conversation; ideas which led you into prison,

brought me to the position which I occupy at present."

Count Bismark looked extremely well, and far better than all the pictures which I had seen of him, for in them he appears darker and sterner than he really is. The expression of his face, as I saw it that evening close before me, was extremely kind and friendly; by no means condescending or patronising, but, as it were, modest, and in accordance with the mild modulation of his voice, and the tenor of his words; he spoke and looked as if addressing, not an insignificant person, but an equal, whose fate he regretted.

After about half an hour he rose, regretting that urgent business called him away. On going he gave me his hand, and holding it for a moment, he said he was glad to have made my acquaintance, or rather to have renewed it, and hoped that he should see more of me.

When he was gone he left me much affected. I might say I shed inward tears, which fell soothingly on many sore places in my heart. For the same end which was now so gloriously accomplished by Count Bismark and the King, I had fought, and suffered twenty years of prison and exile, and had lost almost everything dear to man. I had suffered from the injustice of my own party, and

scarcely ever received any acknowledgment, except perhaps in the particular severity with which I was prosecuted, and the personal respect paid occasionally to myself or my wife by high personages of the opposite party. This unsought interview, and the manner in which the Count spoke and behaved, was a very kind and generous action on his part, and the more so as it was done by the first personage of the age towards a man who could neither harm nor serve him much.

When he gave me his hand, it was to me as if the great years of 1848 and 1870 made peace with each other, and may be that this interview was intended to express as much, if it had a political meaning at all.

CHAPTER VII.

Life at Versailles.—The palace during the occupation.—Wounded in Hospital.—German superstition.—Letters of Protection.—The Field Post.—Papers from Paris.—The Surrender of Metz.—The Siege.

LIFE at Versailles was overpoweringly tedious. I yawn when I think of it. There are many historical recollections connected with Versailles, and I might spin a long yarn about a dozen of houses or more, where some more or less historical comedy or tragedy of the times of Lewis XIV. was enacted; but to me, all these perfumed plumed heroes, and hooped heroines, notwithstanding their wit and spirit, appear small and insignificant in comparison with the heroes of our great present time. Therefore they may rest in peace. I only shall say a few words about the palace, as it appeared during the occupation.

When the French were in Italy, and Spain, and Germany, they plundered the museums, and carried away the gems of all collections.

The King of Prussia and his generals acted far differently from Napoleon I. and his marshals. The palace of Versailles may serve as an illustrating instance. The park was untouched in its buckram stateliness. No trees had been felled, nor any of the hundreds of marble gods and goddesses injured; one Apollo had lost a finger; that was all, and only a few soldiers had written their names on the pedestals. Under a Minerva was written in large letters "Germania." The water works were uninjured, and the lawns intact, for boards were posted prohibiting the soldiers from riding on horseback over them. Even the parterre of flowers looked as they did always; soldiers dared not touch a flower; they behaved as they would have done in the gardens of Tanssonci.

It was the same inside the palace. The picture gallery was open, and the old French custodians had retaken their places. It was visited all day by a crowd of officers and soldiers, who passed by, and admiringly, without any insulting remarks, looked at these scenes of past French glory. Very rarely one of the custodians—always

humbly doffing his cap—had to say to a private soldier who smoked his pipe: "Monsieur, on ne fume pas ici." Two pictures of little value, portraits of Madame La Valliere, and a Duchess of Guise, had, however, been cut out of their frames and stolen. It was not done during the hours when the public was admitted, and the theft must have been committed by some person intimate with the locality, and provided with a key. French papers of course said that all the statues were broken to pieces, and all pictures glorifying the French nation had been destroyed or damaged by the envious Prussians.

The wounded in the fight of the 19th of September had been at once placed in the ground floor of the Versailles palace. Between the corridor and the park terrace, stretching through the whole middle building, is the so-called gallery of Lewis XIII. Great pictures, representing the state actions of the King and Cardinal Richelieu, cover the back wall. The flat ceiling is supported by columns of white and red veined marble, or of porphyry. The high windows opposite reach to the ground. The pillars between are ornamented with magnificent arabesques, surrounding different male and female celebrities of that court. Alternating with them, stand in niches the statues of

the King and his courtiers. The middle door leads immediately to the terrace, from whence the air, passing over the water streets of the basins, and over numberless flowerbeds, enters the large open halls loaded with fragrancy. There stood the beds of the wounded, attended by French sisters of mercy, in two rows, their footends turned against each other, leaving a wide passage, so as to permit free access to each of them. Wounded men could not be better placed, for the air was fresh and pure, and the view over the landscape before them refreshing and pleasing. Some wounded, whose state permitted it, were seated in the recesses of the windows, or even carried out on the terrace itself.

In the still more magnificently decorated rooms of the upper storey, the contrast between their original and their present destination became still more striking. For the not so severely wounded the halls and galleries of Lewis XIV. himself had been arranged, in the decoration of which the art and the luxurious taste of those times have done their utmost. The finest kinds of marble, gilt bronze, mirrors, stucco, &c., are lavished especially in that giant gallery, which is famous for the ceiling pictures painted by Lebrun. Everything there, made to flatter and

glorify the would-be demigod of France, was profaned, at least, in the eyes of some French of the antiquated school, by wounded or sick German soldiers.

Though in the eyes of French patriots—petroleum patriots of the commune would, however, not care much for Lewis XIV., and all his glorious recollections—these magnificent halls are desecrated and morally contaminated for all ages, if not washed clean and brightened up by an ocean of Prussian blood, sober and practical French will acknowledge, and even admire the delicacy of feeling of those Teutonic barbarians, who respected these objects of their enemies' veneration, though it appeared to them absurd and ridiculous. The slightest harm was not done, and the care of the Germans even went so far as to remove the better furniture, to prevent its being damaged. No crazy poltroon of a patriot has tried his revolver against the portrait of King Lewis, as was done in the days of the Commune in the Hotel de Ville.

Everywhere the monuments of "la gloire de la France" have been religiously spared by the Germans, and even those which might have been humiliating to them, as for instance, the column of victory near Montmirail, erected by Napoleon III.,

15th of August, 1866, in memory of Napoleon I., who from that place commanded his army, February 11th, 1814, against Germans and Russians, and on which are written the names of the places where he conquered them, from the 10th to the 14th of February of that year.

The King of Prussia sometimes ordered the celebrated grandeseaux of the park of Versailles to play, for instance, on October the 18th, on the birthday of the Crown Prince, and at later opportunities, which did not fail even to attract crowds of Versailles people. At one of these occasions, a hare, started by the noise, created great excitement, for it was hunted by hundreds of soldiers, and caught by an artilleryman, when it jumped into one of the basins.

I am not very fond of visiting hospitals, but as wounded soldiers, if not too ill, like to talk of their wounds, and how they received them, and to show you the ugly bullets taken out, or the splinters of bones, or to hear what is going on outside, I visited them now and then, to chat an hour with them, or to attend to their little wishes.

In conversing with some of them, I found, what I, however, already knew before, that soldiers are as superstitious as other people following a dan-

gerous trade; but not this alone, I was shown one or two amulets, which were said to make the wearers bullet proof, and even copies of the celebrated "letter of protection," which not a few soldiers had had in their pockets, when they were wounded or killed. Some were thoroughly cured of their superstition by the bullets, but others still half believed, and said they had only been wounded, because they did not believe firmly enough.

This superstition in the army has been transmitted by tradition from generation to generation, and especially in the Thirty Years' War the belief in the "Passawart" was general amongst the landsknechts. The art of making men proof against bullet or sword was called the Passau art, because an executioner or hangman of that city encouraged a discouraged army destined to enter Bohemia, in the year 1611, by distributing magic tickets.

Soldiers throw away before an expected battle several things, which "attract the bullets," and in olden times, and even now, the bivouacs are strewn with playing cards or dice, which are called respectively, "the gospel of the devil," and "devil's bones." Little looking-glasses, and other trifles seem also to be considered as suspicious;

but broad silver pieces are very good, for though they also attract the bullets, they protect against them, as is indeed proved by many instances. Pocket books in the breast pocket—even without bank notes!—have had, however, the same effect.

German huntsmen are furious if, on going out in the morning, they meet first an old woman, for that is very bad; they may as well go home, and it is the same if some innocent, on meeting a friend going out gunning, wishes him honestly, "good luck." Miners, who are in the bad habit of swearing, take care not to do so when at work in the mines, for the spirits there do not approve of it, and will throw stones, or do even worse. Sailors, and many people besides, do not like to start on a Friday, and have many other fancies, in which they firmly believe. Slaters stop their work when hearing a three times repeated knock; rope dancers do not mount the rope without their amulet, &c., &c.

A German weekly paper (the *Gartenlaube*) published two of these nonsensical letters of protection. One was sent to an officer, and as a kind of preface to it, its origin and virtues were explained. This letter had been sent from heaven, and had been found in Holstein, A.D. 1579. It

was written with golden letters, and was floating in the air, over the baptismal font at Rudnam. When some one tried to take it, it evaded the hand, but when, in 1591, some one thought of copying and communicating it to the world, it remained quiet, and turned towards him. One whose nose is bleeding, or who has a wound, and cannot stop the blood, should wear it. Whoever will not believe this, should write the following letters, H. K. J. L. F. on a sword, or on the barrel of a gun, and put it (what?) on a place, he cannot be wounded, &c. Further on is said, "He who will not believe this, let him copy it, hang the copy round the neck of a dog, and fire at it, and you will see that it is true."

In the Altmark, a Prussian district between the river Elbe and Havel, these "letters of protection" are in a great many hands; not only the soldiers from these parts took a copy of them to the field, but in many peasant families such a letter is carefully preserved as a protection for the house. Nobody knows exactly where these letters came from, and if you ask you are answered, that it has been in the family since the grandfather's times, or that it has been copied from this or that person. The contents of most of them is the same, but by errors in copying from

already corrupted copies, the original nonsense has become still more silly.

It would be tiresome for the reader and myself to translate the whole document, and I will only give its conclusion. I translate as close to the original as possible. "Who carries this letter upon his body will not be hurt by any loaded gun, for there are words in it which confirm the divine, and of which one need not be afraid, by these swords become" "Diebe, Feinde alle Beschwerden und Geschütze können besprochen werden" (untranslatable nonsense, probably meaning that thieves, enemies, and troubles, and guns, can be "besprochen," that is, they can be made spell-bound by certain words).

"1. Stand still all you visible and invisible guns, that you may not go off against me, by the baptism of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has been baptised by St. John in the river.

"2. Stand still all you visible and invisible guns, by the anguish of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has created me and you.

"3. Stand still all you visible and invisible guns, that you may not go off against me, by order of the Holy Ghost.

"4. Stand still all you visible and invisible guns and arms, by the baptism of the martyr, and

Almighty God, who died for us, be gracious to us, in the name of God Father ✠ Son ✠ and Holy Ghost ✠ Amen.

"Who does not believe in these words, may only write them on a paper, and hang it round the neck of a dog, and fire at it, he will not hit it in the name of Jesus, as true as this is written down, as true as Christ died and rose again. Who believes in this letter, and carries it upon him, will not be hurt bodily.

"I 'beseckwöre' (spell) guns and arms by the living God 'of' the Father ✠ the Son ✠ and the Holy Ghost ✠ as also all Saints, not to be able to kill or hurt me to-day with a deadly arm, God Father be gracious to us ✠ God the Son be with me ✠ and God the Holy Ghost (be) between all bullets ✠ Amen."

Count "Fielepp" of Flanders, who had taken a knight, and would have cut off his head for a crime he had committed, was not able to do so, as the executioner could neither behead nor wound him; about which the count was much astonished, as likewise all present, the count therefore had him brought before him, and made him confess how such a thing was brought about, on which he granted the knight his life, when he showed him this letter, signed as follows, R ✠ K ✠ D ✠ F

D ✠ K ✠. All his servants were much astonished, and the count had this letter copied at once. Let him who does not believe, write the above letters on a knife, and stab an animal with it, it will certainly not bleed.

Klaus Bendas Nornent.
Lesebuch ✠ Eaunoment ✠ Jesus ✠ Maria ✠
Joseph ✠

These latter words though meant to be the same in all letters, are only ridiculously mutilated in copying, and their original form remains obscure; in some other copies stand instead of: Klaus, Bendas, Nornent, *Lesebuch* (is in German reading-book !) Eaunoment, the following: Bin, Kestus, Normen, Sibusch, Monement. Some Latin scholar may find out the real and original words. I give it up.

I said before that we had no papers at Versailles. It is true there were not any published except the *Moniteur Officiel*, and another small paper which appeared weekly; but since the rail-road communication was reestablished to Lagny, we received papers from Germany tolerably regularly, and even from England, though the latter were frequently stopped at Cologne, as I was told by employés of the field-post. This institution

had been very much improved, and it must be acknowledged that the officers of the department did their utmost to satisfy the public and the army. Their service was extremely severe. At first only letters were transmitted by the field-post, but as they were permitted to weigh several ounces, the most curious things were enclosed. Fond wives or sisters who were afraid that their husbands or brothers might suffer too much from the cold, sent them stockings, drawers, flannel shirts, &c., but as the things would have weighed too much for one letter, they were divided in several parts, and afterwards put together by the receiver. How many halves of drawers were enclosed in letters! When later the transmission of parcels was permitted to the army, the most ample use was made of it. About 225,000 parcels arrived weekly only for the army round Paris, and from 15 to 20 waggons were always required for them. I was sometimes present, when the bags containing these parcels—which must not exceed, I believe, seven pounds, and certain dimensions—were taken out of the post bags, and I had ample occasion to admire the good nature of the post officers! Foolish mothers from the country sent their sons imperfectly made up parcels, containing soft cakes, to which some-

times were packed cigars, or even a pound of butter, which oozed out, or the whole was squeezed into an incongruous mass of pulp, spoiling other parcels, and obliterating their addresses.

Papers from Paris—which interested all of us most—were very rarely to be procured, but notwithstanding all difficulties, they were to be had now and then, either found upon prisoners, or acquired by a regular original trade, which the outposts had established either with those of the French, or inhabitants of the Parisian suburbs. These poor people suffered much, for victuals had become extremely dear, and at the risk of their life they approached the Prussian outposts, allured by the still untouched potato-fields within the range of the needle guns. The good natured German soldiers, who pitied their starving enemies, permitted the French soldiers to dig potatoes, if they approached with peaceful demonstrations, and suppliant gestures, and it was agreed upon between both parties, they should use a kind of telegraphic signal, indicating whether they came on a peaceable or hostile errand. A commerce of exchange was even concerted, the Prussians placed pea-sausages or bacon at a certain spot, instead of which they found Paris papers, for which they hungered.

Sometimes armed expeditions were undertaken, at night, to procure them, and not rarely a French moblot officer, reading his *Figaro* at his post in some advanced hamlet, was persuaded by a Prussian officer's revolver, suddenly appearing before his eyes, to part with his paper without any other harm being done to him. There were many such exploits told in Versailles.

When I arrived, the news of the surrender of Metz was hourly expected, and, indeed, it came a few days afterwards. The Versailles people, of course, would not believe in it, and when it was proclaimed by bills posted against the walls, on many of them I found written, with pencil or charcoal, the word ".blague," and many people were not convinced even by the *fêtes* with which the King celebrated this great victory. They believed that a comedy was played to blind the Parisians, and to discourage them. The King gave a *gala diner* on that day in the Prefecture, and in the evening a great "Zapfenstreich" (tattoo) took place. The bands of all the regiments present in Versailles, and all the drummers, took part in it, and, followed by an escort and many thousands of soldiers but only a few citizens, marched down the Avenue de Paris, and entered the yard before the Prefecture, where

they played several patriotic pieces and songs, accompanied by the voices of the crowd outside the railing, and by thundering hurrahs whenever the King or Bismark appeared at the windows, behind which the guests invited to the royal banquet were to be seen moving to and fro.

A few days afterwards, on the morning of November 2nd, I think, M. Thiers, who had received permission to go to Tours, and afterwards to Paris, arrived in Versailles to treat with Count Bismark about an armistice. His negociations had, however, as little success as those with M. Favre. The Parisians demanded to be provisioned during this armistice, and would not even give any equivalent for the military disadvantages resulting from it to the Prussians. I did not believe in a success from the commencement of these negociations, for the lies spread by Gambetta in France had filled all hearts with fresh hope, and the final destruction of all the Prussians was looked upon as a certain thing, even in Versailles. At the end of September it was said, in Versailles, that a battle had taken place in the plain of Denis, in which the Prussians had lost 20,000 men in wounded and killed, 20 guns, and 24 mitrailleuses (they never had any!); and that three Polish regiments had passed over to

the Parisians, and been received by them with rejoicing. At another time it was said that the connection of the army with Germany had been cut off; that the Loire army of 500,000 men was advancing, and that 300,000 of them were already in Chartres. It was also said that King William had been compelled to leave Ferrieres in a great hurry, and that, on October 7th, when he was on his way to St. Germain, a Prussian soldier had shot at him. Napoleon III. had arrived *incognito* to treat with the King. The Prussians, who had been beaten in all fights before Paris, had lost already 80,000 men, and in the sortie of October 21st, the French had conquered 20 guns and made 2,000 prisoners. It was also said that ministers of all the great powers had arrived, to declare to the King that he must make peace within eight days, or see all Europe in arms against him. The Crown Prince, who had urgently demanded peace, had fallen into disgrace, and would return to Berlin. All this nonsense was religiously believed; no wonder then that the negociations of M. Thiers did not lead to any result. I saw him for a moment in the Hotel des Reservoirs; he looked sorrowful.

'Many people, who would have done better to mind their own affairs, tried to advise Count

Bismark. Such persons are mostly English or Americans, and it is really wonderful with what ingenious self-reliance these frequently very insignificant people dare to intrude upon exalted personages, and give them their advice about things of which they do not understand anything. They take it exceedingly ill if they are not treated with great deference, for they seem to believe that it is the duty of notorious men to endure the visits of admiring or curious fools.

I remember an anecdote about Goethe, who was much annoyed by people of that kind. An Englishman of birth wanted to see him. He was shown to the drawing-room. Goethe made his appearance, bowed, and both were seated. The great poet did not say a word, and the Englishman, disconcerted by his unexpected silence, did not say a word either. This dumb show lasted about five minutes, Goethe always looking right into the face of his visitor, who at last rose quite red with confusion at this singular reception. On making his bow, the Englishman cast a look at a bust of Walter Scott standing in the room, and Goethe, pitying perhaps the embarrassment of his visitor, said, "Great man!"—"He's dead," answered the Englishman

as laconically, and disappeared through the door.

Lord Palmerston was also frequently subjected to such annoyances. I was, in 1858 or '59, in the same boarding-house with a young widow from the United States, who had with her a young girl as companion. The rich widow had procured a card of introduction to Lord Palmerston, and both ladies proceeded over to Piccadilly, and sent in their cards. The old Premier sent them word that he was detained by some important business, but requested them to wait a little. They waited. But my Republican countrywomen are rather spoiled and impatient. After having waited about a quarter of an hour, they became indignant, and the young lady rang the bell, and told the entering footman to remind Lord Palmerston that they were waiting. After a while the Premier appeared, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, but *what* happened I am not able to tell, for the young widow was always embarrassed, and burst out laughing when I enquired, whilst the young lady blushed. The two ladies were, however, not invited, as they expected.

You may imagine that Count Bismark was pestered in the same manner. I spoke before of

Mr. O'Sullivan, former Minister of the U. S. in Lissabon, who lived on the same floor with me. Either urged by his belief in his diplomatic skill, or by his philanthropic desire to promote peace between the two great nations, he tried hard to get an audience of Count Bismark, in order to advise him, and make propositions in reference to an armistice. When in Paris, he had already endeavoured to meddle in this affair, and his adventures have been told by him at length in the *Moniteur*, which was glad to have something to fill its columns. He had succeeded in convincing Mr. Washburne that he could be of use, and on October 12th, provided with a letter from that minister to General Sheridan, and papers from the French Secretary of War and the Prefect, he went to Compiegne, in hopes of being able to treat personally with Count Bismark. He counted much on the power of an old visiting card, from Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, whom he had seen in Lissabon, I believe, upon his being an American, and the virtue of some German phrases, with which he expected to appease the dreadful uhlans. He did not succeed, however, and was not even permitted to approach the head-quarters, but compelled to return to Paris. On his way he became a

martyr to his philanthropic kindness, for he was arrested by moblots as a spy, and roughly handled before he returned to Paris, a badly-used but no wiser man, for when he got permission to leave Paris, he at once tried to resume his work on his arrival in Versailles. He visited the Duke of Coburg, and many other persons, and told them of his plans; also Mr. Russell, who advised him, however, to keep his finger out of that pie. Notwithstanding this, he tried to see Count Bismark and the Crown Prince, from whom he wished to have a permission to pass and re-pass the outposts. Bismark remained, however, inaccessible.

I was, therefore, rather astonished when I met Mr. O'Sullivan one evening on the staircase in full dress, telling me with much satisfaction that he was just going to dine with the King. When I went out next morning I wondered to see the trunks of Mr. O'Sullivan being brought down, and on returning home to find a card of Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan, with p. p. l.

Whilst he dined at the King's, where he had his place at the side of Count Bismark, and thus the best opportunity of enlightening him, an officer of the field gendarmes had appeared at our house, and on not finding the ex-minister home, pro-

mised to return early in the morning. He did return, and brought with him an invitation to leave Versailles *immediately.* Mr. O'Sullivan tried to remonstrate, but he had to go at once, and to sleep that night at St. Cyr. His too great zeal, and especially his request for a permission to pass and repass the lines, had made him *suspect.*

Though artillery officers had their doubts about the possibility of a very effective bombardment of Paris, on account of the very high elevation which would have to be given to the guns, by which they would be soon damaged, the troops were dissatisfied that they were not permitted to use their artillery, to silence the French fire-mouths, which overshowered them with ugly missiles, which the Prussian soldiers called from their shape, "sugar-loaves," with which "Uncle Bullerjahn" was especially liberal.*

It was said that Count Bismark, and also Moltke, were desirous of taking the conceit out of the Parisians by a bombardment, but that the

* The soldiers called Mount Valérien "Uncle Ballerjahn," or "Bullerjahn," (not Baldrian) from the words "ballern," or "bullern," which expresses a loud rumbling noise, for instance such as that produced by the rolling of a ball at nine pins. "Jahn" is the Dutch for Jack.

King, always hoping that hunger alone might do the work, and influenced by the entreaties of some ladies and clergymen, could not make up his mind to damage the magnificent city, in which were so many world-famed buildings, monuments, and objects of art. The odium of destroying them was left to the Frenchmen themselves.

I was always of opinion that the Prussians were much too condescending towards the Parisians. Had they been less mindful of sparing their feelings, and insisted on entering and occupying Paris, the late catastrophe would have been probably prevented.

CHAPTER VIII.

A peep at Paris.—St. Cloud.—Traditions of the Palace.—Assassination of Henry III.—Proclamation of Henry IV.—Mazarin's device to force Hévard into selling the Villa.—Henrietta of England.—Death of Madame.—The King of Rome.—St. Cloud.—Preparations for leaving Versailles.—A new Joan of Arc.

STRICT orders had been given against the admittance of civilians to the outposts and their works; even officers were desired not to go there unnecessarily, for their appearance caused the French always to fire a quantity of grenades, which unnecessarily alarmed the troops. Notwithstanding this, and trusting to the virtue of the name of "Podbielski," at the foot of my laissez passer, I could not resist the temptation of having at least a peep at Paris, from the most advanced Prussian position, and an excursion to the destroyed palace of St. Cloud was the first on which I resolved.

As this palace is dead, and belongs to the things of the past, I think I may venture—as it were as an epitaph—a few words as an introduction to this visit.

Monks, and especially saints, who build monasteries, had always a very good eye for selecting a site, and St. Clodoald was no exception, as it proved by his building in the 6th century a monastery on the charming heights of the present village called after him, St. Cloud. Other people who were no saints, but also loved fine views, built some country seats there, of which a good number was burned down in 1358 by the English.

In the grounds, where the ruins of the palace of St. Cloud are now to be seen, there stood in the 16th century a villa belonging to the family of Gondi, originating from Florence, who had come from Italy with Catherine de Medici. In this house King Henry III. was murdered, August 1st, 1589, by a fanatical monk, Jacques Clement.

Close to this house stood another, which belonged to a nobleman of the name of Tillet, and there Henry IV. was proclaimed king on August 4th, 1589.

Sieur Barthélemy Hévard, Comptroller-General

of Finances under Lewis XIV., bought the ville Gondi for a million of francs, and spent more than double that sum in beautifying it. Prompted by vanity, this gold-winged gull pestered Mazarin to procure him the honour of a royal visit. On October 24th, 1658, the King, his brother Philip, Duke of Orleans, and Mazarin, paid him this visit. M. Hévard treated them royally, the celebrated waterworks which he had caused to be constructed playing to general admiration, and the feast was closed by brilliant fireworks.

The King and the Duke, with their courtiers, returned to Paris well satisfied, but Mazarin remained. Mazarin was, as everybody knows, not only a minister, but also an Italian Cardinal ✠ ✠ ✠. He complimented M. Hévard about his feast and his riches, which permitted him such luxury, and the Comptroller-General of Finances, smelling a rat, protested against such suppositions, and said that he was by no means so rich as believed.

"Then," said Mazarin, "how much may this palace have cost you? I should think about twelve or fifteen hundred thousand livres."

"Oh! considerably less," stammered M. Hévard, feeling rather uneasy.

"Well, let's say one million."

"Oho! less."

"Well, then, two hundred thousand livres?—Well, well, and still the finances of the King are rather indebted."

"Oh, your Eminence, I should not be able to spend such a sum!"

"But then, after all, how much did this whole concern cost you?"

"One hundred thousand livres!"

"Good! very good," said the Cardinal, rising. "Didn't you say one hundred thousand livres?"

"Yes, your Eminence."

When the Cardinal had left, the perplexed Hévard cudgelled his brains why his visitor insisted on knowing what he had spent for the palace, and congratulated himself on his sagacity prompting him not to confess that it had cost him above two millions!

Next morning, however, the Comptroller-General became much wiser, on receiving from Mazarin a box containing one hundred thousand livres, and a parchment, which he was desired to sign, stating that M. Hévard had sold the ville Gondi to the King, who wished to make a present of it to Monsieur, his brother.

By the purchase of neighbouring villas and

royal donations, the extent of the whole domain comprised in 1736 not less than 1156 acres.

When Monsieur married Princess Henrietta of England, daughter of Charles I., life and magnificence was in the palace of St. Cloud, which had been decorated in a manner which even Lewis XIV. became somewhat jealous, but it did not last long. An impudent favourite of Monsieur, the Duke de Lorraine, embittered the life of the Princess, who not finding protection with her weak and infatuated husband, complained to the King. The Duke de Lorraine was banished to Rome, and it was in vain that Monsieur fell on his knees before the King, praying him, with tears, to revoke the cruel sentence. In impotent fury he retired to his little castle of Villers-Cotterets, whilst the Duke de Lorraine planned mischief. Two rascals, M. d'Effiat, first master of the house of the Duke of Orleans, and Count de Beccoron, captain of his guards, his intimate friends, received one day a parcel containing a small box with poison, and a letter. The letter was burned, but the poison was given to Morrel-Simon, the steward, who had the key to a cupboard, in which stood the glass out of which the duchess used every day to drink fresh chiccory water, which was then believed to be good for the complexion.

On Sunday, 29th of June, 1620, a servant who was passing the room noticed with astonishment M. d'Effiat standing before the open cupboard, for which only Morrel-Simon had the key, and holding the duchess's glass in his hand.

After dinner, the duchess asked for her chiccory water, which Morrel-Simon poured out into the glass from a decanter. As it was very hot that day, the Countess de Soissons, who was present, asked for a glass of the beverage, and the steward turned pale when the duchess offered her own; but before it could be handed to the countess, she had already drunk from another. The duchess slept after having emptied her glass; but very soon she awoke, with pains in her stomach, her limbs refused to support her, and she was carried to bed. Her physician and husband come; she cries, "I am poisoned!" The chiccory water in the decanter is examined; there is nothing the matter with it, and moreover, the Countess de Soissons has drunk of it also. The glass is examined, but it had been already carefully rinsed. The duchess died next morning. Reports caused the English minister to demand the opening of the body in his presence; it was done, but the physicians declared that the duchess died of the cholera.

I have dwelt on this sad case, because the poisoning of Madame has been denied by Voltaire and others; but there cannot be any doubt, for in the letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, of Bavaria, the second wife of Monsieur, we find the proof. The poison was not put into the chiccory water, but into the glass. Morel-Simon confessed the murder to Lewis XIV., but at the same time affirmed that Monsieur did not know anything of the crime. The plan had not been confided to him, as he was not able to keep a secret. The Duke de Lorraine returned, and though Lewis XIV. knew his crime, he forgave it, and even dined sometimes with him at his castle of Trimont, on returning from Fontainebleau!

On October the 24th, 1785, Duke Louis Philippe d'Orleans sold St. Cloud for six millions of francs to Queen Marie Antoinette.

I have already mentioned the events of the 18th and 19th Brumaire, 1797, and 18th Mai, 1804. The cabinet of Napoleon I. was spoken of abroad as the cabinet of St. Cloud, in fact it was his favourite palace.

Whenever the Emperor was at St. Cloud, the Lantern of Demosthenes—always called by the people the lantern of Diogenes—was lighted up. It stood on the highest point of the garden on a

white column, of which the original was in Athens. Monsieur de Choiseul-Gouffier had, during his stay in Turkey, caused plaster casts to be taken from it, which he sent to Paris. The model in Terra Cotta, made by the brothers Trabuchi, was exhibited in 1802, and Napoleon ordered the obelisk, which looked so picturesque from afar, as a soul for that elegant work of art.

Brilliant festivals were given in the Imperial St. Cloud, but one of the most brilliant, was that in honour of the birth of the King of Rome. Deputations from all parts of the great empire had appeared. The gentlemen wore uniforms of costly velvet, and the ladies cloaks of embroidered silk. All were assembled before the great cascade to admire a model of the palace for the King of Rome, when a thunderstorm came on, and everybody hurried towards the palace to find shelter. At this moment, the Emperor was standing in the doorway leading from the saloon to the garden conversing with the mayor of Lyons :

"Mr. Mayor," said he smilingly, "I shall secure rich profit to your manufactories."

Saying this, he placed himself right in the middle of the entrance, and as nobody dared to pass so close to him, millions worth of velvets and silks were spoiled by the rain. Even the Em-

press herself, had to stand exposed to it, and it was only after much trouble that Prince Aldobrandinis, who had given her his arm, could procure an umbrella.

Some years later, the Austrian Prince Schwartzenberg had his head-quarters in St. Cloud, and after him came grim Blucher, who lay down with his boots on the the Emperor's bed, and whose big dogs slept on the Empress's divan. So, at least, indignant French historians report, and I must say I believe them.

Then again came trundling along the fat Bourbons, these infatuated fools, who had forgotten nothing, and learnt nothing in exile. At St. Cloud, Charles X. signed the notorious ordinances which cost him his throne. What stupidity will break the neck of Henry V., "in case of," who can say?

When two years later, Louis Philippe came from Paris to St. Cloud, after the suppression of the revolt of 1832, he said self-complacently, "The republic and the counter-revolution are conquered." Sixteen years later, he had to fiacre stealthily out of Paris, with two hundred millions and his umbrella, and his sons are hovering now around the vacant throne, like moths

around a candle, until they shall have burnt their wings.

Napoleon III. did a great deal for St. Cloud, and many important actions took place in this palace during his reign; but as I am writing neither the history of Napoleon, nor even that of St. Cloud, and these things are still fresh in the memory of my readers, I will pass them over, and visit the grave of all this historical and architectural splendour.*

After the fights near Valentin and Breteuil, on September the 17th, a battalion of the Prussians, 58th Regiment of line, commanded by Captain Wernecke, pursued the utterly routed French as far as the ramparts of Fort Charenton, which at that time was still unarmed. Had the battalion been supported by the next army corps, instead of receiving an order to retreat from its advanced position, it would have entered Paris itself, and things might have taken a far different turn. The 58th Regiment, however, occupied immediately afterwards the neighbourhood of St. Cloud,

* The dates in reference to St. Cloud are taken from a history of St. Cloud, written by M. Philippe de St. Albain and Armand Dreantia, by order of Napoleon III. The book, saved from the palace by a Prussian Captain, was given to the Duke of Coburg, who lent it to M. A. Strodtmann, of whose excerpts I made use.

and the above named captain received the keys of the palace. As St. Cloud was too much exposed to the fire of Mont Valerien, the troops were withdrawn for a time from park and palace, but reoccupied there again at the end of the month, after a fight. As the far visible lantern of Demosthenes served the French for a mark to regulate their fire, it had to be blown up by the Prussians.

One afternoon, I left Versailles on foot, and going along the great road leading to St. Cloud, I soon arrived in the village of Ville d'Avray. All the houses were occupied by soldiers, and their interior had a desolate aspect. At the end of the village is the entrance to the park of St. Cloud. The iron grate was closed, and guarded by a post commanded by a corporal. On presenting my pass from the Quarter-master General the door was opened.

The road was utterly deserted. The trees at its sides had been cut down, and also at some places in the park. Following the deep-cut road, and arriving at a place where a bridge crosses it overhead, I found soldiers occupied with some fortification work, and saw that the railings of the bridge overhead had been strengthened by beams, in which loopholes were cut. From

this bridge the deep road might be raked to the right and left by infantry fire.

Further up the road, where it is crossed by the railroad, and established under the kind of tunnel thus created, I found a company of the 47th Regiment. On the left-hand side was a place reserved for the officers. The first lieutenant, commanding the company, who at first seemed to look at me with some suspicion, called out, "By G—, Podbielski!" when he saw my *laissez passer*, and became extremely polite. Hearing my wish to visit the most advanced outposts, he ordered a corporal to show me the way to the next picket, and to tell the lieutenant commanding it to give me a patrol for my protection, and show me from one post to the other.

On my way I saw soldiers busy with works for the fortifying of the position, both against a surprise and against the big "sugar-loaves" with which "Uncle Ballerjahn" favoured the park more frequently than was agreeable. The bedrooms constructed by these military architects would not please my readers, for they were not better than fox-holes, dug underground, and covered with large trunks of trees, on which was built a mud rampart, forming a solid ceiling, to resist the shells, of which the "funnels"—

that is, holes made by them on bursting—were to be seen everywhere, together with pieces of iron in the neighbourhood, large enough to kill an elephant. Here and there was an unexploded "sugar-loaf;" and splintered trees, which had been struck by some of them, gave evidence of the mischievous character of these ugly things.

The Feldwacht was near the wall of the park, along which were built a banquette of boards, to enable the soldiers to look and fire over the wall, beyond which the houses were destroyed, in order that they should not serve the enemy. I believe these houses belonged to the village of Montrefort. It is difficult to know where one of the villages ends and another commences, for there are everywhere houses and villas. Soldiers are fond of destroying, and the Prussian soldiers seemed to find pleasure in it also. An officer who had been ordered to look to the destruction of these houses near the park, told me that he heard one of his men say, "I bet that my house will burn down fastest." Made curious by these words, the officer entered, to see what the soldier had done for this purpose. In a large room he found a billiard-table; on it were placed a piano, two couches, with arm-chairs and other furniture,

and the whole was well drenched with petroleum.

The commander of the Feldwacht emerged from a hut, somewhat larger but not half as good as a decent dog's, built near the wall. He asked me whether I would go first in the direction of Garches, from where I would have a good view of Mont Valerien — of which he showed me a drawing he had made—or to the right, towards the palace. As it was already late, and Mont Valerien was less interesting to me than the palace, I decided for the latter. He ordered three smart men to load their guns, and to accompany me on my somewhat dangerous promenade. Indeed, we heard now and then the sound of shells passing through the air, and bursting somewhere in the park; but none of them was very near. Moreover, I am not very fearful, for I have been a great many times in imminent danger of life, and sometimes no one would have betted a penny on it; thousands of deadly missiles of every description have whizzed past me without doing me any other harm than making a hole in my coat. When it became known in Germany, in 1861, that I was on board of the "Great Eastern" during the tremendous storm she had to encounter in Sep-

tember, a German paper said :—"The passengers of the 'Great Eastern' need not be afraid of their lives, for C. was on board ; he has reinvented and improved the Passau art, for neither bullet nor water can hurt him."

We went to the heights on the left, commanding the palace. The trees of the park end there on the crest, and along the whole "lisière" was a rampart, behind which, carefully concealed and protected by trees, were the outposts. We went along in the ditch, and whenever I mounted on the rampart to enjoy the view of the Seine, of Boulogne and Paris, the soldiers always requested me to take off my grey hat, for fear that it might attract some chassepot bullets from red-trousered mobiles, who were concealed in the gardens underneath, and of whom I could observe several. The view from there was indeed splendid, for beyond the Seine extended the magnificent city, on a gently-rising, broad plain. I could see all the well-known, famous buildings, of which were nearest to the left the "Arc de Triomphe," and the "Hotel des Invalides," with its shining cupola.

A sentinel at the utmost corner, to the right, had made himself very comfortable. He was seated on a garden bench, behind a large tree,

keeping a sharp look-out on some red-trousered chaps who moved about before him. To our right we looked down on the palace; but my patrol did not think it advisable to go down to it directly, but to make a detour, and to approach it from behind.

On descending the hill we proceeded carefully, sometimes passing roads running or crouching down, in order not to be seen, though less afraid for ourselves, than that the grenades might do some harm further behind, or at least alarm the posts.

Going down a staircase, we came to a railed door, near which stood some buildings occupied by a picket, closing an avenue leading directly to the palace. Near the railing some one had placed a telescope. Keeping as close as possible to the left bank of the avenue, we soon stood before the ruins of the palace. Where magnificent rooms had been, were now only deep square holes, filled with rubbish, amongst which now and then glittered gilded pieces of the ceilings. As the patrol did not like my entering the interior yard, open towards Paris, I had to be satisfied with a hurried inspection of the entrance towards the park. The face of this entrance was not much destroyed, and on the steps before it stood, quite intact, to

the left, the bronze statue of a "Flora," and to the right, of a "Hercules killing the Hydra."

The cellars underneath, which I, however, did not enter, were used, not as pleasant, but as secure abodes, by the Prussian soldiers.

We returned through the park. The statues there had not suffered at all, and I noticed only a young fawn, whom some cruel grenade or ball had tumbled, with broken limbs, into a water-basin, and torn from the side of his nymph, who looked down on her old friend as if wondering at his unseasonable bath.

The presence of a civilian, and his coming from the front, attracted a number of officers, who approached with looks expressing great suspicion. My explanations did not satisfy them, and I was obliged to enter a kind of office, where I found a major, to whom I showed my firman, with which he, though reluctantly, was satisfied. This precaution was necessary, for it was said that sometimes French officers, under different disguises, entered the park during the night, to gain knowledge of the works built by the Prussians, and the position and strength of their "Feldwachen."

My patrol brought me to the tunnel, where I found the officers at supper, some of them sitting on velvet arm-chairs, which had been saved from

the burning palace. A great deal of furniture had been carried by the soldiers to the orange house, and there were to be seen rather rough looking men on couches of white-flowered silk, without taking any care of their muddy boots. They also intended, perhaps, to give some work to the manufactories of Lyons, like Napoleon I.

The officers invited me to join them, and to do me honour, two wax-candles were lighted, on which was a stamp proving that they came from the palace. The lieutenant told me he had been in the room when the first grenade fired by the French against the palace had burst there. Finding in some cupboards a great many of these candles, he had a quantity of them saved by his soldiers.

Though the supper of the officers was well enough for an outpost supper, I expected to find a more civilised one at the restaurant of my fat franc-tireur, and declined, but accepted a very welcome glass of claret, also "saved" from the Imperial cellars.

It was dark when I went back to Versailles. The long road, leading partly through a wood, was very lonely, and having been told of franc-tireurs who were sometimes concealed there, and being armed only with my cane, I was really

glad when I at last passed the gate of Versailles.

Some other excursions I shall not mention now, as I had a far better opportunity of seeing what was worth seeing around Paris.

In the middle of November the people of Versailles were very much excited. There seemed to be some secret intelligence spread amongst them, which raised great hopes, connected with the Loire army, which was said to be advancing towards Paris. A new Pucelle d'Orleans, who had appeared to save France, was spoken of. She was not in armour like that of old, and had not received from the Holy Virgin a flag or a chassepot, but was armed only with ecclesiastical arms. Wrapped up in a black cloak, she was leading les braves to battle, looking solemn and awful straight before her, praying for the salvation of France. That Orleans had been taken by the Germans was not believed, but when the Bavarians, attacked by the whole Loire army, had to leave that city, this little success was exaggerated very much. The annihilation of all Germans was now a certain thing, for the Parisians would make a sortie and crush them. Some good natured Versailles people who had become attached to individual Germans, pitied and entreated them to

escape, in one manner or other, the dreadful butchery which would certainly take place.

The able commander of the Loire army, General Aurelles de Paladines, succeeded in misleading the German general commanding against him, by a movement in the direction of Fontainebleau, making him thus believe that he intended to meet the army of Prince Frederick Charles, whilst he in fact made a flank march in the direction of Dreux, which was occupied by French irregular troops. Dreux is only about twenty miles from Versailles, and as the Prussian division near Chartres had been sent away to support the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, it was not impossible that Versailles might be attacked before Prince Frederick Charles with his army could come up.

At head-quarters they were prepared for such an event. Everything was packed up in the Prefecture, and the post of the 11th Army Corps had been partly removed. The troops had received their directions in reference to the roads to take, in case of a retreat from Versailles; and consternation was spread amongst the numerous class of the "Schlechtenbumler," namely amongst the tradesmen who had come in shoals from Germany to Versailles, to fill their pockets. The measures taken by the commander were kept

secret, but some of them did not escape the observation of Prussian civilians, who all had been soldiers, and understand the meaning of signs, which would escape other people. Speaking to my Berlin cigar-man about the state of things, he was rather alarmed, and expressed the position of the trades-people very correctly, and in good Berlinian vernacular, by exclaiming, "By God! is that so, then we are all in the 'Wurstkessel'" (sausage boiler).

This state of things passed over, however, in a few days, for Prince Frederick Charles arrived in time, and the Prussian 9th Army Corps took its position between Versailles and Dreux. In the next chapter I shall give you a short sketch of what happened before Orleans, and elsewhere in France, in order to give the reader a correct view of the situation.

The French of Versailles, who did not read papers, as there were none, and to whom it was not thought necessary to communicate the movements of the German armies, still entertained the most foolish hopes, and were even strengthened in them, by lies about successes spread purposely by secret agents of the French government.

A rumour was running through all Versailles and the neighbourhood, about something dreadful,

which would happen on the 20th of November. Nobody could exactly say what it would be, but the most general belief was, that a kind of Sicilian Vesper, or night of St. Barthelemy, would take place against the Germans. That all of them would be killed was certain. Englishmen and Americans living in Versailles, and other places in the neighbourhood, hoisted their respective flags, for fear of being murdered by mistake, and everybody saw the day approach with some little excitement. The Germans ridiculed the idea, and were more curious to see what foolish attempt would be made, than fearful, but as the rumours were so general, the troops were invited to be especially wide awake on that day.

Le café de Neptune, opposite the Hotel des Reservoirs, was much crowded on the evening of the 19th; and I was there also in company of many literary gentlemen, who teased each other with remarks referring to their expected end. Some were of the opinion that something, at least, would happen, and resolved to wait until midnight, whilst I went home. One of the company, Mr. Junk, the architect of the German legation in Paris, and then attached to the head-quarters of the Crown Prince, father of many solid and

fine buildings, and of numberless more or less absurd puns and jokes, on going reluctantly homewards, with the cowl-like hood of his câpote drawn over his head, saw a number of French Philistines, sitting silently round a table in a restaurant, as if expecting something. Always up to some fun, and also attracted by curiosity, he approached the door, which was ajar, and heard one of the guests ask, "When will the signal be given?" On this Mr. Junk knocked furiously against the door, and entering, he called out, "That is the signal!" All jumped up alarmed on seeing his grotesque figure, but he calmed them saying, "Be quiet, gentlemen, I mean that is the signal for respectable citizens to go to bed."

Never did a day pass more quietly in Versailles, than did the 20th of November. The great sortie which was expected from Paris did not take place, as was said, because the artillery was not ready, and in general, because General Trochu had not yet finished his new organisation. He had divided his whole Parisian army into three divisions, of whom one was only formed for sorties. Blanqui proposed to enrol in this division all priests, and said in reference to it, in his paper, "La Patrie en dangers:" "All churches must be converted into

corn magazines or club-houses, or serve some other revolutionary purpose. All maisons de santé must be purgées des prêtres; they must be arrested and armed; they must be led to the fire, and placed at the head of the patriots, at the most dangerous places. We reserve for them the best lot: to become martyrs; they will enter paradise, and that will be their reward. We, who do not believe in it, wish that they should die before us. They may serve the fathers of families as a shield, thus being for once good for something."

CHAPTER IX.

False news spread by the Republican Government.—Gambetta, his Fanaticism in Politics; his energy, talent, and first successes.—The New Armies.—Supplies of Arms.—General Motterouge.—Capitulation of Orleans.—Recapture of Orleans.—Blois.—Garibaldi routed.—Defeat of Loire Army.—Neubreisach.—Dijon.

I HAVE already mentioned that the government of the Republic surpassed that of Napoleon III. in impudent lies. On September 23rd credulous France was made happy by the following glorious despatch: "Versailles has been reconquered; the Prussian army is scattered; numerous parks of artillery, and 67 mitrailleuses have been taken; 6000 prisoners are lodged in Fort Valérien! and 30,000 Prussians have been killed or wounded; the whole Prussian general staff are captured." In another despatch it was said that Moltke was dead, and the Crown Prince dying; that Bismark was very anxious for peace

negociations, and that he would be happy to be permitted to go home with his army.

As all this lying had no influence with the Prussians, the government had to look out for an army to drive them away. None of its elder members felt able to create one, and all looked to Gambetta, the young lawyer, who had been made minister of the Interior, a very able and energetic man, but half crazy with republicanism, patriotism, and ambition. In his political fanaticism he did not recoil before any atrocity or crime, if only it should serve the Republic, and promise to assist in driving the Prussians out of France.

Gambetta declared himself willing to accept the place offered to him, if he were allowed plenary authority, which was readily granted, and he left Paris on October 7th, in a balloon, had the good luck to escape the bullets of the Prussians, and arrived on October 9th at Tours.

His first measure showed that he regarded himself as dictator of France, and that he really possessed the energy and the talent requisite to raise an army. By his enthusiastic proclamations, he kindled the flagging flame of patriotism in the hearts of the young men, and by representing that the honour of France was in danger, he

worked on their elders. The wealthy classes he won by frightening them with the Prussians, whom he painted as barbarians, who robbed and murdered, and threw women, children, and old men into the flames of their houses. There was nothing left but to rise *en masse*, and drive them back over the Rhine. This he represented to be not so difficult; the Prussian Landwehr, he said, were tired of the war, and refused to fight, and the Wurtembergians and Bavarians were only waiting for an opportunity to revolt. The winter was at hand, and cold and hunger would increase the difficulty of the position of the German army, and if only some successes could be obtained, the Prussians would become frightened, and humbly sue for peace. To these inducements he added, however, threats against the indifferent or cowards, ordering that the property of every able-bodied man who should evade his duty, should be confiscated.

These measures took effect, and an army was formed, if a great number of undrilled and armed people may be called an army. Gambetta calculated, however, as other enthusiasts have done before him; he over-rated the value of enthusiasm in war. Though it is a most welcome and powerful *auxiliary*, it does not replace discipline,

strategy, and tactics. Moreover, the Germans were enthusiastic also, and their enthusiasm was of a more sterling sort.

The difficulty of arming the newly raised troops was overcome with the friendly assistance of the English. The manufactories of Birmingham, Sheffield, and London, furnished immense quantities of arms and ammunition. One London house undertook to furnish 1,500,000 cartridges a week, and the Birmingham Small Arms Company furnished 300,000 Snider guns. The orders were promptly executed, for the payment was prompt and liberal.

The armies raised in consequence of Gambetta's decrees were to be employed in the following manner. Those formed in the Jura, and commanded by General Cambriel, were to destroy the corps under the conqueror of Strasburg, General von Werder, in the Vosges. The advanced guard of this army was commanded by old Garibaldi, who had arrived in Tours, October 10th, to offer his sword to the Republic.

A second army was to be formed around Lyons, and a third, each to consist of at least 80,000 men, around Orleans. These armies were to advance on Paris, to assist General Trochu in his expected sorties. A fourth army, under General

Bourbaki, was to be formed near Lille, and was intended to relieve Metz, provided that Marshal Bazaine would wait until it was ready.

As, notwithstanding all the energy of Gambetta, some time must necessarily pass before all these armies could commence operations, the young dictator was afraid that during this delay Paris might be compelled to surrender for want of provisions. To provide against this, a *ruse* was employed, which would have been very clever if it had succeeded. The negociations about an armistice, into which M. Thiers entered with Count Bismark, had no other end than, firstly, to gain time, and, secondly, to secure provisions for Paris. The armistice was to last twenty-eight days, and during this time the Prussians should permit the Parisians to bring in 34,000 oxen, 80,000 sheep, 8,000 swine, 5,000 calves, 100,000 cwts. of salt meat, 8,000,000 cwts. of hay and straw, 200,000 cwts. of flour, 30,000 lbs. of dry vegetables, and 100,000 tons of coal, and 500,000 "stères," (29 cubic feet) of wood. Bismark, who had listened to these propositions of an armistice, only because he believed that they would lead to peace, broke off at once when he became aware that they were only a rather clumsy trap, and that M. Thiers himself was duped by Gambetta and his colleagues.

The unexpected appearance of so many armies, who seemed to spring from the ground, caused the Prussians at first some embarrassment, for exaggerated reports about them arrived from all points, and it was impossible to know how much truth was in them, and to decide on the proper measures. For the moment nothing could be done but to confide in the skill of the Prussian generals commanding in the different provinces, and to hope for the speedy arrival of the army of Prince Frederick Charles.

Soon after the arrival of the German army before Paris, the 1st Bavarian corps, under General von der Tann, the 22nd Prussian division, and a cavalry division, under Prince Albrecht (brother of the King), had been detached from the army of the Crown Prince to pursue the enemy on his retreat towards the south, and to put an end to the annoyances from the bands of franc-tireurs which had been formed between Orleans and Paris.

General Motterouge, who commanded the 1st Corps of the army of the Loire, made a stand at Artenay on October 10th, but was beaten, and when retiring to an advantageous position before Orleans, he was attacked by the Germans on the 11th October. In consequence of this battle, and

that of the previous day, the French lost about 10,000 men in wounded, killed, and prisoners, and three guns. After some grenades had been thrown into Orleans the city capitulated, and General von der Tann entered on the same evening at eight o'clock.

General Motterouge retired to La Ferté, twenty miles from Orleans, on the other bank of the Loire.

The road to Tours was open now to the Germans, and the delegates of the government there were on the point of decamping, when the arrival of Gambetta, I suppose, retained them. Moreover, the German corps had no intention of going further south, though their cavalry advanced as far as Beaugency, on the road to Tours. General von der Tann established his head-quarters at Orleans, whilst the 22nd Prussian division turned towards the north-east, took Chateaudun by storm, marched on Chartres, and made an excursion against Dreux. The staff of the division remained, however, near Chartres until November 9th.

The loss of Orleans, which took place just as Gambetta arrived in Tours, produced a great sensation and indignation throughout France, and assisted the young Dictator in his work very materially. General la Motterouge lost his com-

mand, which was given to General Aurelles de Paladine.

Early in November, General von der Tann received information that the strongly reinforced army of the Loire intended to advance, viâ Coulmiers, against Orleans. In consequence of this intelligence, he marched in advance of the enemy on the evening of November the 8th, leaving, however, one regiment in Orleans.

He took up his position near Coulmiers, and on the 9th of November, early in the morning, his cavalry met the French, who, according to information obtained from prisoners, were advancing from Vendôme and Moric. This was the advanced guard of a division of the army of the Loire, under General Polkès, who with 60,000 men was marching in the direction of Le Mans, about fifty-eight miles north-west of Tours, and sixty-six or sixty-eight west of Chateaudun.

The Bavarian position was attacked by six battalions of regular troops, followed by numerous columns; seven regiments of cavalry covered the flank, and 120 guns supported the attack. Notwithstanding the overpowering number of the French, the Bavarians defended themselves bravely; four attacks on their right wing were repulsed, and only in the evening, when the French

had retired, did General von der Tann retreat in the direction of St. Péravy, to meet the 22nd division (at Toury) whom he had recalled to reinforce him.

The French did not pursue Von der Tann, but reentered Orleans on the same evening, where about 1000 sick and wounded Germans left in the hospitals, fell into their hands. The Bavarians, who had fought 25,000 against 60,000, lost but 650 dead and wounded, and an ammunition column, which had lost its way, with 80 men. The loss of the French in this battle of November the 9th, amounted to 2000 men, as stated in an intercepted report.

This was the first time in that war that German troops had to retreat before the French after a battle, and though it was the wisest thing General von der Tann could do, it made a rather unpleasant impression at Versailles, where the promptest measures were at once taken to repair the damage, done, as was thought then, in consequence of the fault of some general staff officer.

The effect which the recapture of Orleans created in France was wonderful. The excitable and sanguine French believed that the turning point in the war had arrived at last, and that nothing could resist the Loire army. Aurelles

de Paladine became the hero of the day, and Gambetta was looked upon as the saviour of France. The 17th corps, under General Kérartry, and the 18th, under Bourbaki, were united with the Loire army, by which its number was increased to more than 150,000 men.

On the 16th of November, the advanced guard of this army had arrived at Dreux, thirty miles from Paris, where preparations for great sorties were made to assist these approaching deliverers.

Things looked embarrassing for the Germans, and King William thought it necessary to place the chief of his military cabinet, Lieut.-General von Treskow, at the head of the 17th Prussian division, and to send him to Dreux. The general took that place on the 17th of November by storm, and also occupied Houdan and Châteauneuf, whilst the 22nd Division marched south-west on Digny, where the French made a good stand on November the 18th. Digny was, however, taken in the evening, after a three-times-repeated storm.

The German corps had hard work to resist the overwhelming forces opposing them, and the Prussian chiefs looked wistfully towards the east, wondering why Prince Frederick Charles did not arrive. No more troops could be detached from

the army surrounding Paris, as vigorous sorties were expected from the city every moment, and the anxiety in Versailles, as described in the previous chapter, was easily explicable.

The second army, commanded by Field-marshall Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, consisted then of three army corps, the 3rd, 9th, and 10th. His troops had suffered much before Metz, and if he had overtasked them in marching, they would not have arrived in a condition for fighting. The troops marched therefore only twenty-four kilometres a day, and required a few days of rest, included thirty-four days, having on their way several fights, especially with franc-tireurs.

On November the 10th, the Prince entered the old city of Troyes, and arrived on the 21st, at Pithiviers, north-east of Orleans, where he stopped to concentrate his army. Reconnoitring parties were sent out and had several encounters with the Loire army, who really believed they had gained victories, because the Prussians retired to their corps, after having attained the purpose of their reconnaisances.

The first considerable fight took place on the 28th of November, when the 10th Prussian Army Corps, commanded by General von Voigts-Rhetz,

was attacked in Beaune-la-Rolande by more than 50,000 men of the best troops of the Loire army. The battle lasted from 9 o'clock, a.m., until 4 o'clock, p.m., when the French had to retreat, leaving on the field 1100 dead, 5000 wounded, and 1600 prisoners, whilst the loss of the Prussians amounted to about 600 men dead and wounded.

The troops who had fought so bravely against the Loire army, until the arrival of the Prince, and who were under the command of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, were united with the 2nd Army, and occupied on December 1st the following positions: on the extreme left, near Toury, on the great road Etampes-Orleans, stood the brave 22nd Division (General von Wittich), in the centre, near Allaines, on the road Artenay-Chartres, the 17th Division (Lieut.-General von Treskoro); the 1st Bavarian Corps (General von der Tann) near Orgères, on the road from Allaines to Châteaudun; the 4th Division of Cavalry (Prince Albrecht's father) stood on the right wing, and the 2nd Division of Cavalry had to guard the Artenay road.

On December the 1st, the Bavarians received orders to extend their position to Loigni, a place a few kilometres south of Orgères. In executing

this order, they met on the 2nd the 16th corps of the French, and a sharp fight ensued, in which the Bavarians were hard pressed until the 17th Prussian division, and the cavalry under Prince Albrecht, came to their assistance. At one o'clock, the French had been thrown back to Loigni.

The 22nd Division had advanced from Toury against Baigneau and Poupry, and succeeded in barring the road to Allaines. At the same time the cavalry on the Prussian left wing defended the road to Artenay.

Towards evening, the French, reinforced by a fresh corps (the 17th), attempted a new attack, but were beaten again, and retired to Terminier.

This battle of the 2nd of December has been called that of Bazoches-les-Hautes, from a village on the right wing of the Germans, who lost from 4000 to 5000 dead and wounded. The loss of the French was also very heavy. Besides many prisoners eleven guns were taken from them.

In consequence of this battle, a junction with the army of Prince Frederick Charles was established in the following night, and the battle continued on the 3rd of December. The little town of Artenay was taken, and after a very hard fight near a wind-mill (Moulin d'Auvilliers) the

French were driven back to Chevilly, the key to the forest of Orleans and of the whole French position. This village was taken, and on the evening the border of the wood was in the hands of the Germans.

The 3rd Prussian Corps had advanced from Pethiviers, and after having taken several well-defended villages, arrived at Toury. The 9th Corps, which intended to reach Bois de César, came only so far as Crottes and Aschires, finding on their way the strongly-fortified Chateau St. Germain-le-Grand. The 10th Corps had taken Neuville-aux-Bois, and driven the French into the woods.

The rainy weather of the previous evening had changed during the night. The morning of the 4th was very cold. The whole German army resumed its advance against Orleans. The French defended themselves very well, but were driven from all their positions, and in the evening of that day the Germans had nearly encircled Orleans; only the line of retreat towards the south remained open, and the French availed themselves of it in the night to the 5th of December. On the morning of that day, at five o'clock, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg entered the city with the 9th Corps. The 3rd Corps fol-

lowed, after a slight fight. The two bridges over the Loire were occupied at once, and cavalry and parts of the 9th Corps pursued the retreating enemy on the road to Tours. The Loire army had lost, in prisoners only, above 16,000 men, besides 73 guns and 4 gun-boats.

Gambetta was furious against Aurelles de Paladine, though that General had shown more skill than any other French general engaged in the war. He had learnt from the Prussians to manœuvre great masses of troops, and if his army had been more experienced, the success of the Prussians would have been doubtful, and even as it was, it had been sharply contested. Gambetta, however, understood nothing of all that. The brave general was deposed from his command, and General Chanzy, who had commanded a corps under him, was put in his place.

After two days' rest, the corps of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg advanced on the road to Tours against Beaugency. On the evening of December 7th, the 17th Division occupied the little town of Meun; the Bavarians formed the centre, and the 22nd Division the right wing. As the French intended to bar the road to Tours, a serious battle was decided on for the 8th of December. The 17th Division was directed to

march upon Beaugency, whilst the goal of the Bavarians was Beaumont. The 22nd Division of General von Willich stood on the right wing near Cravant, whilst the cavalry division occupied the plain to the north.

The battle commenced at daybreak, and as the French were far stronger than the Prussians, the contest was very hot, but ended as usual. At the end of the day the 22nd Division was in possession of the Messas-Beaugency line, a good number of prisoners, one gun, and one mitrailleuse.

The Germans expected that the French would evacuate this position during the night; but Gambetta had reached the army, and urged his generals to the utmost exertions in order to save Tours.

I cannot enter upon the details of this battle of the 9th of December; it was more severe than that of the day before, and the losses of the French were enormous. Though the Germans felt much their inferiority in number, they had not only maintained their position, but even advanced to Villejouin, and were resolved to do their utmost, notwithstanding their need of rest, for the 10th Prussian Army Corps (General von Voigts-Rhetz) was approaching.

The 10th of December passed without serious fighting; the French did not feel disposed to attack, and the Germans waited until the 10th Corps had taken up their position.

Next day, Sunday, the German army received orders to rest; but the French displayed their masses at daybreak, and took a very strong position. The Germans, of course, had to meet them; but both parties were tired, and when the skirmishers had approached each other within two hundred paces, they halted, and did not fire. The German troops, therefore, retired to their bivouacs, and only the usual outposts remained; but their rest was of short duration, for when news came that the French were in full retreat, they had to follow them closely. The Bavarians only, who had endured more than any other troops, and suffered much, received orders to march back to Orleans.

The reader will have wondered why Prince Frederick Charles did not support the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg's army, and why he allowed them to fight for a whole week against such superior forces. The reason was, that after the battles near Orleans the French army was divided into two parts; one, under General Chanzy, went south along the right bank of the Loire, whilst

the other, under General Bourbaki, crossed that river above Orleans, at Jargeau, Sully, and Gien. Bourbaki was followed by the 3rd Corps, whilst the 9th Corps crossed the Loire at Orleans, and marched along its left bank, in order to threaten Bourbaki's line of retreat. The 10th Corps remained in Orleans until, as I have said, it received orders to reinforce the army of the Grand Duke.

As the 3rd Corps had met with no serious resistance anywhere, it was recalled from Gien, and concentrated around Beaugency, whilst the 9th Corps remained on the left bank of the Loire. The 10th Corps received orders to march on Blois, which city was occupied on December 13th, without offering any resistance, and many provisions fell into the hands of the Germans.

After the fight on the 12th of December, a part of the French army had marched west towards Vendôme and Morie. At this latter place they met the army of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, whilst the 10th Corps received orders to follow them from Blois.

In order to prevent General Chanzy's approaching Paris by a wide circuit to the west, the 9th Corps crossed from the left bank of the Loire, and the 3rd Corps marched, on December 17th,

from Beaugency against Vendôme. Chanzy did not want a battle there, and marched further west, on Le Mans. Vendôme was occupied, whilst light troops followed the retreating enemy, and took eight guns from them.

Prince Frederick Charles returned, with his head-quarters, to Orleans, on December 19th, whilst a division of the 10th Corps reached (Dec. 21st) the city of Tours, from where the delegates of the French government had retired to Bordeaux. After thirty grenades had been thrown into Tours, the ancient city hoisted the white flag, and was ready to receive a Prussian garrison; but the division had only orders to destroy the railroad bridge, and to encamp in the neighbourhood.

In all these fights the Loire army had lost at least 40,000 men in prisoners, wounded and killed, and an immense number of guns.

Whilst the army of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and that of Prince Frederick Charles were conquering the Loire army, General von Werder was operating against the army of Lyons, which was intended to cut off the connection between Alsace and Paris. The conqueror of Strasburg had only one single Army Corps (14th) at his disposal, and his task was therefore a very

difficult one, requiring not only good fighting, but also good strategy.

The army of Lyons advanced against Luneville, and 14,000 men under General Dupré, met near Epinal, on the western slope of the Vosges—on October 6th—a Badish brigade (General von Degerfeld) sent out from Strasburg. The battle lasted six hours. The Badish took three villages with the bayonet, and the French fled in disorder westward. The six Badish battalions, two companies of horse and two batteries, who took part in this fight lost 20 officers and 410 men; the loss in wounded and killed of the French was far more considerable, and besides they lost 6 officers and 600 men (mostly soldiers of the line) prisoners.

After this fight General von Werder advanced with his whole corps in a south-western direction, and established his connection with Luneville, which is about twenty-eight miles north of Epinal, thus securing the German *etap*-road against surprise.

After having had many encounters, General von Werder met two divisions of the newly formed French Army of the East, under General Cambriel, on October 22nd, near the Oignon river; drove them out of the village of Auxon-Dessus

and compelled them to retire towards Besançon thus abandoning the Ognon line, the last of the easily tenable positions on the road to Besançon.

Near Gray the Germans met, on October 27, the French under General Michel, commanding in the place of General Cambriel, and drove him out of his excellent position, after a fight of four hours.

The report had, however, been spread by the French government, that the Germans had been defeated at Gray, and the position of the latter became rather dangerous, for the inhabitants surprised single men and patrols, and though many peasants, caught with arms in their hands, were executed, it was of little avail. The provision columns of the army were frequently surprised, and the troops had to live only on requisitions, which still further enraged the inhabitants.

For these reasons, probably, General von Werder received the order not to advance further, but to retire towards Vesoul. When he received this order he was, however, informed by his reconnoitring parties that Dijon was not occupied by French troops.

Dijon is a city of 40,000 inhabitants. It was once the capital of the old Duchy of Burgundy,

and is now the capital of the department of Côte d'Or. It is situated at the confluence of the rivers Ouche and Suzon, and at the junction of the railroads from Paris to Geneva, and Paris to Lyons, and is, therefore, an important place in many respects. General von Werder could not let such a favourable opportunity of taking this city slip, and he sent thither Lieutenant-General von Beyer with two brigades, (on the morning of October 30th) whilst he, according to higher instructions, went to Gray.

The two brigades, known as Prince William of Baden's, and General Keller's, started in heavy rain, and the latter had to make a march of nearly twenty-five miles. At half-past ten, a.m., reports came in, that French troops were in view. The advanced guard repulsed them without difficulty, and it was believed that they were mostly franc-tireurs.

There is a village near Dijon, St. Apolinaire, situated on a high hill, which perfectly commands the city. This hill was occupied by troops the republican mayor of Dijon had fetched, and who had arrived per railroad in the night. After a sharp fight of two hours, the half of that hill, and the first houses of the village were taken by Prince William's brigade, whilst the Keller brigade

had advanced against the left wing of the French. German artillery was directed against both wings, and the French were compelled to retire to Dijon, after a fight of three hours and a half. Batteries took their position on the hill, and fired into the city. Meanwhile the Keller brigade tried to take it from the eastern side, where the suburbs of St. Nicholas, and St. Pierre, and many large hamlets are. The stone walls surrounding all yards and orchards, and the remainder of former fortifications, water ditches, &c., made this attack very difficult, and each house had to be taken separately. Even from those from which the Geneva flag floated shots were fired. As General von Beyer was instructed not to risk too much, he gave the Keller brigade orders not to advance further, but to retire whilst the artillery fired more vigorously against the city. The fight in the streets lasted, however, until dark. The city was fired in seven places, and General Beyer ordered the firing of the artillery to stop at seven o'clock. At nine o'clock, p.m., the white flag was hoisted, and the French troops left Dijon under the protection of the night.

The German troops entered the city at ten o'clock, a.m., next day (October 31). The citizens showed themselves very reasonable, and the capitu-

lation granted to the city was very mild. The Germans had lost 32 dead, and 213 wounded ;* the French had 160 dead, 300 wounded, and amongst the killed was their commander, Colonel Fauconay, who was buried by the Germans with all military honours.

I mentioned before that Garibaldi had offered his sword to the French Republic. His legion, about 500 to 600 men, had already left Marseilles for Tours, September 26th ; Garibaldi himself arrived October 9th in Tours, and Gambetta made him chief of all franc-tireurs in the Vosges. Garibaldi arrived on October 14th in Belfort and Besançon, where General Cambriel, who commanded there, was little pleased with his arrival, and the power given to him. The natural consequences were jealousy and quarrels, which are, however, never wanting in democratic camps.

On October 18th Garibaldi went from Besançon to Dole, to organise his army of the Vosges. He formed three brigades, under the command of General Bosak, and the Colonels Marin and Menotti Garibaldi.

The original intention of these irregular troops was to go through the South Vosges or Upper

* According to another statement, their loss amounted to 245 dead, and 318 wounded.

Alsace ; to cross the Rhine, and to invade Baden, thus operating in the rear of the German army, for the French imagined that Germany had been left utterly defenceless, believing that all her able-bodied men had been sent to France. But Garibaldi had not even an opportunity of becoming aware of this error, the road to the Rhine was too well guarded.

After the capture of Strasburg, the southern part of Alsace remained still in the possession of the French, who occupied the fortresses of Schlettstatt and Neubreisach. These, as also the fortress of Belfort, had therefore to be taken. For this purpose the 4th reserve division, under General von Schmeling, marched out from Freiburg in Baden, crossed the Rhine near Neuenburg (1st and 2nd October), which is about twenty miles below Basel, and passing Muhlhausen, appeared before Neubreisach. As this fortress refused to surrender, it was blockaded on October 8th, and General von Schmeling marched against Schlettstatt, occupying on his way the city of Colmar. Count de Reinach answered, when he was asked under what conditions he would surrender, "Mes conditions seront les canons." General von Schmeling had therefore to besiege Schlettstatt in regular form, and on October 23rd a most

furious and effective bombardment from 32 siege guns commenced. Next morning only two or three guns in the fortress were left serviceable, and as the garrison became very unruly, and the citizens clamorous, Count Reinach had to surrender.

From Schlettstatt General von Schmeling marched against Neubreisach (Neuf-Brisach), a strong fortress, built in 1699 by Vauban, and occupied now by 5000 French. The Prussian general commenced his attack against an advanced fort, Mortier, close to the Rhine, which he forced to capitulate on November 7th. In consequence of this, the fortress of Neubreisach also capitulated on the 10th.

Whilst General von Schmeling commenced the siege of Neubreisach, the 1st reserve division, under Lieut.-General von Treskow (not to be confounded with the chief of the King's military cabinet of the same name), marched against Belfort. This new and extremely strong fortress is commanded by a citadel, built on a nearly perpendicular rock, and besides protected by the forts of la Motte and de la Justin, and the strong bastions des Barres, and des Haut Perches. The town has only 8,500 inhabitants, and is situated in the department of Doubs. Its siege was a very serious task, and as it lasted beyond the

period with which I am now occupied, I shall speak of it later.

About fourteen miles south of Belfort is Montbeliard (Mompelgard), a place which formerly belonged to the dukes of Wurtemburg, and which, with its well fortified and armed castle, commanded the railroad from Belfort to Besançon, as also the Rhine-Rhone canal. This rather important point was occupied on the 9th of November without resistance, and the castle still better fortified. Delle, a place hard on the Swiss frontier, was also taken, and the line occupied by General Werder's corps ran from Belfort over Montbeliard, Vesoul, and Gray, to Dijon. Belfort was thus utterly cut off from the south of France, and reduced to its own resources.

A look at the map will show that Garibaldi, in order to fulfil his mission in Baden, would have to cut his way right through the corps of General Werder, and as he was by no means strong enough to attempt it, he marched off westward to Autun. Not far from this place, in Chatillon-sur-Seine, were quartered three companies of Prussian Landwehr, and one of hussars. When Ricciotti Garibaldi heard that only such a small number of troops were in Chatillon, he resolved to surprise them. Early in the morning of

November 17th, he overpowered the outposts, and entered the town from two sides under the cry of "Garibaldi!" The inhabitants of Chatillon had pointed out the houses where soldiers or officers were quartered, and these were therefore at once surrounded, and many of the soldiers and officers killed in their bedrooms, some after a furious defence, as for instance the officers in the Hotel de Côte d'Or, where Major von Alvensleben was killed by four sabre cuts in his breast. It was a great butchery, and no battle. The Prussians left the town at 9 o'clock, a.m., but returned with 500 men, whom hussars had met by chance on their march to join the 10th Corps. On the news that Ricciotti was advancing with 10,000 men, they retreated, however, towards Chaumont, and met on their way General Kraatz-Kaschlau, with a more considerable force. He marched at once against Chatillon, which was severely punished for the behaviour of its inhabitants.

This fortunate, but not even glorious success, encouraged Garibaldi to attempt an attack on Dijon with 10,000 men, some artillery, and about 80 horses. On November 25th the fusiliers of the 3rd regiment of the Badish division, who held the outposts, were attacked, and retired after a sharp fight. They joined the Unger battalion,

which came to their assistance, and took position in advance of the village of Talant. The Garibaldians were permitted to advance within forty paces, when they received a tremendous fire. Many were killed; the rest fled; the battalion followed, but returned soon to their former position. The Garibaldians attacked again, singing the Marseillaise and the Garibaldi song, but with the same ill-success. At a third attack both parties came to close quarters, but the result was that hundreds of Italians, French, Poles, Spaniards, &c., were killed, and that the rest escaped under the protection of night.

On November 27th General Werder followed Garibaldi with three brigades, and came up with his rear guard near the village of Pasques. Driven from thence by artillery, the Garibaldians retired to a wood, but a battalion followed and routed them. They lost 400 men, amongst them two women in soldiers' dress. The Germans lost 60 dead and wounded.

General Werder returned the same evening to Dijon, where the inhabitants, seduced by lying reports of a Garibaldian victory, had committed great disorders; they had plundered provision carts, maltreated employés, and fired on a soldier, &c. About 200 persons were put into prison,

and twenty of the most wealthy citizens were sent hostages to Germany.

General von Werder sent a brigade (Keller's) against Autun, to attack the Garibaldians there. The brigade arrived on December 1st, in the afternoon, and the town was bombarded, but the approach of several French battalions from Chalons-sur-Saone, and a peremptory order arriving at 11 o'clock, p.m., compelled the brigade to commence their retreat the same night.

On the morning of December 3rd, at 8 o'clock, they were near the little town of Vandenesse. On the other side of this town is a steep hill, and on its wooded crest Chateauneuf. On this height stood the French general, Cremer, with mobilised national guards, and a battery, which sent its grenades into Vandenesse and the brigade. The whole wood was alive with French infantry, and their chassepots raked the road and vicinity. The brigade would have been lost, if they had not decided on attacking that hill. One battalion (the 1st of the 5th regiment) supported by artillery, advanced. When they had ascended the hill, and were within 200 paces of the enemy, they rushed upon them with cheers. The Garibaldians threw away their guns and knapsacks, and ran as fast as they could, and their officers

had the utmost trouble to bring them to a stand. The fight lasted seven hours, and after that time the French had enough of it, and did not think of further opposing the march of the brigade, who arrived at Fleury the same evening, and on the 4th of December at Dijon. Their loss amounted to 6 officers and 153 dead, wounded, and missing.

Though this meagre sketch of the great deeds done by the matchless armies of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Prince Frederick Charles, and General von Werder, in the months of October and November, gives only a faint idea of the enormous obstacles and hardships they had to encounter, it will enable the reader to understand the reason of the feverish hopes of the French, and to estimate the great difficulties with which the German armies had to contend in this war.

We, at Versailles, knew very little about the movements of these armies, for though the head-quarters were well informed, they kept their news extremely close. The direct connection between Versailles, and Orleans, and the Vosges, was very imperfect, and persons who attempted to travel there encountered many dangers, not a few being captured and even killed by franc-tireurs.

Our expectation of seeing something extraor-

dinary on November the 20th, was not fulfilled, but news received from Paris made us believe that the great sortie, announced by Trochu long ago, would soon take place, for the sovereign people grew very clamorous, when the news of the advance of the Loire army became known in Paris.

In the French council of war, the 27th of November was fixed for the commencement of the operations of the different armies. Amiens and Dijon were attacked at that time, probably in order to occupy the armies of General von Manteuffel, (who commanded in the north) and Werder, and to prevent them from interfering with the plans of the Loire army, which was to advance against Pithiviers, whilst Trochu made a sortie to join it.

This plan was not bad, for had the Loire army been victorious in the battle of Beaune-la-Rolande (28th of November), it might have easily reached Fontainebleau on the 29th, and Melun on the 30th, and a union with the Paris army might have taken place. With these combined forces, the French might very well have ventured to attack the besieging army. To attack their main force at Versailles would have been injudicious; a better success was to be hoped from an attack

on the south-eastern front, which was defended by the army of the Crown Prince of Saxony, and this plan seemed also preferable, because support might be expected from the north army, if it—as was supposed—would be victorious against General Manteuffel.

There were, however, other strategical reasons which caused General Trochu not to decide on a sortie on the left bank of the Seine. Though this would have been the most direct way to reach the Loire army, he might expect great masses of troops to oppose him and endanger his success.

Advancing, however, on the right bank of the river, he might hope to get possession of the bridges near Villeneuve, St. Georges, and Corbeil, by which it would have become very difficult to reinforce the German troops between Seine and Marne from Versailles. Those German troops stationed in the corner formed by the Marne, might also have been isolated by the destruction of the bridges near Gournay, and thus the flanks of the Parisian army be secured against an attack for at least twenty-four hours, which delay would have been of the utmost importance.

Before speaking of the sortie of General Trochu, I beg the reader to look at the map, in order that

he may understand my sketch of the battle ground.

From Noisy le Grand, on the Marne, a ridge extends over Villiers, Cocuilly, Chennevières, Sucy, and Boissy, to Villeneuve St. Georges on the Seine. The slopes of this ridge are sometimes steep where they fall off towards the low ground in which the Marne enters the Seine; sometimes they form terraces rising immediately from the Marne, for instance, at Noisy and Chennevières; and in the peninsula between Cocuilly and Joinville, the slopes fall off gently towards Champigny and Le Plant.

The connection of this ridge is frequently interrupted, and tactical important sections are formed, for instance, by a brook coming from Lalande, and entering the Marne between Joinville and Champigny, after having passed Le Plant. A second such section is formed by the valley of the Morbras brook, which coming from La Queue, opens towards the Marne valley between Chennevières and Bonneuil. A third section is formed by an isolated hill rising from the flat ground between Seine and Marne. It is much cleft by gypsum quarries, and though not even high, Mont Mesly commands the ground towards Fort Charenton.

The ground on the right bank of the Marne is not so complicated. The steep bank runs from the junction with the Seine past Charenton and St. Mans to Nogent sur Marne, where it joins the heights on the eastern side of Paris, on which are built the Forts of Nogent and Rosny. Still more east, in advance of Fort Rosny, is Mount Avron, a hill with steep slopes, which commands the ground towards Chelles, Gournay, and Neuilly sur Marne. The peninsula of St. Mans or La Varenne becomes flat towards its end. From Chennevieres and the higher part of Champigny, on the other bank of the Marne, it is entirely to be overlooked.

I remember, long before this great sortie, it was said in military circles, that it would take place in the direction of Villeneuve St. Georges, and that Prince Frederick Charles, on his arrival, had left a division there to be prepared for that emergency. The French had placed batteries on the Peninsula of Varennes, which could have no other meaning than to serve against Mont Mesley and Champigny; and other batteries on Mont Avron seemed to indicate intentions against the bridge at Gournay. Similar works had been built near Créteil, and on both sides of the Seine. Three gunboats on the Seine were also ready.

All dispositions were therefore made beforehand on the side of the Germans.

As the Wurtembergian division, who stood in the first line, occupied an extent of good seven miles, it was not strong enough, and the Crown Prince of Saxony had ordered the 2nd Division of the 12th Army Corps (Saxons), from the right bank of the Marne to the left; but when the sortie took place only one brigade had arrived. Villeneuve St. Georges was occupied by a brigade of the 2nd Army Corps (Pomeranians). For the defence of the whole section between Marne and Seine, one Saxon, 3 Wurtembergian, and one Prussian brigade, together 26,000 men, were ready.

The force which Trochu employed for his sortie amounted to 80,000 men; but this great force would have been of avail only if he was able to deploy, which could only be done, if the heights occupied by the Germans were taken. But to win them,—that was the difficulty.

In the night, from the 29th to 30th of November, the fire from the forts of the south and south-west front was very lively, and became still more so towards dawn. Under the protection of the forts and redoubts, bridges had been laid near Charenton, St. Maur, Brie, and Neuilly. At

dawn it could be seen from Mont Mesley, and other posts of observation, that long columns of French were moving towards the Marne. At seven o'clock, a.m., considerable masses of troops were near Créteil, and east of Joinville, near Poulangis, and in the dells between the heights of Rosny and Mont Avron. The different brigades were to be distinguished, and it was noticed that they had with them many batteries and cavalry.

As soon as the advance of the French was signalled, the German troops marched to the places designated for them long before.

At the extreme left wing on the bank of the Seine, opposite Choisy le Roi, and on Mont Mesley, stood the 3rd Wurtembergian brigade, under General Count Schéler. Its reserves stood near Valenton and Brevannes, in advance of Boissy St. Leger. The central position of the Wurtembergians was occupied by the 2nd Brigade (General von Starkloff), its advanced troops standing near Bonneuil, the main body at Ivry. On the right wing of the Wurtembergians, forming the centre of the whole position, stood the 1st Brigade (General von Reizenstein), occupying Chennevières, Cocuilly and Villiers.

The right wing of the whole front, from Champigny over Brie unto Noisy le Grand, had been

occupied since the early morning of the 30th, by the 48th Brigade (Colonel von Abendroth), Saxons. This position had been held for ten weeks by the Wurtembergians, who knew every inch of the ground, whilst the newly arrived Saxons were not acquainted with it, which was a great disadvantage, especially as the country there about is intricate. This dislocation would not have been made if it could have been known that the sortie would take place on that day, and the circumstance was advantageous for the French. The other Saxon brigade, the 47th, which was intended to serve as a reserve on the right wing, had remained on the other side of the Marne, because Prince George of Saxony, who commanded the 12th corps, apprehended an attack against his own front. The brigade of the 2nd Prussian corps, under General der Trossel, at Villeneuve St. Georges, served as a reserve for the whole position.

The battle of the 30th of November, on the south-east front of Paris, must be divided into three different fights, taking, however, place at one and the same time. We will commence with that on the left wing near Mont Mesley.

The French attacked Mont Mesley with six battalions formed in two columns. The attack

was supported by the artillery of the forts and redoubts, and the Seine gun boats. The Wurtembergian outposts, consisting of two companies, retired to their main corps after having defended the quarries for a long time. The French placed a battery on the hill, took the village of Mesley, and advanced from thence in three directions. One column marched directly on Villeneuve St. Georges, a second on Valenton, and a third tried for Bonneuil.

By doing so they came into range of the German position. Three batteries placed by the latter in advance of Valenton and Brevannes very soon stopped the advance, and silenced even the battery on Mont Mesley. The French could not even reach the skirts of Bonneuil.

Now the main body of the Wurtembergians, after having been joined by the retired outposts, advanced against Mont Mesley, took it by storm, placed a battery on its top, and threw grenades into the retiring French.

Whilst the hill was stormed, the village of Mesley was also attacked and taken. Two battalions of the Pomeranians had advanced from Villeneuve St. Georges on the left wing, and chased the French before them. After a fight of four hours (at ten o'clock, p.m.) the French were so well

beaten there, that they could not attempt another attack. The Germans occupied their original position. They had lost there 379 dead and wounded; those of the French could not be ascertained, but they lost 250 prisoners, amongst whom were 13 officers.

The fights near Champigny and Villiers, in the centre of the position, were of longer duration, and not so fortunate. The Saxons, who had relieved the Wurtembergians only in the morning in Champigny, Le Plant, and Brie, had not yet properly occupied these places, of which the locality was still strange to them. When the outposts saw that overpowering masses of troops were forming near Poulangis and Le Tremblay, and a heavy fire was opened from the Fort Nogent, and the Redoubt Faisandrie, they retired to their main corps, and thus the French were enabled to occupy the undefended villages, Champigny and Brie, and to place a considerable number of batteries on the heights, which opened fire against the principal position of Cocuilly-Villiers. It was about ten o'clock, a.m., dense columns of French moved along the road from Champigny to Chennevières, and in the direction of the railroad. The Saxon advanced troops were compelled to fall back to the main corps.

The Wurtembergian batteries, though not equal in strength to those of the French, acted with such energy and precision, that the French were brought to a halt at about twelve o'clock, when an advance of the whole German infantry was ordered. The French retired (not even in good order), behind their batteries. The infantry fight was at an end here, but that with artillery continued, and with the more energy on the part of the Germans, as after the recapture of Mont Mesley, one battery from there arrived. Towards evening, when the French had been reinforced from beyond the Marne, they attacked again, but the Germans went to meet them before even reinforcements had arrived, and repulsed them. The villages of Champigny and Brie, and the ground between, remained in the possession of the French, which was, however, the only success of which they could boast on that day. The losses of the Germans amounted to 800 men. The French lost 300 prisoners. This fight was commanded by General Ducrot.

Brie was only occupied by a Saxon picket, commanded by a corporal, who retired to his brigade (48th) behind Noisy le Grand. When masses of French foot were forming in front of Rosny, and the fire from Mont Avron was chiefly

directed against Chelles and Gourney, it was believed that an attack against the bridge there was intended, the Saxon troops of the left bank approached that important place. But when the French advanced from Brie against Villiers, and especially with a superior force of artillery, the Saxons advanced north of Villiers. A battery on a hill between Noisy and Villiers, and this timely advance of the Saxons, which coincided with the general advance of the centre, forced the French to retreat when they were about taking the last heights of Villiers. The artillery on this wing was strengthened, and at four o'clock, p.m., the Germans had there 42 guns to meet a renewed attack of the French, which also failed. The losses of the Germans on the right wing were considerable, and amounted to about 1000 men, and 30 officers, but they took several hundreds of prisoners.

Notwithstanding their overpowering number, the French had not succeeded in piercing the thin line of the besieging army. They did not renew the attack on December 1st, but were very busily occupied in fortifying Champigny and Brie. The Germans remained in their positions, but the whole 2nd Army Corps reinforced them, and its commander, General von Fransecki, took

the command of all the troops between Marne and Seine. It would have been well if he had had it the day before, for the loss of Champigny and Brie was not the fault of the Saxon soldiers, but of the Saxon Princes; that was at least the general opinion in Versailles.

To mislead the Germans, and make them doubtful at what point the Parisians intended to pierce through their lines, several sorties were undertaken at the same time, in other directions. The most important was against l'Hay, but none of them had any success.

Though Champigny and Brie were not exactly necessary for the Germans, they had been occupied by them more than two months, and it would not do to leave them in the possession of the French. In the night from the 1st to the 2nd of December, the Saxons received orders to retake Brie, and the Wurtembergians Champigny.

The French probably did not expect that, for when they were attacked at seven o'clock, a.m., they seemed greatly surprised, and though all the houses were crammed with soldiers, and barricades were erected in the streets, half of the long villages was taken, and many prisoners were made.

The French recovered, however, from their surprise. The Wurtembergians, though they had

enormous losses, remained in possession of their half of Champigny, but the Saxons had to give up Brie about noon, after having spent all their ammunition. The whole fight, as probably anticipated by the Germans, had assumed another character. May be that the French had intended a renewal of the fight themselves, and that the Germans were beforehand with them, or that they were fearful the latter might attempt to attack Paris itself: they hurried an immense number of troops to the spot, and tried again to win the heights of Villiers and Cocuilly. Things went, however, as they did on the 30th. The French reached the first ridge, but coming within the range of the German batteries, and being attacked then by infantry, they retired to their old position. They attempted such attacks several times until three o'clock, p.m., when they gave it up. They remained, however, in the possession of Brie and their half of Champigny. The German field-batteries would not advance further, as they would have been exposed to the fire of the heavy guns from the forts, and also because the steep slopes of the river hills permitted no effective firing. Notwithstanding this, the French thought it wiser to give up the villages within the next few days, when the Germans resumed their former positions.

The losses of the Germans on December 2nd, were, however, enormous. The Saxons lost 55 officers, and 1,100 men; the Wurtembergians—and only one of their three brigades had taken part in the fight—24 officers, and 823 men. The Pomeranian Army Corps acted merely as reserve, but when the French took the offensive, the du Trossel brigade, and the 2nd brigade of the Hartmann division advanced to the front. About one o'clock the Wurtembergians in the first line in Champigny were relieved by one battalion of Pomeranian Jagers, and the 7th Wurtemberg regiment, by the 49th Prussian, but only towards evening. On that day 1,200 French prisoners were made.

The hopes of the Parisians, based on the North Army, failed also. I will not enter into details, and it may suffice to say, that parts of that army were beaten in several fights in the latter half of November, and that the attack against Amiens on the 27th, became a great defeat instead of a victory. The French fled in disorder towards the north, and General von Goeben occupied Amiens on the 28th. The losses of the Prussians were, however, also very considerable, for they had 1,300 men dead and wounded, including 74 commissioned officers.

General Moltke wrote, on the 5th of December, a letter to General Trochu, informing him of the defeat of the Loire Army, and the recapture of Orleans, offering him at the same time a safe conduct for an officer who might wish to convince himself of the truth of this intelligence. The French general simply acknowledged the receipt of the letter, and declined the offer. This letter was written without the knowledge of Count Bismark, though certainly not without that of the King, and I believe that the Chancellor resented this interference with his diplomatic functions, and felt some satisfaction at the cool answer given by Trochu.

The fact is, the Parisians, used to the lies of their own government—imperial and republican—believed that the Prussian government used the same means, and had organised a whole system of lies to induce them to surrender. They were, moreover, inexhaustible in hopes, all based on their exaggerated notion of French superiority.

The whole German army was dissatisfied with the forbearance of the King in regard to Paris, and ascribed the delay of the bombardment to the influence of Count Bismark and his *diplomats*, whilst the Count, in fact, was as much dissatisfied

as the soldiers, and had no particularly friendly feelings towards those persons, who persuaded the good-natured King to spare beautiful Paris. Though the soldiers wished for the bombardment, they were too reasonable to make any demonstrations, and meanwhile comforted themselves with reports in reference to it. It was said that it would commence in the middle of December; that now sufficient ammunition was on the spot to throw daily, for ten continuous days, 66,000 shells into the city. That would not have been too much, for the capture of Strasburg required 193,722 shots in thirty-one days; about four-and half in each minute!

Life at Versailles became overpoweringly tiresome, and I resolved to follow the example of many others, and to leave it, intending to return when the bombardment of Paris should have commenced. Moreover, the death of a relative made my presence in Frankfort necessary. It was, however, not so easy to reach Lagny, the next railroad station, for the prices asked for the most humble vehicle were extravagant. This difficulty was still increased by the arrival of the deputation of the German Reichstag to offer the Imperial Crown of Germany to King William.

The King was to receive this deputation in the

Prefecture, on Sunday, at two o'clock, p.m. Many officers and German employés, and a whole host of "specials" from every part of the world, were assembled outside to see the arrival of the deputation. Only a small number of French were attracted by curiosity. No military precautions whatever were taken, and not even the guard or the number of pickets were increased; nor was the ceremony encumbered by military pomp. The simplicity evinced on this occasion seemed to be somewhat out of place, and the procession of the senators made a shabby, ludicrous impression. They drove up in vehicles of the most humble appearance, and two of the carriages were ordinary post-pack waggons, as they had been in use in Prussia in the first half of this century. All were drawn by miserable post-horses, and only that of President Simson had four.

The whole important affair of conferring the Imperial Crown of all Germany on the King of Prussia, created little interest amongst the Germans in Versailles, or amongst the troops around Paris. I was astonished at this indifference, which was even mixed with some slight touch of derision. Everybody would have been better pleased if this act had been delayed until after peace, or at least until Paris was taken. I be-

lieve that it was intended to defer it, but the initiative, taken by the romantic King of Bavaria, hastened this step. The much-desired union of Germany was in danger, for the Bavarian chambers raised serious difficulties, and the young King, who in general showed himself very patriotic, might have become restive if his whim was not satisfied. He is a very whimsical young gentleman, full of queer and extravagant fancies. Though he has plenty of fine parks and gardens, he wanted to have in addition hanging gardens, like those of Semiramis, and probably surpassing them. There has been a park laid out on the top of his palace, with an artificial moon, and an artificial lake six feet deep, which casts up waves by means of mechanism. The royal toy cost several millions. This young King is rather shy, and that during the whole war he did not once visit his brave army in France, is owing more to this shyness than to his indifference, or even to his disinclination to appear, as it were, in the cortège of the King of Prussia.

Pride, however, seems to have caused him to offer the King the Imperial Crown, "for a King of Bavaria, a Wittelsbacher, could not do homage to a King of Prussia, a Hohenzollern;" if he were elected Emperor, it was a different thing. It is

said that neither the King of Prussia nor his Premier were much pleased with this haste ; but, after all, I think they were perfectly right to accept and act upon the fancy of the Bavarian King, for there is great virtue in *faits accomplis.*

In order to get a conveyance to Lagny, I had to conquer my disinclination to ask favours. I went to the Director-General of the field-posts, requesting his permission to travel with the mails. That amiable gentleman at once complied with my request, which was indeed a great favour, as there was only one place in the carriage, and many persons were desirous of getting it.

I started from Versailles with the deputation of the Reichstag, who were returning home. To protect them against any possible surprises by franc-tireurs, they were escorted by a detachment of cavalry.

The roads about Versailles were in a horrid state, though whole regiments were constantly employed in mending them. This was no wonder, for numberless heavily-loaded trains of all kinds had passed over them, and especially ruinous for them were the ammunition trains, and the enormously heavy siege guns. It was indeed no joke to meet such a train on one of the narrow bye-roads. Sometimes it seemed utterly im-

possible to pass them, and I greatly admired the skill of the postilion, and the strength of the carriage.

I met on my journey a troop of Prussian mariners, on their way to Orleans to take care of the conquered gun-boats. They were all very seamanlike-looking, stalwart fellows, who made a favourable impression. I also saw, on their way to Paris, a number of guns, constructed to shoot down balloons. The gun-barrel rests on a pole, like a telescope, and can be moved in all directions. I do not know whether they did much service.

The water in the Seine was very high, and the trestle-bridge at Villeneuve St. Georges, over which we drove, was nearly level with the surface of the water. A bridge lower down had been torn away. The Marne at Lagny was also very high, and it was impossible to pass the half-destroyed iron bridge there.

Right before the railroad station at Lagny a stoppage in the road occurred, which separated my carriage from those of the members of the Reichstag, and the extra train which conveyed them to Nancy had just started when we reached the station.

The deputation remained, however, at Epernay, and, by starting next morning with the first

train, I met the gentlemen at Nancy, where I had a short conversation with President Simson, who seemed to be in the best of humours, and who made many speeches at different stations, where people crowded to do honour to the deputation.

On arriving at Frankfort, I found the River Main swelled so much that the water reached to the Romerberg, a thing which had not happened in winter for centuries.

CHAPTER X.

Detention at Frankfort.—General Sketch of the War.—Prince Frederick Charles.—Occupation of Blois.—Taking of Vendome.—General Bourbaki.—The end of the Army of the Loire.—The Army of the North.—General Faidherbe.—The Armistice.—A dangerous Bridge.—Villeneuve le Roi.

I WAS detained at Frankfort for longer than I expected, and remained there until the first week of February, 1871. During that very severe winter the war both in the north and south of France, and before Paris, was carried on with the greatest energy. I beg to remind the reader that I do not write the history of this glorious war, and as I have already been much more prolix than I originally intended, carried away by my interest in the gigantic struggle, I must hurry to the end. For completeness sake, however, I will give a rapid sketch of the events which took place in France during my absence, and which

led at last to an armistice and peace, before resuming my personal observations.

We have seen how the army of Prince Frederick Charles moved in the direction of Tours, and compelled the delegates of the government there to fly to Bordeaux. Blois was occupied on the 13th of December by the Germans. General Chanzy, who had now the command of the Loire army, in the place of the unjustly disgraced Aurelles, moved towards Vendôme, to approach Paris. In consequence of this, Prince Frederick Charles left his position against Bourbaki, and turned against Chanzy, who was compelled to march on Le Mans. After many fights the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg took Vendôme on December 15th; Frederick Charles occupied Tours, and both armies tried to surround the army of Chanzy, and to annihilate it.

In order to prevent the union of these two armies for that purpose, General Bourbaki made several attacks, which were only feints. His real intention was to turn unexpectedly with his whole army towards the East, to annihilate the German army in Burgundy, to rescue Belfort, and to cut off the communication of the German armies with Germany, by an attack against Nancy. If this plan should be discovered, he

hoped at least to induce Prince Frederick Charles to turn also to the East, by which movement Chanzy would become relieved, and enabled to approach Paris.

The German chiefs did not fall into this trap, however. They only reinforced the army in Burgundy by disposable troops, and the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg and Prince Frederick Charles continued their operations. Always fighting their way, both advanced on Mans, and on January 7th the former was near La Chartre, on the Loire, the latter near Nogent le Rotrou, both about twenty-six miles from Le Mans, which both armies attacked and took on January 12th. Chanzy's army was not only thoroughly beaten, but dispersed. Not less than 16,000 prisoners were made, immense provisions captured, and 12 guns taken. This was the end of the Loire army. Let us see now what was the fate of the North army.

In consequence of the capture of Amiens on November 27th, 1870, General Bourbaki gave the command of the North army into the hands of General Faidherbe, and took a command in the army of the Loire. General von Manteuffel turned now before Rouen, which he occupied on the 5th December, and on the 9th December took

Dieppe; but meanwhile General Faidherbe had retaken St. Quentin, and surprised German troops near Ham (3rd December), and General Manteuffel was compelled to return to his former position. On 23rd December, however, he attacked Faidherbe, and though the French counted 60,000 men, they were compelled to retire towards Arras and the Belgian frontier.

Faidherbe tried from there, on January 2nd and 3rd, a fresh attack, but had again to fall back to Arras. At this time General Manteuffel received orders to take the command of the army in Burgundy, and his command was given to General von Goeben. When Faidherbe again advanced on January 12th, General von Goeben beat him in the seven hours' decisive battle at St. Quentin on January 19th. The scattered remnant of the French North army assembled at Lille, but their reorganisation had not been accomplished yet, when the armistice made an end to the operations.

One Prussian division had remained near Rouen to watch the movements of General Loysel, who had collected troops near Havre. This Prussian division crossed the Seine on December 21, beat the opposing troops, some of whom retired to the château Robert le Diable, advanced against

Havre, and defeated General Loysel at St. Romain on January 25th. The armistice saved Havre.

We left General Werder's corps before Belfort, the bombardment of which commenced on December 3rd. On December 16th General von der Goltz repelled a French corps into the Langres fortress, while on the same day General von Treskow took several villages occupied by the garrison of Belfort, by storm. General Cremer had meanwhile assembled an army of 20,000 men in Lyons; with them he attacked (December 18th), the Badish division at Nuits, but had to retire without success. General von der Goltz, however, surprised the French in their camp near Langres, and routed them, on December 20th.

Towards the end of the year General von Werder was somewhat startled by the news of an advance of General Bourbaki, with an army much superior to his in number. He had to evacuate Dijon on December 27th, and retired to Vesoul, where he took up his position, in order to protect the siege army before Belfort.

General Moltke was, however, watching at Versailles. The 2nd Army Corps received orders to send the 13th division (from Metz), and the 14th (from Montmedy), to Alsace, to assist

General Werder. This general had until then commanded the whole army in Burgundy and Alsace, but when it was reinforced by two divisions, General von Manteuffel was ordered to take the command.

These troops had to make a long journey, and before they could arrive General Werder was much pressed by Bourbaki, and would probably have been defeated, if the French army had been composed of better elements. The French, however, never acted in connection either with each other or with Garibaldi, and Werder succeeded in keeping them in check until the middle of January. It was, however, very hard work, for at the same time the siege of Belfort had to be continued, which offered unusual difficulties in the cold weather of last winter. No wonder if the brave and energetic conqueror of Strasburg looked wistfully in the direction from whence reinforcements were expected, and that the time they required seemed long to him. In order to prevent the rescue of Belfort, he had to fall back on Mompelgard (Monbeliard), and leaning with his rear against that of the siege army, he received the attack of the much superior army of Bourbaki on January 15th. There he defended himself for three days, until he on the 18th took

the offensive, and beat the French at Abervillers.

Meanwhile, General von Manteuffel had arrived with his reinforcements, much *àpropos*. He took Bourbaki's army in its flank, preventing its retreat towards the south, and pushing it towards the Swiss frontier, whilst two Prussian brigades, under General von Kettler, kept in check the corps of Garibaldi and Cremer, near Dijon.

Meanwhile the armistice had been concluded; but the troops operating in the Alsace were excepted from it by a particular clause. Bourbaki, hopeless of piercing the lines of the Germans encircling his army, gave the command of his 80,000 men to General Clinchant, who, in consequence of a convention made with the Swiss General Herzog entered Switzerland at Pontarlier and Verrierès (February 1st), in order not to be compelled to surrender.

Belfort was, on February 11th, on the point of capitulating, when it, on February 16th, had to surrender, under which condition the armistice was prolonged. On the 18th the siege-army entered Belfort.

The first part of December before Paris passed quietly. The troops became more and more impatient, and all Germany shared their feelings,

wondering why the long-promised bombardment of Paris did not commence. At head-quarters, in Versailles, they became at last aware that they had been deceived in reference to the scarcity of provisions in Paris, and that they might still wait several months if they insisted on compelling the Parisians to surrender by starvation only. The bombardment commenced with that of Mont Avron (a hill in front of Rosny), which position was evacuated by the French on December 29th, and occupied by the Germans. In consequence of this, all troops outside the forts had to be recalled to Paris, and on the 5th and 6th of January General Prince Hohenlohe-Jugelfingen directed the bombardment of the forts on the south front of Paris. Many shells entered the city, and created terror amongst the inhabitants.

They had not lost their courage, however, and still believed in the possibility of piercing the German lines, for Trochu dared not make them acquainted with the real state of things. The loss of Mont Avron even had been concealed, and when known, it was represented as of no importance whatever. When the shells fell into Paris, the people were indignant that the barbarians should shell their sacred city without having given notice—as if notice was required by

a *fortress* like Paris! This indignant reproach against the Germans is a pendant to that of their having committed a sacrilegious crime by invading "the sacred soil" of France, whilst they all were clamouring for the left bank of the Rhine and Berlin!

Though Trochu himself had no hope of success, he had to yield to the clamour of all Paris, urging him "to do something." On the 13th and 14th of January a sortie was made against Le Bourdet, Drancy, Clamart, and Meudon; and again on January 19th one from Mont Valerien against St. Cloud: but all was in vain; the French were beaten off everywhere. They lost about 6,000 men, and more than 1,000 killed remained on the battle-field, for the burial of whom they requested an armistice of forty-eight hours. The total loss of the Germans amounted to 39 officers and 616 men, killed, wounded, and missing.

In consequence of these losses, and the news arriving from the south, north, and the Loire, an armistice for three weeks was concluded, on January 29th. On that day St. Denis and all the forts of Paris were occupied by the German troops.

I left Frankfort in the first week of February.

From Saarbruck I went to Metz. It was night when I arrived, and I saw nothing of Metz but a great confusion at the station, and it was difficult to get a ticket, as I had first to procure a permit from the etap-commander. It was night when I arrived at Nancy, and still night when I arrived at the station next morning. There the confusion was still greater than in Metz. Three trains, for Strasburg, Metz, and Lagny, started at the same time, and hundreds of people were waiting at the only wicket, where a Bavarian was placed, who had not slept off yet his beer, and who had no money to give change. Many persons had to remain behind, because they did not get tickets. Seeing the train ready to start, I entered (without a ticket) a first-class *coupé* for three persons, from which I dislodged a woman who had slept there all night. My two fellow-passengers were a colonel of hussars, and an officer of uhlans, a Prince Hohenlohe.

Some time before, franc-tireurs had blown up the railroad bridge over the Moselle between Nancy and Toul, and it was said that they had committed great atrocities upon the detachment of Landwehr who guarded it; but the young uhlan officer, who had been in the neighbourhood at that time, assured me that these reports were

greatly exaggerated. This bridge had been restored by people from Nancy, forced to this work, and our train was the first which was to pass it, which caused some very natural excitement amongst the passengers. Many were fearful that a catastrophe would take place.

It was still night when we arrived at the bridge. The gap in it had been filled up with stones and earth, and it was not unreasonable to suppose that the late rain might have damaged the hurried repairs. The train crept very cautiously over the dangerous place. Workmen with torches were standing on both sides, and though I during the American war passed many more dangerous bridges — for instance, the "match-bridge," on the road between Bridgeport and Chattanooga, at Whiteside—I was quite glad when we had it behind us.

We arrived before night at Lagny, which was still occupied only by soldiers, and which had not become more agreeable since I saw it. The Hotel de la Sirène had nothing seducing, neither was its *table d'hôte;* for a great deal of money each person did not get one ounce and a half of meat. All the tribes of Israel were, however, represented at it, who all were urged towards Paris by the humane desire to feed the hungry

Parisians. For a place in a carriage to Versailles, three hundred francs were demanded, though the distance is only thirty miles. I was, however, fortunate. I had my pass from General von Podbielski, and the paper given me in Versailles by the Postmaster-General. Using both in a proper manner, I got the only place in the carriage without paying anything.

Trains had, however, gone already from Lagny to Paris, but only with provisions. I was told in Lagny that some curious Bavarian officers had put on the coats of railroad guards, and entered Paris in this manner. As the uniform is, however, very similar to that of officers, they were suspected on their arrival, and led by the national guard to the Prefecture, followed by an excited crowd, who threw stones at them. They could only be saved from the fury of the mob by being let out of a back-door, from whence they returned to the station. It is certain that several officers visited Paris in different disguises, for the Emperor had to issue an order prohibiting it, as against the convention.

Horses were changed in Villeneuve St. Georges, and we had to stop there for about half an hour. The little place was teeming with Parisians, mostly from the suburbs. Though it was not

permitted, the soldiers of the outposts could not resist the pleading looks of poor men and women, who came with baskets to fetch something to eat. Though Villeneuve is no large place, the provisions exhibited there in the shops seemed riches to the poor people, who especially enjoyed the white bread. It made a curious impression on me to see well-dressed gentlemen walk in the road with a loaf under their arm, and eating a piece of bread with the most evident satisfaction. I was much pleased with the behaviour of the Bavarian soldiers, who looked with evident emotion on the poor hungry people, and assisted them wherever they could.

A young woman, who carried a heavy basket filled with bread, meat, butter, apples, and cabbage, and who looked extremely happy, addressed and told me, that she had *ten* children at home. She was delighted with the treasures she would bring home, and especially pleased with the cabbage, which she had bought for two sous a head, whilst it cost in Paris at least three francs. With tears in her eyes, she praised the kindness of "Messieurs les soldats Allemands." "It is true they are our enemies," she said, "but they behave like kind and good men." I translated what she said to the soldiers, who stole away to hide their

emotion. I am not very sentimental, but I had to turn away myself to conceal my moist eyes. The simple words of the poor woman were more eloquent of the sufferings of the poor classes in Paris than any long description. I saw a steamer in the river which probably had brought all these visitors.

Very soon afterwards, an order came from Versailles that no person should be permitted to carry victuals back to Paris. This measure, which seemed very cruel, became, however, necessary, for at several places near the line of demarcation, a very brisk trade in provisions had been established, which could not be tolerated in the interest of the German troops, as victuals became scarce, and reached an enormous price.

We stopped in Villeneuve le Roi to take some letters. The post was established in a villa, situated in a fine garden with hot-houses, and a palm-house, which were well preserved, though the bowling greens were morasses, and the fine gravel walks, converted by thousands of waggons into deep routed miry roads. How the villa was inside I do not know, but its outside looked still very decent, though heaps of rubbish before it were not ornamental.

Whilst we stopped, a fine brougham, drawn by

a splendid horse, drove up at the palm-house. From it descended a middle-aged gentleman, with patent leather boots, who wore the rosette of the legion of honour in the button-hole of his sleek coat. His vehicle, horse, coachman, in short, everything on and about him, formed a most striking contrast to the surroundings, and the rough grimed soldiers, who looked with curiosity at the visitor. He was the owner of the villa, who came to look after his property, and who with amusing perplexity, picked out his way across the heaps of rubbish to his house door, guided by his gardener, whom he very wisely had left behind. I did not hear the name of the gentleman, but he must have been some personage, for the postilion said that he had produced a paper signed by the Empress herself.

Most of the houses in Villeneuve le Roi were still occupied by soldiers, who had changed the names of all the streets. There was a Crown-Prince Street, a Bismark Street, &c., and single houses wore the names of Weissenburg, Wöerth, or Sedan. Over a dog-kennel-like hut was written, Hotel Grammont. From the window of a first floor stuck out a scarecrow-like figure of Emperor Napoleon, sitting on a rocking-horse.

As nothing was to be feared from the forts we

drove by a nearer road to Versailles. It was a pity to see on the field the fruits all spoiled and frozen. All the farm houses and manufactories were burned-out ruins, but I noticed with pleasure that even in gardens, of which the walls had been thrown down, the fruit trees had been spared.

When we approached Versailles, we met a number of elegant carriages, all loaded with various provisions, amongst which were sitting ladies, who looked well pleased.

It was about three o'clock when I arrived at my old lodging, where I had the good luck of finding the landlord, the key in his hand, which a departing lodger had just given up to him. Our satisfaction was mutual.

CHAPTER XI.

Excursion to Trianon.—Little Trianon.—The Park and Town of Meudon.—Fort Issy.—St. Cloud.—Destruction.—Mutilation of Statues.—Ruins.—The Contents of the Wine-cellars.—Explosive Bullets.—A stuffed Bear.—Sèvres.—Environs of Paris.

I WAS, of course, very desirous to enter Paris, but that was not possible without a permit from the Prefect there, and it was not so easy for an outsider to get one. On the first day after the capitulation, 70,000 such permits had been demanded by Parisians, of which about 3500 were granted daily. The streets of Versailles were crowded with Parisians, who bought victuals and carried them home. As the price of all kinds of provisions rose very much, the military authorities in Versailles requested the Prefecture not to issue so many permits, and at the station of Versailles all provisions carried by passengers were stopped.

Passes from Versailles were not issued, especially to soldiers, though many inhabitants procured some through their Parisian friends. I wrote at once to Mr. Washburne, the American Minister, requesting him to send me a pass, but waited several days in vain for an answer.

My friends in the Rue de Province were buttoned up to their diplomatic noses, and we heard very little of what was going on. The town itself was as tiresome as it had been before I left, and while waiting for a pass to Paris, I killed time by making some excursions in the neighbourhood.

The weather was unusually fine, and I made an excursion to Trianon, where is seen an interesting collection of court equipages. In the centre stands the coronation carriage of Charles X., which had been newly gilded at the baptism of the Imperial Prince. At its sides stood the coronation carriages of Lewis XIV., XV., and XVI., and that of Napoleon I., as also that used at the baptism of the King of Rome. There are further to be seen the neat pony chaise presented by the Sultan to the Imperial Prince, a post-chaise of Maria Leczinska, the Queen of Lewis XV., ornamented with paintings by Watteau, the post-chaise of Maria Antoinette, and also her sledge,

together with one of Madame Dubarry's, shaped like a panther and lined with rich fur.

Little Trianon is interesting on account of Maria Antoinette. The rather small house contains only a few rooms. In one of them is a jewel cabinet of very fine workmanship, with encased precious stones, and a piano, on which lies the music preferred by the queen, sonatas of Gluck, and other masters of that time. The bed, with faded crown and yellow damask ornament, is also well preserved.

There are to be seen several portraits of the unfortunate queen, of which one is representing her as a girl of about twelve years, dancing a minuet at a children's party in Vienna. In later times, Little Trianon was inhabited by Marie Louise, the consort of Napoleon I.

The view from the terrace of St. Germain of Paris, and the valley of the Seine, was charming even in winter. To the right rose Mont Valerien, and beyond the Seine, Paris showed its sea of houses, from which rise the many well-known cupolas. The bridge at the foot of the terrace, near Le Pecq, was destroyed, and also another some distance further down.

With a friend of mine, a captain of artillery, who had a spare horse, I made several excursions,

and one of the first afternoons after my arrival we rode over to Fort Issy, to see what the Prussian shells had made of it. The way over Viroflay, and through the wood of Meudon, must be charming in summer, and it was so even on a fine day of February. Behind Viroflay, the road runs over the steep wooded heights of Chaville to the park of Meudon, with its splendid chestnut alleys, which are only equalled by those near Hampton Court. The old Château de Meudon, which belonged to "Plon-Plon," had been ignited by a French grenade in one of the last days of the bombardment, and the fire was not yet extinguished inside. Some funny soldier had written with charcoal on the wall of its façade: "Here families may cook their coffee."

The little town of Meudon was burned down. The village of Les Molineaux, which is close to the Fort of Issy, was provided with very strong barricades built by the French. At a house, a French soldier had painted a noose, and written over it—

"Bismarck, halte là!
Tu ne passera pas!
Voilà,
Pour toi!"

Following the road, we arrived at a park in

front of the villages of Issy and Vauvres,* from whence the way to the fort turns off to the right.

The five forts which cover the south front of Paris form a slightly curved line. Their centres are between two and three thousand paces from each other, which distance permits a mutual assistance. They are either bastioned squares, or pentagons, and it is difficult to attack them in the usual manner, as their relative position does not permit an encircling by parallels. Fort Issy, which is the first on the right wing of this front, offers the greatest facility for a regular attack, for its right flank is only covered by Mont Valerien, which is, however, 8,000 paces distant, and the fire from there not dangerous. Parallels may therefore overlap the western bastions. The fort d'Ivry on the extreme left wing of the front, does not offer the same advantage, for its left flank is protected by fort Charenton.

The ramparts of the fort towards Paris are not casemated. The barrack behind the wall was vaulted, and the same was the case with the pavilions built for the officers. The magazines and workshops had been wooden buildings. The ditches are dry, not wide but deep, and the

* On all maps I find Vauvres, whilst the place and fort is called in all Parisians papers Vauves ; which is right ?

curtains protected by tenailles, making it impossible to use the indirect breach-shot, which was employed with such advantage at Strasburg. The vaults of the barracks did not resist the heavy shells, and the buildings were in ruins. There was still standing the fragment of a wall, near a staircase, on which was written, "Le commandant du fort est au II^e."

The fort was bombarded by batteries placed in Meudon, Moulin de la Tour, and Notredame de Clamart. The walls of two casemates on the south-eastern side of the fort were smashed, and the whole interior of the fort was covered with "splinters" of grenades, and the heavy Prussian shells had made several foot-deep holes in the ground.

The forts are connected with each other, and with Paris by subterranean telegraphs. About two hundred paces from the glacis, south-west of the fort, are subterranean quarries, in which the French had laid mines, each consisting of ten shells. Even before General Vinoy informed the Prussians of the existence of these dangerous things, they had been discovered and removed.

It caused some astonishment to find still in fort Issy considerable stores of very good salt meat, preserved vegetables, and excellent wine.

The line of demarcation ran across the village of Issy, and the Prussians had taken precautions against treachery. The front of the houses towards Paris were provided with loopholes, and the space between filled up with very strong barricades. The German soldiers seemed to be tolerably well liked by the inhabitants, for they conversed across the barricades. All wanted to buy victuals from the soldiers, and especially white bread. The good-natured soldiers gave away whatever they could spare without pay.

Though the weather was rainy on February 8th, I made an excursion to St. Cloud on foot. At the St. Cloud gate of Versailles I was stopped by a young Prussian soldier of the Guard, who examined my *laissez passer*. The French—at least those who are in the habit of thinking at all —must have been much astonished to find so many amongst the Prussian soldiers, who understood their language, whilst so very few amongst them (Alsatians excepted) understand one word of German.

Through ancle-deep mud in the road, I arrived soon at Ville d'Avray, which was still occupied only by soldiers, for the last sortie had driven away those inhabitants who had ventured to return. The gate to the park of St. Cloud was

not guarded. The road and the park looked desolate, and the ground everywhere was covered with dirty soldiers' rags, and with broken glass and porcelain, amongst which I found the half of a splendid plate, with the stamp of "Sèvres" and "Château de St. Cloud," which I took with me as a keepsake. Many proud trees had been cut down since I last saw the park. I followed the fine road. Before the tunnel, or rather space under the railroad running over the top of the deep road, was sitting a solitary soldier. To the left on the bank, I saw some new made graves, ornamented with wreaths. The soldier told me that he had just put a cross on the grave of one of his comrades, who fell on the 12th of January.

This last sortie had left its traces everywhere in the park. The beautiful flower pots—fortunately mostly made of metal—were all thrown from their stands; others near the château, made of some kind of clay, were, however, broken. The fine orange trees were frozen.

The marble gods and goddesses, dancing satyrs, and that profligate heathenish crew, which had behaved so bravely during all the siege, had also suffered greatly at the last sortie, of which the park was the principal theatre. A naked, heavenly, handsome female, I guess a Daphne,

has lost one of her fine arms; while the beautiful naked youth that is in hot pursuit of her, has lost all hope of ever overtaking her, for a Christian grenade has cut off one of his heathenish legs. Meleager, who, opposite this mutilated couple, is wrestling with the Caledonian boar, has nothing to fear from him any more, for a ball has taken away his snout, and amputated at the same time the hind legs of the dog assailing the boar.

At the entrance towards the park, were still standing intact the bronze statues of Flora and Hercules with the hydra. Entering the hall I noticed two most beautiful female statues, which were awfully mutilated, and painted with charcoal by witty soldiers. Two statues in the background were broken in such a manner, that I could not make head or tail of them. I was told afterwards, that the head of one of these statues had been cut off by some princely "Schlauchtenbummler." The rubbish filling the inside of the palace had been so well searched by soldiers, that I could not find the smallest fragment worthy to be retained as a keepsake. I might have taken some forgotten leg of a goddess, but I had no waggon at my disposal, like some princes of the second "staffle," who are said to have saved many precious relics, both of marble and porcelain. I

received, however, later as a present, a piece of the tapestry of "Lulu's" bedroom, and a part of the only Venus in the park of Versailles, which will serve me as a paper weight.

St. Cloud must be a most charming place in summer, built as it is on the slope of a hill, with streets stretching up and down. It extends to the Seine river, along which runs the road—on the left to Mont Valerien, on the right to Sèvres. Everywhere you see the splendid villas of the rich Parisians, in the middle of gardens, mostly ornamented with exotic plants. The gardens were little damaged, but the exotic plants were frozen, and soldiers had made walking sticks of their stems. Hollow statues, ornamenting these gardens, had been broken, probably in searching for treasures hidden inside them.

I descended towards the river. Some buildings belonging to the palace were still tolerably preserved. In a large establishment near the turnpike road, was the Prussian guard. The sentry box before it was riddled with bullets. Sentries were placed along the whole bank of the river, and on the bridge, of which an arch had been blown up. On the Parisian bank of the Seine I saw a great many people fishing, hoping to catch a dinner.

I turned again to the left, ascending the hill. The gates and doors were all open. I did not discover one single house, of which the inside was not destroyed by fire, and I did not see a dozen people in all St. Cloud. Here and there I met a poor ragged fellow with a sack, searching the rubbish. The fine new church is only a little injured; though struck by some balls it sustained no serious damage. At the sortie of January 19th, French infantry had thrown themselves into the houses of St. Cloud, keeping up from there a murderous fire against the Prussian Jagers, and in order to drive them out, the town had to be fired.

I entered at least fifty houses, but had to proceed very cautiously, for walls and beams were hanging in the most dangerous manner, and one unlucky step might bring them down. The tumbling down of the ceiling of the upper storeys had filled the interior of the houses with rubbish, and it is to be hoped that the proprietors will recover very valuable things by removing it, for which the greedy soldiers had no time. They had, however, found the entrances of all cellars, even of those most cunningly hidden. The labels of the empty bottles lying about everywhere gave testimony to the good taste of the proprietors.

The Caselers and Pomeranians who swallowed these precious wines had scarcely an idea of the money paid for them.

By an open side gate I entered a very extensive and splendid property, perhaps the finest in all St. Cloud. It belongs to a Legitimist count, whose name I could not ascertain. The palace-like villa, situated on an eminence, faces Paris. In front is a basin with a fountain, still bubbling in a weakly manner.

Close to the side gate through which I entered stands an extensive pavilion. Near it, on the green, in the walks and amongst the shrubs, I discovered, soaked by the rain, and half destroyed by fire, a number of exquisite engravings, all representing kings and princes, or princesses of the Bourbon line; no Orleanist was of the number. Amongst them was the finest portrait of Marie Antoinette which I ever saw, engraved by Alexander Tardieu.

The palace was utterly burned out. The cellars, though walled up with much art, were broken open, and hundreds of empty bottles lying about, intermixed with papers of all kind. On reading the labels of the bottles my mouth watered, and I was indignant with the horrid Caselers who had emptied them all. The barrels

in the ice-house were also empty. These Germans must have had an immense thirst.

In another villa, not far off, I found a partly burned copying-book of the proprietor, containing all his letters since 1868. I laid it on a place where it might easily be found by its returning master. Some rooms were not touched by the fire; amongst them the study or library. The books covered the floor pell mell; they were not attractive enough for the soldiers. In one of the rooms I discovered, to my astonishment, smoke still creeping through a rent in the wall. In several houses, where all the ceilings had fallen down, the pictures in their golden frames were still hanging on the walls, which had a strange effect.

Most of the inhabitants seemed to have left in the utmost hurry. This was to be seen best in the mostly unburned kitchens, where all things were standing about. I was astonished to find coppers, pans, &c. In a store-room I found, on shelves carefully laid out, a great many fine pears and apples—but all were rotten, and thickly covered with mould.

It was a most curious sensation, to walk thus alone through these dead, and as it were, still animated houses. It was like exploring Pompeii or Herculaneum.

Through an iron gate with a half-destroyed inscription I entered a park; it must have been that of Montretout. The houses were also burned out, but the outside of some of them was tolerably preserved. On one of them I saw the English flag, and outside was written in German, "Property of the Count of Galway, Englishman." In another house I met its proprietor, who had some men with him, whom he ordered to remove the rubbish. At a third house, on the walls of which I noticed Egyptian figures and hieroglyphs, workmen were occupied in nailing up the windows.

I crossed the railroad, and entered the streets of the village or town of St. Cloud, which were more interesting to me than anything I had seen before. Many of the suburbs of Strasburg were still more destroyed; but the small citizen-houses in the narrow lanes of St. Cloud offered far more picturesque views. One could, as it were, look right into the heart of the family life of the small French citizens. The poor people had not saved anything, and their half-burned furniture and things covered the street. Beams and staircases were sometimes suspended only by splinters, and several walls hung so much over the street, that I glided underneath holding my breath. Here and there a confusion of beams and walls tumbled

down with a crash, giving me a fair warning not to be too venturesome.

Before one of the houses—it was a mound of rubbish—I met an old decent-looking woman crying. She told me that yonder heap of rubbish had been her house; but she had wept over its loss already sufficiently; now she was anxious about the fate of her daughter, who had ventured with some young man into the cellar, to see whether two barrels of oil were still there. My heart ached, but, as I could not help her, I comforted the poor mother to my best ability, and advanced further into the dangerous narrow lanes, blocked up by hills of rubbish. (It will cost a great deal of work to remove it, but after all it will prove a blessing, as it protected much property.) I spoke to a man who was clearing a way to his room, where he hoped to find his strong box, containing his money and valuables. Another man, similarly occupied, cursed his own countrymen, who had foolishly destroyed the palace, and whose shells had also struck his house. Most of the houses were, however, burnt by the Prussians for the reason mentioned before; but as the fire was still burning when the armistice was concluded, immediately after the sortie of January 19th, the report sprang up that the

Prussians had fired St. Cloud during the armistice, which is not the case.

Passing through the utterly destroyed and blocked-up Rue de l'Eglise, I at last emerged from the labyrinth, and being tired, I sat down to rest on a stone bench before a house on the road. A great many officers on horseback and in carriages passed on their way to Mont Valérien, which interested them more than the ruins of St. Cloud. I omitted to say that on a grass-plot inside the property of the Legitimist count, I found a few cartridges, which puzzled me. They were shorter but thicker than those of the mitrailleuses, but the points of the projectile were somewhat flattened. I was told at Versailles that they were explosive bullets, and was advised to use caution. I therefore left them alone, and had not an opportunity of examining them, in order to ascertain the truth of the report that the French used such prohibited projectiles.

Not far from the place where once stood the Demosthenes Lantern, battery No. 1 had been built by the Prussians, which was armed with seven guns, twelve and twenty-four pounders. This battery took part in the bombardment, but was overshowered with such an abundance of grenades from fort Valérien and Point du Jour,

that it became known amongst the Prussian soldiers under the name of the "Todten Batterie," (the battery of death). The redoubt Montretout, to the left of the village of that name, was a very strongly built earth-work, containing shell-proof abodes, built of stone, and covered with railroad rails, on which sand was heaped. None of the shells of Mont Valérien had pierced these abodes, and their splinters were lying about in great abundance. When the sortie on January 19th occurred only one gun had been placed, and the redoubt was occupied by only one company of Jagers, who, after an heroic resistance, retired before overpowering forces. This company, which mustered at the beginning of the war 250 men, had been reduced then to 65!

Not far from the Sèvres bridge, between the road and the river, on the sand, the German soldiers had placed a very strange and amusing thing. It was a gigantic stuffed brown bear, standing on its hind legs, with its face turned towards Paris. They had put on its head a much battered old hat, and in its right paw an enormous cudgel, by which the equilibrium of the old fellow was maintained. Between the two fore paws was placed a large open folio book, and from the girdle of the bear a large lantern was hanging

down by a chain. Under its left arm the bear held a dirty white flag, whilst from under its right arm stuck out a scythe, well becoming a true Polish bear. I was so pleased with the joke, that I took a sketch of the old fellow.

The Sèvres bridge was at that moment a very interesting point, much visited by curious German soldiers and officers, who were not permitted to enter Paris. The Prussian end of the bridge was closed by cheveux-de-frise, and only a very narrow passage was left on one side, where a German officer had the very onerous duty of examining the safe conducts, and refusing all the passless republicans of both sexes. Both parties behaved, however, with great propriety, and every one submitted patiently to the exigencies of military duty, whilst the German soldiers were friendly, and even polite.

It was amusing to me to observe the traffic carried on through the cheveux-de-frise by sutlers and other industrious people, who sold smoked herrings, and especially butter, to the hungry Parisians on the other side, without the soldiers interfering.

The stately manufactory in Sèvres was not destroyed, but the village did not look better

than Ville d'Avray, for soldiers were occupying most of the houses.

It began to rain very hard, and I was glad to find a place in an omnibus running to Versailles, where I met a number of Parisians, who seemed very reasonable. Amongst them was a German who had been expelled from that city, and came from looking at his house. He had managed to enter Paris by a false safe-conduct, and returned to Versailles by similar means. There was also a Parisian mother, with a baby that had been born during the siege; mother and infant, and another young girl coming from Paris, looked remarkably rosy and fat, and nobody would have believed that they came from a city brought to terms by hunger.

The destruction and the filthy state of the houses in the pretty villages around Paris has been ascribed very wrongly to the German soldiers. Though it was not to be expected that they would be very careful, they had rather an interest in preserving these places than in destroying them, for they had to live there during a hard winter. The guilt of these devastations falls chiefly on the moblots. The inhabitants of the villages within the Banlieue of Paris had received from General Trochu orders to evacuate

their houses within twenty-four hours, and were threatened in case of contravention with court-martial law. This order was still to be seen posted in many places. When the French soldiers left these villages they destroyed as much as possible, so as to leave their quarters to their Prussian successors in the most repugnant state. They had broken everything, mirrors, tables, chairs, &c. In such places the Germans, who were fearful that such Vandalism would be ascribed to them, posted boards, on which they protested against such suppositions, stating that they had found the premises in a disgraceful state.

It would be useless to describe all the places which I visited on my excursion on horseback with my friend of the artillery. The sad events afterwards have changed them very much, and a lady friend from Versailles wrote me at the end of April: "Our poor environs, so much devastated already by the Germans, are horrid now! Of villages that were still standing after the departure of the Prussians, remains nothing, nothing, nothing!"

The little town of Rueil, situated on the western side of Mont Valerien, formed an exception to this destruction. Its inhabitants, though between two fires, had remained in their

houses, and they had good cause to congratulate themselves on their courage. Everything looked nice and trim, and only half-a-dozen of houses have at the end of the place been destroyed by shells from Mont Valerien. These shells destroyed the favourite residence of the Empress Josephine, Malmaison, which is close to Rueil. The château is not wholly burned out, but in the once carefully preserved rooms everything was broken to pieces. The tapestry had been torn from the walls, and the velvet cut from the fauteuils and sofas.

I have already described fort Issy. The neighbouring fort, Vauvres, was occupied by Bavarians. The big ship guns left by the French, and which were not worth being transported to Germany, had been burst. Fort Montrouge had suffered most of all the forts of the south front. Barracks and other buildings were levelled to the ground, and the walls here and there filled the ditches. The casemates, however, were not injured, and as they offered still some protection, that fort maintained its fire longer than those of Issy and Vauvres. Three governors of fort Montrouge were killed by Bavarian grenades, and the fourth, who would not survive the capitulation, killed himself.

. I had given up all hope of receiving an answer from Mr. Washburne, when his secretary, Mr. Ward, called on me in Versailles, and brought me a *laissez passer* for Paris. I resolved to go there with the first train next morning.

CHAPTER XII.

The Railway Station.—Paris.—The Shops.—The Crowd.—Election Manœuvres.—Letters stopped.—A Scanty Meal.—The Palais Royal.—The Hotel d'Espagne.—Special Correspondent Stories.—A Parisian Market-hall.—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, Prints, and Caricatures.—Street Songs.—Trochu.—Newspapers.—Entry of the Prussians.—No Sign of Mourning.—Daring of Count Bismark.—I leave Paris.

THE great entrance to the Paris railroad station in Versailles was only open to soldiers; all other passengers for Paris were directed to a side entrance, where I found a motley crowd, of whom many were loaded with carpet bags crammed with victuals, assembled before the still closed wooden doors. After having waited a good while the door opened, and the passengers were admitted one by one. All carpet bags, however, were cruelly refused, to the great indignation of their bearers. Inside the gate stood a Prussian major, who examined the *laissez passers*, at which he scarcely looked. I bought a return ticket for

four francs, in fact single tickets were not given out.

In my coupé were four Frenchmen, who were talking about the political situation with much vivacity and passion. We passed Mont Valerien, on which the German flag proudly waved, at which the French scowled and ground their teeth. The train stopped at Asnieres, and we expected a new examination of our papers, but after some passengers had been taken in the train proceeded. On our arrival at the station Rue St. Lazare, nobody asked any questions, and the passengers dispersed.

It was the 12th of February. The weather was dull, and fog filled the atmosphere. As I was most eager to observe the physiognomy of the starved city, I conquered my appetite for breakfast, and plunged at once into the well-remembered streets, which I had not visited since 1859. Everywhere at the street corners I saw moblots, who seemed not to know what to do with their leisure. I did not notice any excitement, except amongst the crowds assembled before the show-windows of some restaurants, looking with watering mouths at the delicacies exhibited there. I was indeed somewhat astonished to see enormous sirloins, fat saddles of mutton,

venison, fowls, and even fresh sea-fish. The prices of all these articles, indicated by little tickets, were by no means extravagant, and not much higher than in Versailles. The shops of the grocers were even better provided than those in that town, and all articles were cheaper. In fact, a Parisian gentleman, for whom I had a card, told me that they had still coffee, sugar, wine, tobacco, &c., for several months, but that the scarcity of flour had been felt most severely, and the blackness and bad quality of the bread had been a greater calamity than even the shells, which had not done much material damage, though 383 persons had been killed by them, amongst whom were 115 women and 67 children. He admitted, however, that Paris would not have been able to hold out so long without horse-flesh.

I must say I was disappointed, for the Paris which I saw was far different from what I had imagined. I did not see any starved-looking people in the streets, which looked dull; which was, however, not to be wondered at in such foggy weather; the crowd, hurrying to and fro, seemed rather apathetic, which astonished me the more, as the elections were going on. I had expected to find disputing crowds; but there was nothing of

the kind. The Parisians complain that the Prussians, notwithstanding the convention, have exerted an influence on the elections by favouring in some manner or other the anti-republicans. I have no doubt that this has been the case. That great, though indirect impediments were placed in the way of the correspondence between the provinces and Paris, and *vice versâ*, during the election movement, is certain. The letters sent to the provinces travelled very leisurely, and those for Paris were stopped in Versailles—because the Prussian post required an additional payment of ten centimes per letter. When the elections were over, the Parisians received 9,000,000 letters! Until the last few days the letters put into the boxes had to be open, and many of them arrived with Prussian corrections that is, some lines were blotted out in such a manner as to make them unintelligible.

Strolling towards the Champs Elysées, to call at the American Legation, I passed through some of the poorer quarters, and a kind of market, where victuals were retailed. It was indeed a miserable show, for the whole store of many of the dealers consisted of a few shrivelled-up carrots, or a few herrings, or some cabbage, which even a goat would have refused. A crowd

assembled near a tree attracted my attention. Some dozens of ragged republicans formed an admiring circle around a goose! It was a live goose, as large as a swan, and wonderfully fat. It seemed fully aware of the admiration it excited.

Notwithstanding the foggy weather, I found Paris cleaner than usual, probably on account of the absence of horses. I did not see a dozen fiacres; omnibuses were running, however, and later I saw a good number of horses arriving.

The shops in the Palais Royal were mostly open, and those also in the colonnades of the Rue de Rivoli. I did not meet more beggars than usual, nor was I quite so much maltreated by musical nuisances. A band of children in the Palais Royal, exerting their shrill voices to their utmost, was all I met of that kind.

I went up the Boulevards, and entered several coffee-houses, which were all crowded. People were occupied, as I had seen them thirty years ago, with taking absinthe, coffee, or a book, and playing at dominoes or écarte. All seemed to be well satisfied that the siege was over.

As I felt hungry, I became somewhat anxious in reference to my dinner, and, being near the Palais Royal, I entered one of the dining-rooms,

the bill of fare of which outside looked most tempting. The large and elegantly fitted-up rooms were rather cold and gloomy, for coals were still scarce, and petroleum, which was everywhere substituted for gas, was not sufficient.

A tapioca soup was as tasteless as most French soups; the fried merlan that followed seemed the youngest son of his family, and the "Chateaubriand" did little honour to the greatness of his namesake, for a sparrow might have carried it away. It was accompanied by a small, frozen potato, cut into four pieces. My dissatisfied stomach cried imperiously for something solid, and I ordered what was named on the bill of fare "fillet de bœuf," with fried mushrooms. When I put the first bit into my mouth, the rest on the plate seemed to neigh, and I gave it up shudderingly, for I would as soon eat my wife's dear little poodle as horse-flesh, which is only good for people with harder hearts and better teeth than I have. The wine was good, and the price very moderate.

The Boulevards were so much crowded that evening, that it was scarcely possible to move. The weather was warm, and hundreds were sitting outside the coffee-houses, as usual. At some places dense crowds were assembled, and

listened to the talk of several people who imagined they were wiser than the rest. I did not see the least excitement.

Tired with walking about all day, and intending to return next morning by the eight o'clock train to Versailles, I awoke the national-guard, whom I found sleeping behind the bar of the Hotel d'Espagne, Rue Trouchet. He was the landlord himself, and after having inspected me with sleepy, but knowing looks, he led me to an apartment on the third floor. The musty smell of the large bed told me that it had not been tenanted for months.

The Roi d'Espagne—I mean the landlord of the Hotel d'Espagne—entered my room early next morning, under the pretext of awaking me, but I think to assure himself that I had not bolted in the night. I shook the dust from my uncleaned boots, and proceeded to the station close by.

The landlord reminded me of the false report of the real King of Spain, which the citoyen Dargance proclaimed to the citoyens assembled in the theatre in Bordeaux with the following words:—"Macaroni I. a reçu un potage de balles de plomb dans la tête."

I defy any one to ruffle my good humour if I

am out on a press-excursion. A friend of mine, a great traveller, writing for the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, was once the subject of a very amusing caricature. He, in his hunting dress, was represented being attacked in front by a wild Indian and a buffalo, whilst a snake wriggled around his feet, and an alligator, emerging from a swamp, had taken hold of one of his coat-tails. My friend swings his rifle, and cries exultingly—"Hurrah! That will give a splendid article for the *Augsburg Allgemeine!*" I am nearly of the same humour: if attacked by some wild Cassubien, or some Mecklenbergian buffalo, or some police-snake wriggling in my road, or by a field-gendarme alligator stopping me in a disagreeable manner, I brandish my charged steel pen, and cry out, "Thank heaven!"

A good conscience is said to be a great convenience in times of revolution and war; I prefer, however, a correct passport. Having not the slightest doubt that I had a good one in my pocket, together with my return ticket, I was rather indignant when the porter stopped me at the entrance of the waiting room. Somewhat impatiently I produced my *laissez passer*, which, besides the seals of the Prefecture, and the chief of the Parisian Army, showed that of our

glorious Stars and Stripes, and assuming the mien of a citizen of a great republic, I strode on, but had the mortification to hear that my *laissez passer*, notwithstanding all its *timbres*, was a worthless rag. Strict orders had arrived in the night from Versailles, not to let anyone pass without producing a *carte rose* from the Prefecture de Paris.

Instead of making a noise, and sawing the air with my arms, as indignant Parisians did, who were in the same boat with me, I at once marched off towards the Prefecture, which is in the neighbourhood of the Pont Neuf. As it was only eight, a.m., and the Prefecture did not open before nine, a.m., I walked leisurely up the Boulevards. The kiosks, where the newspaper vendors have their residence, were just opening, and I loaded myself with a considerable amount of Parisian literature.

Approaching the Rue Montmartre, the 24th of February, 1848, came back upon my memory. There opposite, at the end of the Rue du faubourg Montmartre, stood the barricade on which I fought a couple of minutes for the republic, little thinking that my ten bullets were sent into the bodies of poor monarchical soldiers, for the benefit of a Napoleon III. ! Well, we never do

know what we are doing. We are poor miserable tools in the hands of Providence! I regretted, however, my ten bullets.

In the Rue Montmartre a great number of women with baskets formed a line at the not-yet-opened butchers' shops, to buy beef and mutton, instead of horse, the distribution of which ceased yesterday.

I passed also the great market hall, and looked in, as did many Parisians, who seemed to be extremely pleased with the great quantity of sacks of 'flour,' and the many cases and barrels filled with all kinds of eatables. Fish—both fresh-water and sea fish—had arrived in great quantity, and were to be had at moderate prices. Early rising cook-maids carried astonished live rabbits by their long ears; and others, who seemed especially proud, exhibited to the wondering crowd enormous dead hares. Other game was not wanting either, and I noticed a wild boar and several roebucks. The faces of the crowd had all a contented expression. Nobody seemed to remember either the Prussians outside, or the elections; all patriotism seemed suspended; the Parisian republicans worshipped the tyrant stomach.

The Pont Neuf looked to me different from

what I recollected it formerly; it seemed to be Haussmanised like the rest of the city; even the statue of Henry IV. seemed to have changed its place. Apropos of Haussman—the Parisians probably imagined that he was of Turkish origin, for they call him "Osman."

On my arrival at the Prefecture, I recognised some carpet-bag bearers, whom I had seen at the station, again sawing the air furiously with their arms. That was a bad sign. An impudent republican *sergent de police* barred the entrance to the Prefecture, and told us to procure a certificate from the "commissaire de police de notre quartier." As that gentleman is living in Washington, and I could not expect to be back by one, p.m., when the train started, even if I had made use of a balloon, I resolved to consult our minister. A nice promenade from the Pont Neuf to the Rue de Chaillot, though rather long. I lighted another cigar to appease my rising spirit, and—en route!

I went along the Quai des Louvre and the Rue Rivoli. If it had been after dinner, when people sometimes are gifted with double sight, I might have seen wonderful things in that walk. But as I am no visionary, and at that time was still in an ante-breakfast state, everything appeared to

me rather dull, and even the often repeated "Liberté, egalité, et fraternité" written at many places, and sufficiently known to me since 1848, caused me only to smile. The republic is only at home over the water. "Names are sound and smoke." As long as men still involuntarily curl their backs whenever a whip is lifted, do not talk of a republic. Liberty, equality, and fraternity must be first engraved on the hearts, and if these beautiful words have become indelible, but not before, you may, if you like, write them on your public buildings. You do not find them written on any house in America, but they live in most hearts.

At the Place de la Concorde, we saw, first, on our left hand, a statue representing the city of Strasburg, standing on a large pedestal, containing a room, like a tomb. This monument was decked out with a profusion of French flags, and wreaths of immortelles. In front of the monument, a sculptor, I think Gustave Delase is his name, has exhibited an excellent clay model, representing the beleaguered city of Strasburg,* represented as a proud woman in full armour, a broken sword in her hand, reclining on the ground, leaning

* I believed it was Paris, because I did not recognise in the figure protecting her, General Uhrich.

against a gun. Her noble head is ornamented with a mural crown, and her face expresses deep mortification and wrath. Some naked children are clinging to her; one seeks in vain for her breast, covered with iron; another is extended dead on the ground. Over her stands General Uhrich. His left arm is stretched out protectingly, whilst in his right he holds his sword. It is a masterly conception, and worthy to be executed in marble. I could not look on it without being deeply impressed. This little monument was, of course, ornamented by amateur charcoal inscriptions, such as "Vivre libre ou mourir," and "Mort au Roi de Prusse."

Though it was early in the morning, I found a clerk in the office of the legation. Fresh passes had been sent from the Prefecture last night, on which the seals of the prefect and the military chief were also placed under the German translation of the document. I received one of these passes, signed by M. Hoffmann, who acted as charge d'affaires in the absence of Mr. Washburne, who had gone to London, and provided with the seal of the legation.

As I had still several hours at my disposition, I thought it best to fill them up with breakfasting, talking with early coffee-house customers, and

reading the papers. I had been cautioned not to show that I understood German, because several Germans, recognised as such, had been badly treated. Though my accent certainly betrayed the foreigner, I did not meet with the slightest rudeness. Everyone whom I addressed answered readily, and with politeness; the Parisians had not altered in this respect. They behaved, in general, as they had done always. They were, perhaps, a little less noisy than formerly at their domino or écarté, but seemed quite happy that the time of deprivations and guards was past.

Many persons who had country houses in the neighbourhood of Paris, returned from a visit to their property, quite furious; they had expected that the Prussians would respect their locks, and sleep outside in the snow! Wherever a servant was left behind, or the proprietor remained, nothing had been destroyed; but all locked-up, and uninhabited houses were looked on by the soldiers as forsaken property. The papers were full of complaints. Balzac's Chateau de Beauregard, at Villeneuve St. Georges, had shared the fate of many others. The Parisians considered such destruction a sacrilege. How many of the German authors do French soldiers know? What do the Pomeranians know of Balzac?

Great amusement was afforded me by the pamphlets and caricatures exhibited at the shop-windows. Amongst the former I bought an "Epitre à Bismark," which I took with me for the amusement of the "iron Count;" its first lines are a sample of the whole poem :—

"Conseiller d'un roi fou, serviteur de Guillaume,
Toi que Mars favorite à son grand jeu de paume,
Bismark, toi qui t'es fait le valet d'un bourreau
Pour mieux tirer la corde où pend l'affreux conteau."

Many of the caricatures related to the pending preliminaries of peace, and the entrance of the Prussians into Paris. One of them represents the entrance of the Emperor as a parody of the usual carnival procession. The fat ox is represented by France, on which is riding little Thiers, as Amor. At the head of the procession is marching Trochu, carrying the keys of the city; he is followed by Emperor William and Count Bismark, and Prussian soldiers, guns, &c. The common street song accompanying this caricature end with the following lines :—

"Pour vaincre un Guillaume tel,
Il faut des Guillaume Tell !"

Fine compositions indeed were two drawings in charcoal, and copied by photographers, of

Adrien Marie. One shows Emperor William and Count Bismark—the former with helmet and sword, the latter with a burning torch in his hand—on foaming, fierce horses, riding over a battle-field. Between them is riding, on a skeleton horse, wearing a white cloak, and swinging his scythe, death, whose face is a caricature of the face of General Moltke.

The other drawing, subscribed "Les Maudits," represents Napoleon, William, and Bismark, in the pillory. In the centre is Napoleon, with a most roguish-looking, pick-pocket face; Emperor William, to his left, has folded his hands, and seems to repent, whilst Bismark, on Napoleon's right, looks haughty, and carries his head high. In the background, burning villages are to be seen. To the left of the drawing, and in the foreground, are the victims of the war. Fathers who have lost their sons, maids who have lost their affianced, stretch out their arms towards the three, and their lips seem to curse them. A mother holds up her baby, mourning over the corpse of her husband; at its side is kneeling a little Alsatian girl, and a boy looks mournfully down on his mother. German and French wounded of all arms are coming to the spot, and a wounded French sergeant, with a face full of

pity, is pressing the hand of a dying Prussian soldier.

Amusing and witty are those caricatures scourging the incapacity of the Napoleonic statesmen, or of the *Gouvernement de la Dêfence.* "La Ménagerie Impériale" is a collection of thirty-two sheets, on which all persons are represented as animals, with caricature heads of striking resemblance. On the title-page is to be seen "The Great Vulture of Sedan." Plon-Plon is represented as a hare, running away through a corn-field; President Schneider is a drumming-rabbit, as to be seen in toy-shops; Frossard as a learned ass, teaching the Imperial Prince—represented as a canary in a cage—the alphabet; Marguérite Bellanger as a cat, playing with a wooden mouse, in which everyone recognises the ex-Emperor.

The "museum of the stuffed" brings in some of the dead, amongst them the late Count de Morny, who is represented as a stuffed fox, labelled maliciously, "Presented by Count de Flahaut."

Another collection is entitled "Fleur, Fruits et Légumes du Jour," in which all personages of the republic are ridiculed. Trochu, represented as a

red carnation, surrounded by the butterflies of the government, is subscribed—

"Il a son plan
Sous trois cachets chez un notaire,
Il a son plan
Précis, infallible, excellent.
Est-ce un chef-d'œuvre militaire?
N'en sachent rien l'on doit se taire,
Il a son plan."

Gambetta, as a sunflower on stilts, is striding across mountains and valleys of the French provinces with a bundle of despatches and proclamations. The real sun puts out his tongue at the new sun of France.

Two other collections treat "Paris Assiége," and are very amusing. I like them best of all. One of the caricatures ridicules the club meetings, where one orator is represented uttering the following sentence — "Yes, citizens, Philanthrophagie, that is the brotherly consummation of man by man will replace the wanting victuals. Citizens! let us eat each other!"

The "Protest of the Neutrals" is also very good. A Britisher has hung a red cross Geneva flag out of his window. "You have wounded with you?" asks a member of a sanitary society. "Yes, moî toute seul," answers the Briton,

proudly, "je étais blessé vera fort par le bombardement qui était commencé sans dire gare à les sugets Britannique."

Nearly as amusing as these caricatures were seriously-meant articles in newspapers, which contained the most absurd things.

La Presse, for instance, was informed by the well-informed Versailles correspondent that "Fritz" was utterly disgusted with the hard conditions of the peace, for he was very much afraid of the revenge of le grande nation. His papa might well laugh; he would be soon with his laurel crown in his tomb, but "Fritz" would have to eat the potage cooked by "Guillaume et ses Bismark's et ses Moltke's." These two latter cunning *comperes* did everything to neutralise the influence of brave Fritz with his father, and succeeded in this. Since twelve days, the people of the King do not even listen to him; he has lost at court all his influence which his rank was giving him; he is living in an absolute isolation—"et dans la defiance du grand chancelier."

The hour for the starting of the train for Versailles approached, and I went to the Rue St. Lazare, and was rather astonished—nay, angry—when the porter again barred my way, insisting on my producing *une carte rose*. Hundreds of

persons with passports like mine were refused, and the scene may be imagined. I went to the inspector of the station, and to one of the directors of the railroad, a sleek-coated gentleman, with the red rag in his button-hole—but in vain; both assured me that the Prussians would not let us pass with such *laissez passers*. It was in vain that I showed him my *passe partout* from General von Podbielski—he did not understand German, and insisted on his refusal. The excitement was very great, for the ill-will of the railway authorities was obvious; and moreover, all of us had return-tickets. They did not even offer to repay the fare. Some twenty years ago I should have thought it good fun to excite the crowd still more, and to punish the insolent railway company, but, having arrived at the age of discretion, I tried to find a carriage for Versailles. Not succeeding in this, I made up my mind to go on foot, little as I liked the involuntary exertion after my long walk that morning. At Issy I met the Prussian outposts, who did not raise any difficulties and arrived dead beat, and awfully hungry at Versailles just at dinner-time.

The Germans were to enter Paris on the 1st March, and I wanted to be there before them, so I started from Versailles by the 4 p.m. train, on the

28th February. Though the train started much later, it was still day when I arrived in Paris, and put up at the Hôtel d'Espagne rue Trouchet. Though all was ready, the gas was not used on that night, for fear the Prussians might think it was lighted for them. It was, therefore, still rather dark on the Boulevards, but very lively. Dense crowds were to be seen everywhere, amongst which a number of men were moving about, whose duty it seemed to be to persuade the Parisians that they must suppress their curiosity, and maintain a dignified bearing during the presence of the enemy. It was wonderful to listen to the high-sounding nonsense they talked, with the intention of calming down the excitement produced by the unheard-of insult inflicted on Paris, by the barbarous and wicked invaders of the sacred soil of France. A still greater offence was, however, the pretension of the Prussians to occupy a part of Paris until the ratification of the preliminaries of peace. Many people, even in England, thought this a wanton insult, and a great political mistake, springing from the military vanity of the Emperor William. I beg to differ from this opinion. This short occupation was necessary, and thought so to such a degree, that even the important fortress of

Belfort was sacrificed for this condition. The vanity of the Parisians was the principal cause of this wanton war, nearly as cruel to conquerors as conquered. Had the Prussians not entered Paris, the derisive crowing of the Parisians would never have ended; they would have said the Prussians, who occupied all the other places they had forced to capitulate, dared not enter Paris. Now I know for certain that the Prussians, instead of being afraid of the Parisians, would have liked to fight them, and to show them how they understand taking barricades and fortified houses. The soldiers—not the commanders—regretted that the thing should go off so tamely. It would have been better for France, and especially for the Parisians themselves, if Count Bismark had not been so yielding; if the Prussians had insisted on occupying all Paris, and remaining there for months, I think the Tuileries would be still standing, and the world would not have witnessed the horrors which occurred afterwards.

During the night from February 28th to March 1st, the report was artfully spread that the Prussians had entered the city secretly, which gave rise to great disorder. The red socialists of Belleville had taken a number of guns and

mitrailleuses, and armed the barricades which they had erected in their quarter. That this was not done against the Prussians was obvious to every man of sense.

Most of the papers saw that resistance to the Prusians would be foolish, but all expressed the desire that no Parisian should take notice of them. On the walls a yellow placard was everywhere posted, in which all the inhabitants were requested to close their shops, coffee-houses, &c., and even their dwelling-houses, and to drape them in black.

Next morning, at six o'clock, I was awakened by much drumming and other military noise, which was repeated at least half-a-dozen times, for the garde nationale slept soundly, and would not look the Prussians into the face without having breakfasted.

I took it as coolly as the national guard, for the Prussians were not expected to enter the city till 10 a.m. On the Boulevard de la Madeleine I was astonished to find some papers for sale, though most of them had declared they would not be issued during the presence of the enemy. *L'Avenir Libéral* was given out, however, with a black border, and the same with *La Patrie en Deuil.* Black border does not cost much, and attracts

attention. I did not see any houses in mourning, but was told that a small black flag was placed on some of the public buildings. The shops were not open, and at nearly every corner a strong guard was placed. The colours of the armed épiciers were coquettishly ornamented with a small bow of black crape. The citizen soldiers were not very sad. Those who had not just to "look death into the face," played some children's game with sous or five-franc pieces, surrounded by an admiring crowd.

Approaching the Place de la Concorde, I found the entrance to it closed by a double line of gun-carriages, guarded by fierce-looking national guards. Though they looked sharply at me, I passed. I could not forbear laughing on looking at the statues representing the great French cities, for their faces and the backs of their heads were covered with black crape. They all looked like niggers in white garments.

At the entrance of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, near two statues, monuments, or whatever it might be, covered over by a wooden case, I saw the bold figures of Prussian hussars, and a short distance behind them a battalion of Prussian infantry, which formed the advanced guard of the 30,000 men who were to enter Paris.

Though it was still early, and the citizens were expected to stay at home, a good number of Parisians were assembled, and stared at the Prussians. One man with a white camisole, white apron, and white cap—therefore a cook—who looked like a Pierrot, and who seemed to have seen the Prussians somewhere else, spoke with utter contempt of the White Cuirassiers, who in his opinion looked like buffoons of the time of Lewis XIV. An officer, an aide-de-camp, who had the misfortune to fall with his horse, and to tumble right into the mud, excited a storm of derisive applause.

I went up the avenue, and wondered at meeting—and only at very long intervals—patrols of three hussars each. The next small post of infantry stood in Neuilly, at the bridge. The Prussians seemed, therefore, not very much afraid of the Parisians.

The Arc de Triomphe was surrounded by a crowd, and I was astonished to find the road underneath unopened, as I thought the Emperor would pass here at the head of his troops. Three innocent hussars, who had been told to ride straight on, and not knowing the way around, prepared to pass underneath the arch, notwithstanding the chains, but they were waved off with

angry shouting by the people, and when inquiring for the way, all manner of directions were given, and they were well laughed at.

As it was near one o'clock, and no troops coming yet, I became tired of waiting and hungry. I heard, moreover, too late that the Emperor William reviewed the troops at Longchamps after eleven and one o'clock. I therefore directed my steps to the Passage des Princes, but was much disappointed on finding that M. Peter had shut up on account of national mourning, using that opportunity for cleaning his fine dining-rooms, where I had dined last night excellently, and paid for it excellently. I found, however, a less mournful restaurant in the Passage des Panoramus, and after having satisfied my appetite, I went to pay a visit to my German friends, who probably had meanwhile taken up their positions.

I passed through the Palais Royal, and was rather astonished to find the garden crowded, and nearly all the chairs occupied. Many customers were sitting in and outside the pavilion, and taking their coffee or absinthe as usual. The crowd was as merry as I had ever seen it, and I did not notice any mourning.

All the streets leading to the Champs Elysées, in a word, to the district occupied by the Prus-

sians, were crammed with people. Instead of mourning in sackcloth and ashes at home, the bright sun and Parisian curiosity tempted people to go out and have a peep at the dreadful uhlans.

That did not, however, suit the views of a certain class of national guards, who had decreed at their club, that nobody should pass the lines, though it was expressly said in the convention, that the intercourse of citizens between the city and the parts occupied by the Germans should be free. I saw, somewhere, a placard to that effect, but did not pay much attention to it, as it was not signed by any legal authority.

When I went down a street connecting the Rue Vivienne and the Rue Richelieu, I and many others were stopped by the national guard. I told a very fierce-looking épicier, with captain's epaulets, that I was an American, that I lived in Rue de Chaillot, and that I had to go there. "You ought not to have gone out at all on such a day," he answered. "All right," I replied, "but I have told you that I am no Frenchman, and, moreover, the convention gives me the right to pass." A pale and fanatical-looking old man of the Belleville stamp, said that if I was a good republican, I must comply with the laws of the

republic in which I lived, and as the greasy captain at the same time touched me on my arm, I got somewhat impatient, and gave them a bit of my mind. I became rather aggravating in reference to their republic, in which a set of city soldiers made laws opposing those given by their government—they must not talk to me of their republic; I knew that humbug since 1848, when I had been fool enough to fight in these very streets for it, little thinking that they, a short time after, would kiss the feet of a despot. They looked very fiercely at me, but I looked as fiercely at them, and as they did not find words to answer me, I turned laughingly round, and went away.

Everywhere I found dense crowds standing behind the lines of the national guard, eager to have a peep at the Prussians. I did not see much excitement amongst the people, nor did I hear expressions of hatred; the people strolled about as they would have done on any holiday. I do not doubt that the greater part of the shops and coffee-houses would have been open on that day, and that all Paris would have been in the Champs Elysées, if people had not been afraid of the men of Belleville.

I went home and wrote some letters, and after

I had posted them, I tried, once more, to reach the Place de la Concorde. I was agreeably surprised at finding no difficulties. The whole immense square and the wide avenue of the Champs Elysées were crowded with Parisians of all classes. They were astonished that the German soldiers looked so red-cheeked and well, after the hardships of such a severe winter campaign, and many believed that they had been purposely picked out to be sent to Paris. I was almost sorry that the Emperor sent the 11th corps to Paris, which was, perhaps, the least good-looking of all, for it contained a great number of Bavarians, whose field uniforms were somewhat dirty and shabby after such heavy service. German officers and soldiers filled the Palace of Industry and the Circus; a number were quartered with the inhabitants, and even the houses of foreigners were not exempted.

Bavarian artillery and uhlans bivouacked at the end of the avenue, near the Place de la Concorde. On that place itself, several detachments were distributed.

The troops behaved admirably. The behaviour [redacted]ermans towards women, and the circum[redacted]o drunken soldiers were lying about, [redacted]Parisians greatly; but, they added,

shrugging their shoulders, "They have not the hot temper of the French;" and concerning the drink, "They can stand an immense quantity." You see there is no merit even in German virtue!

The moon shone brightly, and the number of promenading people was great. Some social coquettes, who wanted to sign the preliminaries of peace with the fair-haired sons of the north, were very roughly handled by fanatical gamins. They were awfully whipped, and after all their finery had been torn from them, they were sent adrift.

The same set of roughs attacked some people who had answered some Bavarians asking for information. The Bavarians did not forsake them, however, in their trouble; they made use of their swords, and drove the curs howlingly back.

The Boulevards looked, on that evening, indeed in mourning, and would have done so still more, but for the moon, that smiled as placidly as ever. The coffee houses were all closed, and wherever a light shone suspiciously, some evil-looking raggamuffins of the self-constituted Belleville police peeped in, to see if they could not find a pretext for a smash.

I strolled up and down the Boulevards, smoking cigars, and listening to the talk among the knots of people assembled in the street. I soon got tired of it, and was in my bed at 9.30 p.m.

I was early up next day. The preliminaries of peace had been ratified at Bordeaux the day before, at 7.35 p.m., and people hoped the Prussians would leave Paris immediately after the reception of the telegraphic news. This did not, however, suit the Prussian programme, and they said they would wait until the authentic document was in their hands.

In the afternoon of the 2nd of March, all Paris was out in the Champs Elyseés. The Parisians moved amongst the soldiers, and admired them. Detachments of the guards came in without their guns, and were shown the Louvre and the garden of the Tuilleries, and most of them returned from there, with laurels, or other green branches in their helmets. Many officers from the neighbouring camps profited by this opportunity, to see at least something of Paris; they arrived on horseback, or in any, sometimes very rural looking, vehicles.

When the Prince of Wurtemberg, chief of the corps of the guards, followed by a numerous staff, and an escort of garde-du-corps, rode along the

avenue, the Parisians believed firmly that he was the Emperor, to whom he has, indeed, some slight resemblance.

Count Bismark, accompanied by a gentleman of his bureau, rode up from Neuilly to near the arch, smoking his cigar. A gamin recognised him, from the many pictures and photographs, I suppose, and cried, "Ohé Bismark!" on which the Count shook his finger at him, and rode on. After a while, and having looked at the Arc de Triomphe, he threw away his cigar, and turned round. When he told next day M. Jules Favre, that he had been in Paris, the worthy secretary of foreign affairs became quite pale, for fear of what might have happened.

The news of peace had suddenly changed the national mourning into some sort of bashful national rejoicing. I did not see any face that did not beam with satisfaction.

The ratifications of peace were exchanged on the 2nd of March, and in the morning of the 3rd the German troops left Paris.

The city resumed much of its old aspect. The shops opened, gas was lighted, and everybody seemed full of hope. No one seemed to have a foreboding of the dreadful storm that was brewing in Belleville.

After having procured a *laissez passer* for Calais from the Prefecture, which was given me at once, I started for London on the evening of the 4th of March.

THE END.

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